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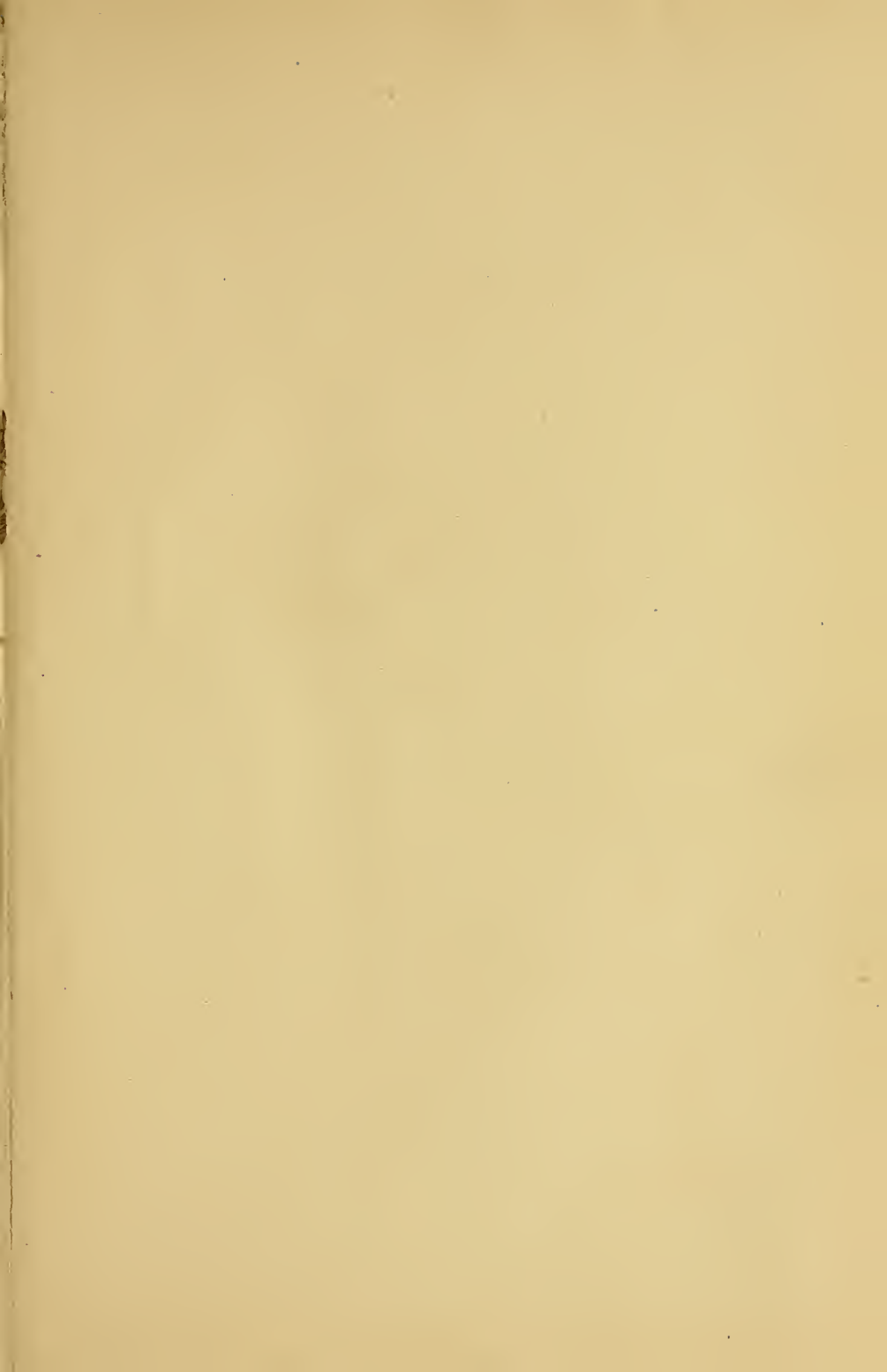
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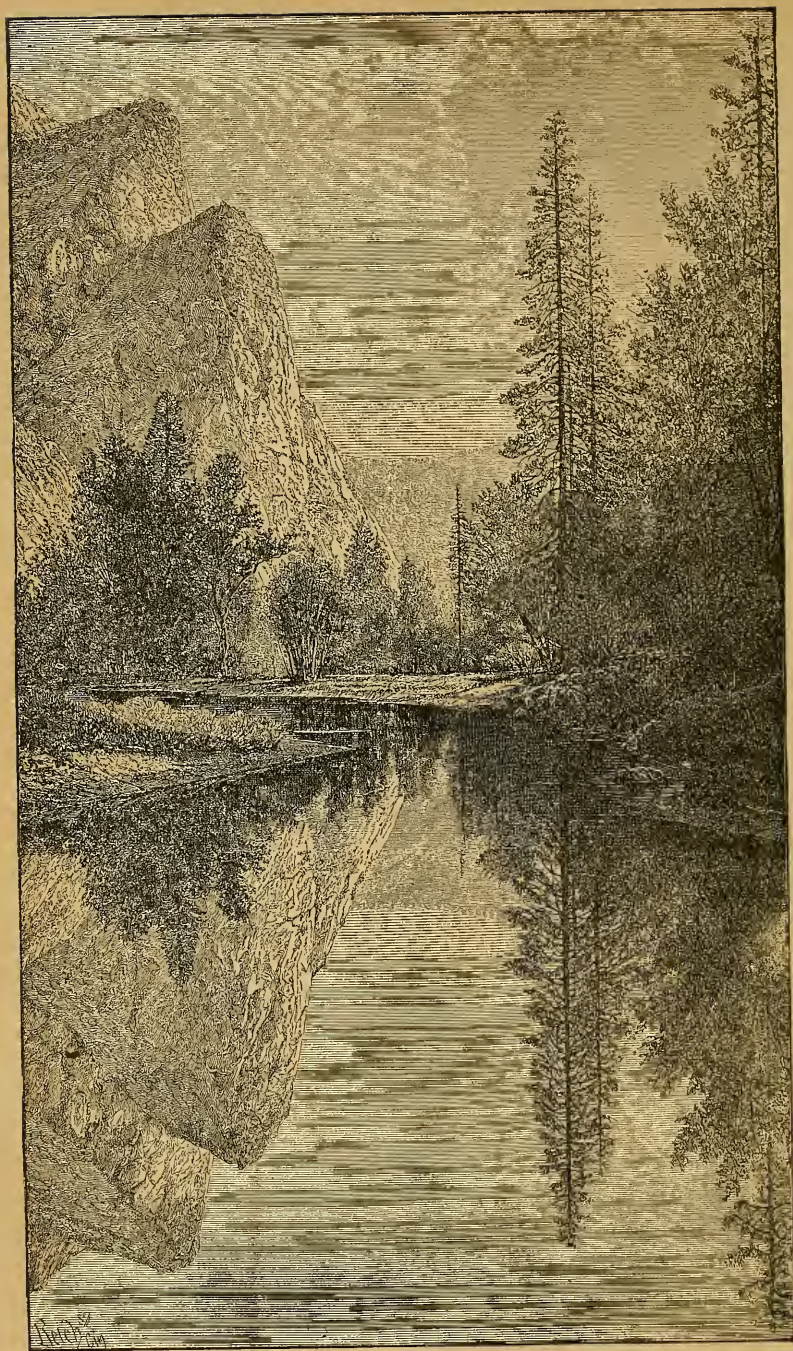












MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE.



NOTES  
OF  
WHAT I SAW,  
AND  
HOW I SAW IT:

A Tour Around the World,

INCLUDING

CALIFORNIA, JAPAN, CHINA, MALACCA, CEYLON, INDIA,  
ARABIA, EUROPE, CUBA, AND MEXICO.

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TO  
MY BELOVED WIFE,

THE COMPANION OF MY TRAVELS,  
WHOSE KEEN OBSERVATION AND INTELLIGENT CRITICISM  
GAVE ADDITIONAL INTEREST TO THE  
NOVELTIES OF THE TOUR,

This Book  
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.





## PREFACE.

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THE author has no apology to make for placing this book before the public. The subjects with which it deals have, it is true, been treated by much more able pens than my own; but I hope and believe that some things will be found in the following pages that will both entertain and instruct the reader. I prefer, however, that the book shall either commend or damn itself. That it is freighted with imperfections, I am as fully aware as the most careful reader can be, but I trust that no part of the narrative is inaccurate. I have endeavored to tell the story of my tour of the world in plain language, with no attempt at embellishment, rhetorical or otherwise. The letters first appeared in the columns of the *Bucyrus Forum*, and, as their dates indicate, were written mainly amid the scenes to which they relate. Of course, little opportunity was had for leisurely and studied writing. They have been revised, not so much with the view of making material alterations, as for the purpose of correcting slight errors of statement that resulted from hurried preparation and the absence of opportunities for examining frequently necessary references. In this revision, the author decided to retain the light and gossippy features

which, though frequently commended in newspaper correspondence, are as often condemned when placed in book form before that usually capricious but seldom unjust critic, the public. To my mind works of travel are too often solemnly profound disquisitions upon abstruse theories, which weary the mind and bewilder the judgment, and from which the most courageous reader turns with distaste. In the following pages this learned profundity has been carefully avoided. The author has sought, so far as in his power, to amuse and entertain, as well as instruct, happy in the belief that from every chapter something may be learned, and that the reader will not suffer from the temporary mental paralysis that usually follows learned dissertations, which few people read and fewer comprehend.

It may seem that the tour was hurriedly made. Perhaps such a criticism would be just, to a limited extent. The reader is asked to remember that the facilities for travel have been so systematized that a circuit of the globe has become but a brief pleasure voyage. More time would have been devoted to Japan and India, had we been aware that an unkind and absurd decree of the Egyptian authorities would deprive us of the trip up the Nile, and a visit to the Holy Land, Constantinople, and Greece. This deviation from the original programme shortened our stay abroad more than two months, and deprived the tour of many of its most attractive features.

The brief narrative of a tour through Cuba and Mexico, made two years since, will tend, I hope, in some degree

at least, to arouse an interest in those countries, whose past is largely tradition and whose present is an unread chapter to American readers. Cuba and Mexico, our next door neighbors, are less familiar to our people than are the antipodes.

Although a native Yankee, I can not consistently boast of accomplishments superior to others, and I ask only that the reader may treat this volume as the emanation of one who, in an unassuming manner, sought pleasure in making the circuit of the globe, and pleasure and profit combined in telling the public "What I Saw, and How I Saw It."

LORING CONVERSE.

BUCYRUS, OHIO, *August 1, 1882.*





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## CUBA AND MEXICO.

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## I.

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NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA TO CALIFORNIA—PERILS FROM THE  
INDIANS—DEMING, TUCSON, AND FORT YUMA—THE GREAT COL-  
ORADO DESERT.

MADERA, CAL., *September 8, 1881.*

MANY things are requisite for a journey such as has been undertaken by myself and Mrs. Converse. First may be enumerated the pluck, the determination to overcome the obstacles which one will find springing in his path as plentiful almost as the cacti on the plains of Arizona. Second, a passport, money, and tickets. Of the latter named, the first and the last are very readily obtained if you are fortunately blessed with the second. With these and the blessings of Providence the trip which we have undertaken can readily be made. The blessing of Providence being in all things an essential, your readers will not be surprised to learn that, during my experience of the past few days, when I had some fear that Providence had deserted me for the time being, I felt more than a little discouraged. My money, passports, and tickets were all right, but my pluck and determination were more than once at the lowest ebb. But of this anon.

In the following pages I shall write in plain, unvarnished language, detailing, so far as may be, the daily experiences of an unassuming citizen, who travels for his own amusement and instruction, together with that of his companion. I ask the consideration of my readers, hoping



that they will feel no envy, for I can assure them that many of our experiences of the following nine months will not be of a character wholly enviable. If any one is disposed to imitate our example, they are welcome to follow in our tracks. I never left home before so reluctantly as this time, and think this will be my last trip out of the United States. Home and friends are dear to us, and we will never forget the friendly feelings shown toward us on our departure, and hope they may grow tenfold to greet us on our return.

It may perhaps interest some of my readers to know what such a tour as that we have entered upon will cost, and for this reason I will enter upon details that under different circumstances I would omit. Foreign travel has, during the past few years, become so thoroughly systematized that a tour of the world no longer presents obstacles of great difficulty. We travel under the auspices of a company whose established business it is to throw a fatherly care and watchful guidance around those who, like ourselves, are tempted to wander in foreign lands. Of this company, whose head-quarters are in London, we purchased tickets for the entire circuit of the globe, paying therefor three thousand and five hundred dollars, or one thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars each. This includes all travel on all waters and expenses up the Nile, and through the Holy Land for thirty days, leaving one hundred and twenty-six days out of two hundred and sixty for us to pay hotel bills, carriage hire, guides, etc. I have a letter of credit with which I can step into any bank in the world and draw a check, that the bank at home picks up and charges to me. The probable cost of these one hundred and twenty-six days is one thousand two hundred and sixty dollars.

We left Bucyrus September 1, 1881, on time (and will

try the round trip to work to it), and went *via* Chicago to Kansas City, and thence by sundry and devious ways which I will briefly describe to this place. We were warned that travel through New Mexico and Arizona was unsafe, and this is the reason why our tour through that delectable section partook of the nature of a flying trip. I often wished we had been able to transform it into a literal aerial passage. Through Kansas we had most of the way the "hot winds," and those who have only read of them can form but a slight idea of the blasts. In some places it was hot as—the hottest kitchen you ever saw. The settlements along the line are more numerous than over the Denver route. We passed along the banks of the Arkansas River, the bed of which is but little lower than the land. As far as the eye can reach the country has the appearance of dreary desolation. Near the Colorado line we crossed over the river and passed south-west over much the same kind of country, through Trinidad, Colorado, to Ratoun, New Mexico, for breakfast. At Ratoun we began to touch the mountains, and the scenery underwent a striking transformation; the wearying stretch of desolate plains gave way to the bold elevations of the foot-hills, and in the background rose the towering peaks of the Rocky Mountains. The valleys between the foot-hills are quite fertile, and are well covered with sheep and cattle, of which there seemed to be countless thousands. These lands look much more inviting than any in Kansas. I have now been through Kansas in nearly every part, and each time I become more and more disgusted. The country through New Mexico as far south as Las Vegas is beautiful. At that point we begin to strike a high altitude. My instrument marked six thousand seven hundred and fifty feet, with the thermometer at seventy degrees. The valley is five thousand feet above the level of the sea. We had intended to spend

a day at Albuquerque, but as the Indians had a short time previously held the place for a few days, we were only too glad to give the town a not very regretful "go-by," escorted as we happily were by a car-load of United States troops for Fort Wingate. The country from Albuquerque is all the way very unsafe, and we were so told by the railroad officials. For one hundred miles south we were threatened with Indian raids. On the way to the Rio Grande we all carried our lives in our hands, as the saying is, and I could name at least two of the travelers who are profoundly thankful and perhaps a little surprised that they continue to retain theirs. Finally we reached Deming, at the south-west corner of New Mexico. There were six of us for California, and at this point we talked much of going north to Denver, and from thence over the Central railroad, but Salutha, my worthy companion for many years, put an emphatic veto upon any such proceeding. "We will go through!" said she, and we went. Now, I am free to confess that I was afraid, desperately afraid. I started out for a trip of quiet enjoyment, not to hunt Indians, nor, for that matter, to have them hunt me. We crossed the Rio Grande a little north of Deming. As far as the eye could range nothing was to be seen but a vast area of marsh, followed as we progressed by flinty gravel—good for nothing whatever, unless it be back in the mountains, where valuable minerals no doubt abound.

Deming is ten weeks old, has a population of about one hundred and fifty, who are ruled in a way peculiar to frontier villages. In this case the absolute ruler is a desperado who keeps a saloon and boasts of the number of men he has killed. He bears the name of Colonel Bocie, aged twenty-seven, and is the most desperate white savage in the entire valley. One way he has of amusing himself is to gather the cow-boys and lead them into Old

Mexico (thirty miles), and drive off every thing they want. I would not risk my life in Deming over night. The railroad company have a splendid station, and the road is now done to El Paso, and will soon be finished to San Antonio, Texas. This is the Southern Pacific proper. The desperadoes are as much to be feared as the Indians, and the railroad officers admit that if there are not more than one or two killed a week every body congratulates his neighbor upon the growing peace and quiet of the place. The territorial jury bring in a verdict of "suicide." Suicides are never very pleasant subjects to contemplate, and I hope I may be preserved from forming the subject of a grim and humorous New Mexican coroner's jury.

The railroad company provided each of us with a Winchester rifle and fifty rounds of ammunition, and we left Deming for Tucson, Arizona, having to pass for two hundred miles through the hostile Indian country, where they are now on the war-path, two thousand warriors strong, and near to the late massacre. All armed as we were, I did not feel even a little bit safe, and would willingly, eagerly have exchanged my whole military outfit and prospective glory for one glimpse of the dusty streets and umbrageous shades of peaceful Bucyrus. It cooled my ardor for travel more than a little. But my partner wanted to go, and it would not have looked masculine in me to say no. Every once in a while the interest which I did n't feel in going ahead was greatly increased by the reports of army officers whom we met. All agreed that there was great danger, and for my part I was willing to omit investigation.

We passed on through, however, safely to Tucson, though every mile was pregnant with peril, and we could almost see over the mountains where the massacre lately took place. I would have stopped a few days in New

Mexico and Arizona, but, under the circumstances, there was little that I cared to see.

Tucson is quite a fine place, of perhaps two thousand inhabitants, Mexicans and whites, but the interest in the country which we had lost away over in New Mexico not having yet returned, we pushed on toward a land where safety beckoned us.

From Tucson to Fort Yuma the scenery is grand, but the soil is good for nothing, except cactus and Indians. The road passes along the Gila River and thence to the Colorado. Very little grading has been necessary, and I little wonder that they were able to lay the track at the rate of four miles per day. On each side of the railroad the ground is covered with beautiful cactus, now in bloom. My experience in Mexico taught me that wherever the cactus is found the soil is wholly worthless. I had well read up the Southern Pacific railroad survey by the government, and was ready to find just such a country as we did.

Fort Yuma is but a small village, set down on a sand-bank by the Colorado and Gila Rivers. It is distant from the Gulf of California about ninety miles, and is about upon a level with the sea. It is warm. I use that term in its full significance, but perhaps my readers will be able to more fully grasp my meaning if I say it is insufferably hot. At Yuma we took breakfast, and entered the Great Colorado Desert, which is four hundred and eighty miles long and from ten to one hundred wide. Such a picture of desolation the imagination of man can not comprehend. No one can realize just what a desert is until he has visited this spot, so lonely, so desolate, so barren that even God himself seems to have deserted it. The heat is at all times intense, ranging when we passed over from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty-five



degrees. How the survey was ever made through this region is a mystery to me. I do not see how men or animals could endure it. Nature was not satisfied apparently with the usual discomforts, and when we were passing through, a sand-storm was arranged, perhaps for our particular benefit. I will not risk my reputation by attempting a description of a storm of inconceivable violence, where fine particles of burning hot sand and alkali took the place of ordinary meteorological elements, penetrating every crevice, scorching the skin and irritating the mucous and bronchial membranes until existence ceased to be a comfort.

The stations along the road are all small, and each has a double roof, one about a foot above the other, thus providing some protection from the heat. Quite often there are placed against the telegraph poles a mysterious appearing box. The meaning of this was explained when our train operator got out and, attaching his battery to the wire within this box, sent a message to the outer world, notifying them perhaps that we were still alive, which information could have scarcely been either as satisfactory or as surprising to them as to us. At one such place we saw a newly made grave, where some foolish emigrant had endeavored to cross this great American Sahara. The wheel tracks were still fresh appearing, but the companion of the venturesome traveler had gone to rest. I thought as I gazed upon the grave, of the expectations and hopes that beat within the breast beneath, of the life-struggles that carried him onward in the battle of existence, finally to find surcease and eternal rest beneath the sands of the Colorado Desert. A board driven in at the head and the foot of the grave alone mark the resting place of the sleeper, who there, far from human habitation, in a region shunned even by the prowling coyote and the carrion-fed birds of the air, awaits the sound which shall bid us all arise.

We thank our God we have passed over the road in safety. All the officials of the line were kind and courteous, and the scenery, except the desert, is grand. When the Indian troubles are ended it will be the favorite Winter route to California.

We arrived at Los Angeles Wednesday evening at 6 P. M. As we had both been there in 1876, and had then written up its points of attraction, we only stopped to secure a bag full of oranges, peaches, and grapes, for which I paid but "two bits." We continued on to this place, a very small town, clean and neat, ninety miles from the Big Trees. I am now waiting for our driver and guide to get ready for the trip to the Yosemite, for which we will start to-morrow (Friday) morning, intending to be gone six days.

I am an old enough traveler to know that stages are a curse to travelers, inasmuch as they are simply a legalized system of brigandage, where a wayfarer is robbed with as little ceremony and much more certainty than by the "road agents." Consequently we shall make an independent trip to the Big Trees and Yosemite. It will cost us about half what it would to travel by the stage line. I have just made a contract for a driver and guide, good team and good vehicle, for six days, in and out, for sixty-six dollars for two of us. We pay nothing extra except board and beds. The usual fare is, or has been, ninety dollars each.

We wish to return here this day week (Thursday), and go to San Francisco on the 15th, from whence we will sail on the 17th.

## II.

NEW FRIENDS IN CALIFORNIA—THE GUIDE TO THE BIG TREES AND  
YOSEMITE—THE OUTFIT—THE TRIP—A FEMININE IMMIGRANT—  
THE CALIFORNIA FORESTS—A GUIDE'S PRACTICAL IDEAS—THE  
YOSEMITE.

MADERA, CAL., *September 15, 1881.*

ALTHOUGH this letter is dated at this point (the same where my last was penned), it is really composed of fragments hastily, and may be a little carelessly thrown together at odd times during our trip from here to the Big Trees and Yosemite and return, occupying a week.

Before, however, entering upon the details of the trip, I can not resist the temptation to speak of some friendships we have formed among the good people of this town. There are bright oases in the tour of life which can readily be found and keenly enjoyed by all who seek for them. I have found many in my wanderings; have formed many pleasant and valuable acquaintances—true men and women, who exhibit an unmistakable pleasure in adding to the comfort and enjoyment of others. One of the most conspicuous of these is mine host Mace, landlord of the Mace Hotel at this place—a jolly, fat, good-natured fellow, weighing about four hundred pounds, with a heart that will weigh six hundred more. He literally compels his guests to feel at home, and they part from him always with regret and the hope that kind fortune may throw them into contact with many more like him. We also formed the acquaintance of the postmaster, one of the ubiquitous Ohio men. His name is Moore, and he hails from Belleville—almost

close enough for a Bucyrian to call him a neighbor. He is one of the old "forty-niners," having come to California thirty-two years ago. We accepted an invitation, and spent a few very pleasant hours at his house, in company with himself and estimable lady. Every thing possible was done by these friends to make our stay pleasant, and we can assure them that we will carry away with us many pleasurable recollections of their kindness.

We were very fortunate in our selection of a guide to the Big Trees and the Yosemite, having secured a faithful young Scotchman named Denny, whom I cheerfully commend to all who may pass this way. I speak of this more particularly, because an honest and faithful guide is not to be picked up every day. We started from Madera on Friday morning last, after a good, substantial breakfast, and with every premonition of a pleasant trip. A part of our baggage we left behind, and of course some things that we failed to bring along are just what we need the most; my paper, for instance, and now I am writing these notes away up on the mountain, on paper which I was compelled to beg of a fellow-tourist. Our outfit consisted of a driver and guide, vested in one person, a heavy spring wagon, with a good top for shelter, and baggage limited to the probable necessities of the trip. Thus we began our ride of ninety miles. Thirty miles out we stopped at a fig ranch, a small wood cottage, surrounded by an extensive fig orchard. Under one of these trees I am now seated, endeavoring to fit together a connected account of our experiences, while the mercury in the thermometer dances recklessly about in the nineties. The old lady who presides over this ranch has been the victim of experiences, pleasant and otherwise, which would fill a volume and be as entertaining as a novel. She was born in Missouri, several years ago; moved to Texas when quite

young, and endured the dangers and hardships of life on the border there for six years. In 1853 she started for California, in a train of thirty-two wagons, and was nine months on the way, having passed over a part of Old Mexico and then through the great Colorado Desert. After listening to her story of the trip across the desert, the hardships which we encountered in a palace car sank into infinitesimally small proportions. Doubtless, however, the inconveniences she experienced were not really much greater to her than ours were to us. There is much in being used to such things, I guess. I am not accustomed to traveling, armed like a pirate, as a possible protection against probable Indians, and I have not the least desire to become inured to it. Consequently, I hereby file my earnest, though perhaps not very effective, protest against Indians in general, and those pesky red-skins who roam around searching for scalps in particular.

In the country which we are now passing through, game is abundant and of various kinds. Bear, deer, and antelope abound, with also a seemingly unlimited supply of snakes, tarantulas, and other unpleasant "varmints." This is an excellent country to "rise in the world." We have been rising ever since we left Madera, and are now considerably elevated. For the night we stop at a ranch located twenty-one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. The lady who keeps the place is from near Mansfield. She "knows how to keep a hotel," and provided for our wants with all the liberality and kindness for which Ohio people the world over are justly distinguished.

Like most of his kind, our guide, Denny, is a genius. There were but three of us in the wagon, myself, wife, and Denny, and the latter regaled us by the hour with stories of adventure in the early days of California, when lawlessness was the rule and peaceful industry the exception.

Denny was on more than one occasion the victim of "road agents," and in his quaint manner gave us the details of his adventures, harrowing up our souls, and forcing our imagination into seeing in every tree the horrid form of a blood-thirsty Mexican highwayman, and transformed the rustle of a leaf into the stealthy tread of a pesky Indian. I was tempted to assume the rôle of a hero, and relate my recent adventure with the Indians in New Mexico, but Salutha dampened my ardor by quietly declaring that she could not see any thing heroic about it. Strange how unappreciative some women are, isn't it? One point that my friend Denny made as a sort of an appendix to a particularly hair-raising story struck me very forcibly. He says a man may be as courageous as a lion and as nimble as a cat, but if there is any one place or any circumstance under which courage and agility are of no possible valuation, it is when two "road agents," who would be only too glad of an excuse to murder you, are standing, each with a cocked pistol shoved in your ear. Denny says the most daring man that ever lived would suddenly become as weak and docile as a lamb, and I agree with him. I know I would. What Salutha would do, I can not say, though she would probably make some remark calculated to lower the robber's opinion of himself.

On Saturday morning we resumed our tedious ascent of the great Sierra Nevadas. At the end of thirty miles we found that we were four thousand six hundred feet above some other people in the world, and that during the last score and a half of miles we had risen two thousand three hundred and fifty feet, or nearly one hundred feet to the mile. The heat continues intense, even at this altitude, reaching ninety degrees. The road winds wonderfully, over and around the mountains, passing through some famous pine groves and parks. The scenery is one



grand panorama of startling effects, upon which the eyes could apparently feast with ever growing enjoyment. These trees are remarkable specimens of the handiwork of nature, ranging in immensity far beyond even the imagination of those who have never seen them. As yet, understand, we have not reached the Big Trees proper. These that are now before us, though many of them ten feet in diameter and running up as straight as an arrow from one to two hundred feet before a limb is reached, are mere arborial pigmies compared with what we are promised further on. In looking at these trees, my mind naturally took a practical turn, and I fancied for a moment myself the possessor of a few acres of such timber within reach of a railroad. It was an unreasonable fancy, however, for the celebrated railroad to the moon, projected, I believe, by that eminent civil engineer, Jules Verne, was no more chimerical than would be a scheme to build a railroad to the Big Trees of California. The land, however, trees and all, is dirt cheap, and can be purchased in any quantity desired for one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.

On Saturday evening at 6 o'clock we arrived at Clark's Ranch, six miles from the Big Trees, and twenty-eight from the Yosemite Valley. Here we enjoyed a night's good rest, in comfortable beds, and early on Sunday morning started over our last "stage" for the Valley. Still the road continued to rise up before us, and the twenty-eight miles carried us two thousand two hundred feet higher, and then down a fearful, nerve-shattering descent of four thousand five hundred and thirty feet into the Valley. Your readers need not expect me to enter upon a florid description of the manifold wonders of this remarkable handiwork of nature, nor do I believe that the pen of man has ever yet approximated the justice which

the subject demands. I have read much of the grandeur, the immensity, and the startling effects of the Yosemite scenery, but the most complete, the most minute description, where the reader can not but feel that the writer's enthusiasm has transcended his judgment, is so far short of the reality, as it bursts suddenly upon the view, as to seem insipid and incomplete.

The view from Inspiration Point, from whence the eye reaches to the depths below, through the Valley, resting for a moment upon the cliffs that rise perpendicularly from the level beneath, and tracing the meanderings of the Merced River, looking at its great depth like a ribbon of silver, is nowhere on earth exceeded for entrancing grandeur. From this point is obtained the most comprehensive view. The whole valley lies before you, and you are enabled to form a more nearly correct idea of its immensity than can elsewhere be secured. One can almost wish that the impression upon the retina might remain forever, and that the scene could continue constantly before him.

The descent is accompanied by a degree of peril, more imaginary, perhaps, than real, that detracts much from the interest of the scene. Gradually objects in the valley beneath assume more definite form. The dark and ill-defined shapes are transformed into groves of trees; the river grows with the descent until it becomes a stream of respectable dimensions, and finally, with a long-drawn breath of relief, the tourist finds himself at the basis of the cliff, and whirling along through the valley to the hotel. At Leidig's, a pleasant place of entertainment nestled close beneath the towering form of Sentinel Rock, we were liberally provided with the comforts of physical existence, and in a short time were prepared to feast our wonderment upon the scenes that leave nothing to the imagination of the most speculative mind. As I stood in

front of the hotel and, by a sweep of the eye, felt the impressions of this the grandest and most sublime of nature's earthly handiwork, my practical mind fell into the channel of speculation upon the causes which led to the formation of the Yosemite Valley. Was it a part of the original plan of the great Creator, or is it the result of some great terrestrial upheaval? If the latter, what were the causes that led to the formation of this mighty chasm, this sinking to a depth of more than four thousand feet of a tract which is six miles in length and from a half mile to a mile in width? These reflections were but momentary, however, and my thoughts returned to an appreciation of the fact that more pleasure was to be found in endeavoring to conceive the realities of the present than in speculating upon the theories of the past. The walls on both sides, and throughout the extent of the valley, are perpendicular, in some parts seeming to project over. The Merced River is a stream of no inconsiderable volume, and in the Spring of the year, when the snows are melting in the mountains above, it increases to the dimensions of a torrent. The river enters the valley by two successive falls, one of six hundred and the other four hundred feet, and traverses the valley from the upper end to the lower, where it passes out through a rugged gorge, with perpendicular walls thousands of feet in height. It can be truthfully said that there are no features of superior attractiveness in the valley, and the tourist would hesitate long before he would award the palm—whether he could find more to arouse his awe and admiration in the gigantic El Capitan, which towers four thousand six hundred feet above the level of the valley, or in the score or more of lofty battlements whose summits pierce the clouds and look down from their dizzy heights of nearly a mile. Sentinel Rock, over-topping the hotel, is three thousand

and forty-three feet in height. On the opposite side of the valley, and perhaps a mile to the eastward, is the North Dome, a gigantic mass of gray granite, rising like a vast wall formed by human hands to a height of three thousand five hundred and sixty-eight feet. Across a minor arm or branch of the valley from the North Dome is a peculiar formation, called from its shape the Half Dome, the height of which is four thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven feet. It has the appearance of a section of a vast dome which has been split perpendicularly through the center, and with but one-half of the original remaining. Opposite El Capitan is a collection of spire-like formations known as the Cathedral Rocks. It does not require a violent expansion of the imagination to picture these, with the lower elevations contiguous, as a vast church. From this peculiarity is the name derived.

These mountain elevations, while grandly picturesque, are fully equaled in attractiveness by the falls which, in different parts of the valley, pour the waters in greater or less volume from the mountains above. Among these is the Bridal Veil, where the water of a small stream falls over the perpendicular rock a thousand feet in height and is blown about by the wind in its descent until it forms in folds of fleecy lace-like appearance. The Vernal Fall is formed by a branch of the Merced River, a stream of considerable volume, falling over the rocks four hundred feet without a break. Further up the same stream, a distance of perhaps half a mile, over a tortuous, rock-strewn path, past a succession of cascades, is the Nevada Fall. At this point the scene is one which no pen can fitly describe. The stream pours in a dense mass from the edge of the rocks above, a distance of six hundred feet, and dashes into a mass of spray at your feet. In standing near the foot of this fall and looking upward, the water seems to pour from the

clouds. The outline of the ledge where the mass of water appears to pause for a moment as if hesitating before making the terrific leap, is but dimly defined, and seems like a dark mass of storm-threatening cloud. One of the features of the valley is Mirror Lake, which lies between the North Dome and Half Dome. It is a small collection of wonderfully pure and transparent water, the surface of which is as smooth as glass, and derives its name from the distinctness with which the surroundings are reflected in its depths. The reflections of North Dome and Half Dome are as clear and well-defined as if photographed upon the water, and, reversed as they necessarily are, they present a picture that of itself is worth a visit to the Yosemite to see. We were fortunate in arriving in time to see the sun rise. At the moment for the orb to make its appearance above the rugged top of Half Dome our eyes were bent upon the reflection in the water beneath. Gradually the reflection, away down, seemingly thousands of feet beneath us, became lighted up, a golden crescent spanned the figure, and suddenly the sun burst forth from its hiding and lighted the waters below up to our feet. It was a sight which once seen can never be forgotten. Like every thing else in the valley, it must be seen to even approximate an appreciation.

My impressions of the valley would be difficult to describe. They were various, combined perhaps of awe-stricken admiration for the stupendous works of nature, and accrued pity for the little, conceited biped who struts his brief hour upon the stage of life, and, dignified with the image of his Maker, presumes to cavil at the works of the Almighty. One hour in the Yosemite Valley is calculated to lessen materially a thinking man's estimate of himself and largely increase his admiration of that Architect who constructed the gigantic work before him.



## III.

THE BIG TREES OF MARIPOSA—SOME IDEAS UPON CALIFORNIA FARMING—PROSPECTING FOR GOLD—A THEORY OF INTEREST TO CALIFORNIA WIDOWS.

MADERA, CAL., *September 16, 1881.*

MY last letter, of which this is really a part, left us in the Yosemite Valley, viewing with admiration the gigantic works of nature, whose counterpart can not be found on earth. I have stood upon the Alps in Switzerland, and gazed awe-stricken upon the wondrous scenery of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn; I have feasted my eyes, entranced by the majesty of the Mexican Cordilleras, but nothing that Switzerland or Mexico can produce equals in gigantic grandeur the Valley of Yosemite. It was with a feeling of genuine regret that we finally turned our backs upon the valley and started for the Mariposa Big Trees, stopping for the night at Clark's (now Washburn's) Ranch. The next morning (Tuesday) we visited the Big Trees, six miles from the ranch. These wonders of nature have been so often and so thoroughly written up that there is little I could say that would be likely to interest. There are about four hundred trees in the grove, and they are a sight which will repay the visitor for the many inconveniences he must encounter in reaching them. One of the trees has been cut through to allow vehicles to pass. In this way an idea of its immensity can be formed. A stage to which four horses are attached can pass through the aperture with ease, the heads of the leaders not being through when the rear of the vehicle has passed within. This may



seem like an exaggeration, but it is an absolute fact. We walked around the grove, and examined minutely the different giants. One tree had fallen, perhaps more than a hundred years ago, and is still in an excellent state of preservation. By means of a ladder we mounted the huge trunk and walked the length of it, more than two hundred feet. An ordinary four-horse road wagon could easily be driven the whole distance. The antiquity of these giants of the forest is almost beyond intelligent computation, but the annular rings forming the trunk of the recumbent monster have been counted by some curious individual blessed with a liberal endowment of patience, and they were found to number more than six thousand. How long since the tree was felled is, of course, unknown, but is supposed to be not less than two hundred years. The wood of the trees is of light texture, its specific gravity being no greater than cedar, which it resembles in appearance. It is said to more successfully resist decay than does cedar, and this resistance is assigned as one evidence of the great time that has elapsed since the tree was felled. At one or two points it has commenced to decay. Another suggestion is found in the growth of other trees that have evidently, from their position, sprung into existence since the huge monster was torn up by the roots. Thus it appears that this particular tree is considerably more than six thousand years old. The mind can scarcely realize it. If we accept the story of man's creation, as laid down in the book of Genesis, this tree had passed the adolescence of shrubhood when the archangel Michael served the summary writ of ejectment that deprived our foreparents of the delights of Paradise. This recumbent giant was of massive growth when the lightnings of the Almighty played about the summit of Mt. Sinai and the law was delivered to Moses, and was a monarch of the forest when Christ taught his

disciples and laid the foundation of the material and spiritual blessings that have rested as a benison upon the civilized world. Further evidence of the great antiquity of these trees can be found in the fact that they are of exceedingly slow growth. A friend tells me that at the Calaveras grove, some miles from the Mariposa group, a small shrub has been carefully watched and protected during the past seventeen years, and in that time it has grown not to exceed two feet. On one of the largest of the trees in Calaveras county are marks of fire; the sides of the monster are scarred by the effects of the flames. Standing close by is a tree of smaller growth, but evidently not less than a thousand years old, that bears no such marks. Evidently the fire by which the larger tree suffered occurred more than ten centuries ago. I have heard a theory advanced by geologists concerning these trees that is curious if not valuable. It is to the effect that these *Sequoia gigantea* composed the original flora of this part of the earth, and that the specimens extant were preserved from the effects of the terrestrial upheaval that destroyed all the others. The theory, like most other pet ideas of these students of the speculative, is explained at length in a manner calculated to mystify and bewilder the hearer rather than instruct him. As with other theories which they advance, they succeed best in proving that they do not know any thing about it.

We finally bid the giants adieu and descended from those upper regions until we reached the town of Fresno, a peculiar little place where many peculiar things are done in peculiar ways. We stopped there an hour, to feed the team, and I assure you those sixty minutes were quite long enough for me. Salutha, however, with that chilling indifference to disagreeable surroundings which distinguishes many of the perverse sex, absolutely enjoyed it. During

the hour we remained there we witnessed a court scene which would have appealed irresistibly to the sense of the ridiculous possessed by Mark Twain or Bret Harte. A Spanish woman, whose knowledge of the English language was as limited as the court's notion of Spanish, was arrested on the charge of selling liquor to the Indians. In California murder is considered a virtue compared with furnishing liquor to Indians, and I believe the statutes of the State make it a felony. The court-house is a rough structure, about twelve feet square, the walls of pine slabs and the roof of unevenly split clapboards. The judge was the proud proprietor of a neighboring gambling hell, and the six jurymen about equally divided between saloon-keepers and miners, who, in slouch hats, top-boots, and overalls, deliberated as solemnly if not as learnedly as a Marshall or a Bacon. The poor defendant had no lawyer, and I was half tempted to enlist in her behalf myself, but my limited knowledge of the law was only equaled by my inability to speak the poor woman's language. The guide's warning that time was up and we must be on the way caused us to forego a knowledge of the verdict, but I have not the least doubt that the defendant was duly convicted and appropriately punished. The court was evidently organized for the purpose of conviction, and my sympathies, even when combined with those of my worthy partner, did not seem to have any weight.

We passed on forty miles further, where we stopped for the night at a ranch known as Coarse Gold Gulch. The bed of the creek in the vicinity was at one time a "big bonanza" for placer mining, but has long since been worked out, although there is still gold found sometimes in limitedly paying quantities. Several profitable mines are located in the vicinity. As a matter of fact, however, there is more gold in the timber of the Sierras than there

is in the soil, if it was only possible to get it to market. Such timber can not be found elsewhere in the world, but unfortunately it is as inaccessible almost as the products of the mountains in the moon. During our recent trip we saw enough timber of excellent quality rotting on the ground to run every saw-mill in Christendom for a year. The fact that we were provided with a private conveyance gave us many advantages over other tourists. We moved at our leisure and enjoyed the opportunity for viewing scenery, collecting curiosities, etc., that travelers by public conveyances are denied.

On the way down the mountains we passed numberless ranches well stocked with sheep and cattle, and occasionally hogs. All the stock seemed in prime condition, and I was very favorably impressed with the value of the foot-hills of the Sierras as a stock country. The sheep shearing now is in full progress. One ranch we visited had a stock of one hundred thousand sheep, from which was taken half a million pounds of wool. You Ohio farmers who own flocks of four or five hundred would be considered but small stock men in this region. Wool commands from ten to fourteen cents per pound. This seems like a small price, but it must be remembered that the expense of raising sheep in this country amounts to little or nothing. The stock does not require any housing or feeding, the pasture being ample at all seasons. Besides, in California two clips of wool are made each year. The one ranch of which I am speaking will this year produce more pounds of wool than many counties in the State of Ohio.

In the foot-hills we found many Digger Indians, some of whom are the owners of small ranches, and seem to have absorbed a modicum of civilization. Intermarried with these Indians are quite a number of the old "forty-niners." Salutha suggested, and I here announce that she

alone is responsible for the idea, that perhaps in this curious amalgamation can be found the real reason why the families of so many of the earlier California emigrants never heard from them afterward. It must be a pleasing reflection for such to think that perhaps the husband and father whom they have mourned as dead for many years is the head of a large and interesting family of half-breed papooses, among the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevadas. I know there are many such families thereabout, but whether the heads are stray husbands from "the States," I, of course, am unable to say.

On the way down from the mountain we passed several gold diggings, and had our cupidity aroused by seeing a man pick up on the bank of a creek a lump valued at \$7.50. My companion at once became imbued with the idea that there was a fortune within her grasp, and would not be content until we had started out on a prospecting tour. I tried to discourage her, but I might have known better. She can't be discouraged. During the last twenty-five years I have made several efforts, and my word for it it can not be done. So we started. The first disagreeable adventure was the discovery of a tarantula, as big as a saucer, almost, on my lady's hat. This dampened the ardor of her thirst for gold a little, but the climax was reached when she stepped upon a pesky rattlesnake. Now, she has as great a distaste for snakes as I have for Indians, and the gold prospecting expedition was suddenly abandoned. Hunting gold may be pleasant enough, but finding rattlesnakes is decidedly objectionable. Having slaked our thirst for crude gold, we again called into service the ever faithful and always ready Denny, and passed on to the fig ranch mentioned in my last, where we feasted royally on figs while listening to several additional chapters in the life history of the loquacious landlady. The afore-



said landlady is a wonderful woman, and no mistake. If all the stories she tells are truthful, Sinbad the Sailor was a "country bumpkin" compared with her. If they are not true, she is still a remarkable woman, possessed of a wonderful genius for invention.

I have now, in my crude and perhaps unsatisfactory way, carried those who care to read my not very connected story to the Yosemite and the Big Trees and back to Madera. We traveled, under the careful guidance of Denny, with our own team, a distance of two hundred and twelve miles, up and over the Sierra Nevada mountains and back here in six days. It may be that some of my readers will desire to visit the Valley and Trees and, if such is the case, they may be thankful for a little advice from one who has been there. First, whichever route you select in coming to California, whether by the Southern or Central road, come to Madera as the best point to start from. Here you will find excellent hotel accommodations at reasonable rates. In making your arrangements for the trip to the Valley, shun the public stages as you would rattlesnakes or Indians. You can procure a good team with excellent guide for the necessary six days' trip for sixty dollars, which with ten dollars' toll and perhaps thirty dollars more for hotel bills, will enable two persons to get through on one hundred dollars, a saving of at least a hundred dollars over the cost by stage.

To-morrow we are off for San Francisco, and thence to Japan by steamer.



## IV.

FROM MADERA TO SAN FRANCISCO—THE PACIFIC COAST AS A  
FARMING COUNTRY—THE WHEAT PRODUCTION—SAN FRANCISCO  
HOTELS—OFF FOR JAPAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, *September 19, 1881.*

ON Friday last we left our good friends of Madera, including our ever faithful guide Denny, for this city and beyond. The San Joaquin Valley, which lies between the Sierra Nevadas and the Coast Range, say fifty to seventy-five miles in width, is the great wheat belt of California. They do farming here on a scale that would test the credulity of a Buckeye agriculturist. We saw wheat fields that extended for miles, and millions of sacks of grain piled up ready to be drawn to some station for shipment. Here they can, if necessary, leave the wheat lying out in the fields for months in this way, as no one seems desirous of stealing that which is so plenty, and previous to the first of November, there will not be rain or dew enough to rust a knife blade. During our trip up this valley we saw more wheat than any Ohio county will raise in five years.

What is called hay in this country would be contemptuously cast aside by the Eastern farmers as a very poor quality of useless straw. But, like many other things in this world, and in California in particular, the appearance of this hay is very deceptive, as indicated by the fat, sleek horses and cattle which are fed with it, and which the farmers of Ohio can not largely excel. The hay is nothing

more than barley, cut before it is quite ripened. This is baled and mainly sent up into the mountains, where little is raised.

The fact that it does not rain for seven or eight months, renders it not a very pleasant place to live. Just now the surface of the earth seems almost completely pulverized, and the dust settles upon every thing and penetrates anywhere that air is not excluded. I must say I am not absorbed in admiration for such a country.

After a brief and pleasant ride, we reached San Francisco, and, in obedience to the recommendation of a friend, went to the Lick House. The consequence is I am out a dollar in money and a vast amount of temper. The latter I can spare, as I have a large reserve supply. The dollar, however, gravels me not a little. Why, the wretch who presides with such a lordly air over the fortunes of his unfortunate guests had the grim audacity, the monumental impudence, the adamant cheek to charge myself and companion a dollar for washing our hands and faces in his economical caravansary. I "kicked" vigorously, but all the unmistakable evidences of disgust which exhaled from every pore, had no more effect upon the fellow than would a feather blown against Mont Blanc. I then made up my mind to make that dollar the most costly that was ever taken in by the concern. We transferred ourselves at once to a square, good house, where we are now comfortably domiciled. It is the Russ House, where travelers are treated like gentlemen and only asked to pay two dollars per day.

Our vessel should have sailed on Saturday, but is detained until to-morrow. We will be able, however, to pass our time very pleasantly. I have some acquaintances here in the wool trade, and some friends whose acquaintance we formed when here five years ago. There is little

that we care to see in the city, as myself and wife pretty thoroughly exhausted its attractive points at that time. Besides, we have felt the necessity for rest. For fifteen days we have been constantly moving, six of them devoted to rattling over the roads of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in a spring wagon. I would recommend any of my readers who may be suffering from indigestion to adopt a similar course. When I left home I was scarcely able to travel, and now possess an appetite that has threatened a famine throughout the Pacific coast.

We took a peep into Chinatown, and both remarked the improvement in the condition of the people since our visit in '76. I hope some of our good missionaries have done something for them.

The weather here at this season is delightful, the temperature ranging from sixty-five in the morning to seventy-five at noon.

While coming overland *via* the Central Road five years ago, we stopped at Humboldt Station, where we became acquainted with Meacham and wife and daughter, the same who afterward suffered so terribly at the hands of the Ute Indians. The last two called on us to-day, and aided us in pleasantly passing a few hours.

Yesterday (Sunday) was a beautiful day, and we found its observance much more general than upon our previous visit. This I am glad to see, but at the same time could not fail to observe the preparations that were being made for a public show in the afternoon at Woodward's Garden. When we were here before Mr. Woodward was in the zenith of his glory, managing his Sunday shows with a large degree of success. Now, he has gone to his Maker to render an account of the matter. The Garden still continues, however, and the name of Woodward will never perish in San Francisco. What Shaw's Garden is to St.

Louis, Woodward's is to San Francisco. Despite the objectionable features of the Sunday entertainments, it is a magnificent collection of countless attractions for the eye and mind, and is now, I believe, the property of the city—a munificent gift from the public-spirited Woodward. It requires a vast variety of people, of different ideas and divergent theories of life, to constitute a world, and it is a wise provision of nature that such differences should exist, and perhaps we should not too severely criticise those who find their happiness in Sunday amusements, such as others view with distaste. However, I am not a moralizer, and prefer that people should follow the bent of their own inclinations; which is doubtless very kind in me, particularly as they will do it any way.

At twenty minutes past five last evening we had quite a perceptible earthquake shock, lasting two or three seconds. Salutha was reading, and I was lying on an adjacent sofa. But I did n't lie there long. If the pesky, bouncing, swaying motion had continued much longer, I honestly believe I would have been frightened. As it was, I scarcely had time to think until it was all over. This was the third earthquake I have felt, one in Cuba, and one in Mexico, previous to this. The people here do not mind a little shake once in a while, but we have not yet got used to them. It is possible that before our tour of thirty thousand miles is completed we will have ample opportunity to study the peculiarities of earthquakes and other devices for irritating the nerves of peacefully disposed people.

To-day (Sunday) my wife and I have been having a long talk with a Mrs. Ramey, of San Luis Obispo, where she and her husband are located upon a ranch of thirty-five thousand acres, about twenty miles from anywhere else. They rent the ground for wheat purposes, paying the old Mexican owner a rental of one-fifth of the wheat

and barley in the bag. They use headers to gather the wheat. The lady, however, expresses herself as badly dissatisfied, owing to her isolated condition, the nearest white lady being distant twenty-five miles. She is anxious to return to her old home, at Xenia, Ohio, and declares that often she is driven almost to desperation by the loneliness of her condition. They have been on the coast for eight years; but Mrs. Ramey, who is an intelligent woman, says their experience has not been one of entire success, and advises those who are in the East, and have any thing to lose, to stay there, as here the expenses keep up with the receipts. I, for my part, can not see so many chances to make money here as many do. Of course, you hear of some rich strikes, but you never hear of the thousands of persons who come to California and fail to make a success of the venture.

If we had known of the leisure at our disposal before the sailing of the steamer, we would have visited the Geysers. It is probable, however, that we will see more than enough water before we look upon America again.

To-morrow (Monday) we sail for Japan. I will write from Yokohama, but you will not be able to hear from us for perhaps fifty days, as it takes twenty-four days over, and of course the same back.

## V.

ON THE PACIFIC—INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE—A BRIEF DISSERTATION  
ON THE CHINESE, SUPPLEMENTED BY AN UNPROFESSIONAL TREA-  
TISE ON NAVIGATION—ARRIVAL IN JAPAN.

STEAMER GAELIC, ON THE PACIFIC, }  
*A Thousand Miles from Anywhere.* }

As announced in my last, written from San Francisco, we sailed from that port on the 20th of September on the steamer *Gaelic* for Yokohama and around the world. The scenes attendant upon the sailing of the vessel differed materially from those which can be viewed almost any day upon the docks of New York. There were none of those lingering farewells to departing friends that have a tendency to make a person feel as if he were about to play a leading part in a funeral rather than enjoy the strange sights of foreign lands. Aside from the herd of Chinese which we have now securely stowed away below, the preparations for sailing were conducted in an orderly and decorous manner. These Mongolians, however, are a curious collection, of whose characters I might speak at length could I but convince myself that they have any. So far as my experience with them extends, they are a sorry set. I am informed that the Chinese who confer upon America the inestimable blessing of their presence belong to the lower classes of the citizens of the Flowery Kingdom. From my heart, I hope so. For the credit of the Chinese people and nation, I trust I have not been misinformed. These creatures are quite devoted to what they consider their religious duties, which devotion appears



mainly to consist of efforts to appease the wrath of the evil spirit that in their case corresponds with the Satan of Christianity. I do not claim a sufficiently intimate acquaintance with his Satanic Majesty to form an intelligent estimate of his likes and dislikes; but if he can look upon a Chinese coolie with pleased eyes, he is doubly entitled to the distrust of every decent man and woman in the universe. This appeasement of the wrath of the evil spirit is accomplished by scattering upon the sea bits of peculiar paper. The ceremony was performed at the outset of the voyage, and has been repeated at intervals since. Just why or how this mummary has an effect upon the Evil One has never been explained to me. It appears in its effect, however, to be eminently satisfactory, as the Mongolians claim that this profuse distribution of particles of paper has propitiated the spirit to an extent which guarantees us a safe and pleasant voyage. We may, while feeling no confidence in the means adopted, express the hope that the conclusion arrived at is a correct one. We have four hundred and seventy of these unregenerate heathen on board. Three have died since the voyage began, but we still have them, as the contract with the steamship company provides that each Chinaman is to be delivered in China, dead or alive, as the case may be. Each corpse is embalmed and packed away among the freight, keeping company with the osseous remains of numerous Celestials who were taught in life that the bliss of eternity is vouchsafed only to those whose bones find their final resting place in the soil of the Flowery Kingdom. Our Chinese passengers are fed upon rice and a weak coffee, and are transported for fifty dollars each.

Slowly our gigantic steamer passed out of the harbor of San Francisco, through the masses of shipping from almost every part of the world; past the navy-yard at Mare Island and the outer forts, through the Golden Gate,

and out upon the broad expanse of the Pacific. Gradually the shore faded from view, and it was with a feeling of sadness that we stood upon the deck and watched our native land sink apparently beneath the waves. Our minds were thronged with the hopes and fears, the incidents, pleasant and unpleasant, that must lie between us and the time when we again may look upon our beloved America. Perhaps it may be our lot never again to view our home—never again to tread the land of our birth and feel the pride that swells the breast of every true American citizen when beneath the protecting folds of the beautiful emblem of liberty, America's flag of the free.

The first duty of a sea voyager after losing sight of land is to study his fellow-passengers. We have in the cabin ten passengers. We have with us a minister of the English Church and four other Englishmen, one Italian, and two Scotchmen. My companion and myself are the only Americans. There is but one lady besides Mrs. Converse. We have the best room on the boat, and are very kindly treated. Just here I would like some older traveler than myself to tell why it is that Englishmen as a class are not pleasant traveling companions. I have never found them companionable to the extent that other nationalities are. They seemingly are impressed with the idea that Englishmen are chosen by the Almighty to lead and instruct other people, and are ever ready with gratuitously proffered advice, which they consider it every other person's duty to religiously follow.

Our vessel sails under the British flag, and is a commodious structure, three hundred and sixty feet in length, and rides the water like—like—well, just like any other vessel of equal size, staunchness, and careful management. The crew consists of ninety men, many of them Chinese. These, together with twelve cabin and four hundred and

seventy steerage passengers, make a total of five hundred and seventy-two souls who have on this occasion tempted the treacherous ocean; that is, if Chinamen have souls, and I guess they have.

Our daily routine is monotonous. We rise at 6 and have a cup of coffee; breakfast at 9; lunch at 1, and dinner at 6. The table is elegant. A complement of animals are carried with us, and daily slaughter provides us with fresh meat. Notwithstanding this there is a constant feeling of uneasiness beneath the waistband that, while it does not at all times destroy the appetite, nevertheless causes one to long for an hour of good solid ground beneath his feet. Our first Sunday out was a day of calm, and at half-past 10 we were assembled in the cabin to listen to religious services, conducted by the English parson. The service was opened by the singing of the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The preaching was very appropriate to the occasion, and not a heart but went out in devout thankfulness to God for our preservation from the dangers of a sea voyage.

I devote much of my time to becoming posted upon Japan, and have laid out a land trip through the empire of two hundred miles, in which I will visit the temples and such other points of interest as may be within my reach.

One incident occurred the other day, which, though perhaps not unusual, possessed a novelty for us. The lookout announced whales in view. I sprang to the deck as hurriedly as if the alarm had been one of fire, and there in plain view to the leeward were two or three huge whales, sporting as playfully as minnows in an aquarium.

On Monday the captain reported that we were thirteen hundred miles from San Francisco, and each revolution of the wheel will continue to carry us further until we

reach Singapore, which is just half-way around. After leaving that place we will each day be drawing nearer home.

We do not, as might be supposed, sail directly from San Francisco to Yokohama. Instead, we angle north as far as the forty-fifth degree of latitude, and then bear south again before reaching Japan. The reason of this may seem a little obscure at first glance, but a moment's study of the conformation of a globe will explain it. As a matter of fact, we gain fully six hundred miles by this apparent "going around Robin Hood's barn." If any of my readers will locate San Francisco and Yokohama on a globe, and then measure with a string the direct line and also the route I have indicated, the difference will become apparent. If Brother Jasper, the colored minister who can not be convinced that the world is really round, was with us, he would find many things that would tend to force conviction upon his mind.

Another curious thing to the Pacific Ocean voyager is the fact that he loses a day. As I am not just now delivering a dissertation upon navigation I will not enter upon an extended explanation of the why of this. The reason will be apparent to any one who reflects that in passing around the world to the west we follow the course of the sun, or, more strictly speaking, move against the revolution of the earth, and it becomes evident that a day is lost as thoroughly during the journey as if we had, like Puck, "put a girdle 'round the earth in forty minutes." To make it more clear, suppose you start from New York on Sunday and pass around the earth in twenty-four hours. As you follow the sun precisely during the entire route, it would still be Sunday to you upon your return to the starting-point, no night having intervened, but it would be Monday to those you left behind. The same is true if your voyage occupies an unlimited

time instead of twenty-four hours. This day is dropped out of the calendar on crossing the one-hundred and eightieth parallel of longitude, or just half-way around from Greenwich, England, the point from which calculations are usually made.

There! I guess that will do for a brief lecture on navigation. As a matter of fact, I can tell much more about navigating the highways and byways of Ohio than I can of the "pathless desert of the sea."

This voyage is becoming a trifle monotonous. It is a rare thing to meet a vessel, and so far upon the trip we have seen no evidence of the continued existence of the human race, beyond the presence of those who bear us immediate company. This is the longest continuous ocean voyage within the reach of commerce. From the time of leaving San Francisco until we sight the head-lands of Japan, a distance of more than five thousand miles, we see no land. The next longest is from England to the Cape of Good Hope, but there the vessels stop at the Cape de Verde Islands.

But even an ocean voyage is not wholly devoid of exciting experiences, and we had one the other day, our tenth day out. About 10 A. M. our vessel was struck by a cyclone—not one of those Ohio wind storms that occasionally blow shingles from dilapidated roofs, but a regular hurricane, that would blow the hair off a man's head in the twinkling of a blind eye. The sensation produced upon the mind of the writer was such as might be expected. I was scared! frightened! terrified! I tell you the Indians of Arizona and the earthquakes of San Francisco are children's toys compared with a cyclone at sea when it once gets earnestly down to work. Sails were torn into shreds, and the sea ran "mountains high"—that is, little mountains. The waves looked like massive hill



ranges capped with snow. There was never any thing more fully belied its name than the Pacific Ocean. I was sick for three days afterward. Mrs. Converse took her share of sickness the first few days out, and during this gale was as good a sailor as the best of them. I believe she absolutely enjoyed it. I did n't.

On the night of Saturday, October 1st, we passed the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, and waked up the next morning to find Sunday wiped from the calendar, and Monday substituted. So far we have had but little sunshine, and the atmosphere is quite chilly, the mercury ranging from forty-five to sixty degrees.

On the third Friday out the captain announced that it was probable we would meet the steamer from Yokohama to San Francisco, and I am hurrying this letter so that, if we are so fortunate, I can send it by that vessel, thus saving perhaps fourteen days in its delivery.

We hope to reach land by the 10th. Should we do so, I will be but one day out of my programme. Pretty good, I fancy, for a trip of thousands of miles.

At this writing it is Monday, the 10th of October, and no returning steamer yet in sight. We had a terrible thunder storm last night, with very high sea. To-morrow we will, if nothing happens, be at the end of our voyage—twenty-one days out from 'Frisco.

Japan! At this moment, Tuesday, October 11th, we are steaming into the harbor of Yokohama. We did not meet the return steamer because she had not started. As she will leave the port soon, I hurry this up, deferring mention of our first impressions of Japan until my next.



## VI.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE—A CONDENSED HISTORICAL SKETCH—THE  
CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF A CURIOUS PEOPLE—VISIT TO THE TEMPLES  
NEAR YOKOHAMA—A RELIGION WITH AN AMPLE SUPPLY OF GODS.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, *October 15, 1881.*

MY last letter, dated on board the steamer *Gaelic*, almost anywhere on the Pacific Ocean, was necessarily posted promptly upon our arrival, as the steamer for San Francisco was on the eve of departure. Thus I was unable to even attempt a description of the impressions which our first glimpse of Japan produced. We have now been within the jurisdiction of the mighty Mikado for four days, and have seen much, been astonished by many things, and wondered at all. If a citizen of the United States should, by some occult process, find himself a sojourner on the planet Jupiter, he might perhaps see less to arouse his wonderment than he does here in the land of the Japs.

At an early hour on the morning of our arrival, so soon as the first ray of daylight gave its necessary aid to the vision, the coast of Japan rose before us in a long, dark outline, stretching away on either hand and appearing, in its indistinctness, like a vast bank of storm-threatening clouds. As the darkness subsided, the gigantic, snow-capped peak of Fusi Yami appeared as a grim and frowning background to a picture which found its greatest beauty to our eyes in the fact that it was the first glimpse of "good solid ground" we had had for more than twenty days.

Our steamer dropped her anchor in the harbor of Yokohama about 8 o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a vast array of shipping from all parts of the world, and surrounded by myriads of small boats, eager and anxious to place themselves at the service of any one for a pitifully meager compensation.

The bay of Yokohama is very spacious, land-locked, with an abundant depth of water, sufficient to float the combined navies of the world, and surrounded by gently sloping elevations, giving it an appearance of picturesque beauty. The water is as smooth as a mirror. Our first impression as we gazed with wondering eyes from the deck of the *Gaelic* before disembarking was one of grateful satisfaction, coupled with an anxiety to explore the secrets of the fairy-like land before us.

We were soon transferred to the shore, a distance of two miles, dividing our leisure during the brief trip by studying our surroundings and schooling our modesty to view with equanimity the shameless appearance of our Japanese boatmen, who, with the exception of an abbreviated breech-clout, were arrayed in all the gorgeousness which distinguished the traditional Georgia Colonel. But we will have to get used to this, as our limited experience has already taught us that, with the coolie class in Japan, nakedness is the rule and clothing the exception.

We landed at the custom house, and were but little delayed, when we transferred ourselves to the Windsor Hotel, kept by the ubiquitous Ohio man—a gentleman by the unusual name of Smith, formerly of Dayton. This hotel is an innovation, being conducted much as are the caravansaries in America, and one I can recommend to every American visiting Japan. After breakfast we paid our respects to the American consul, and received much information which will be of value to us during our travels

through the country. The first duty was to have our American gold exchanged for native currency. I received nine per cent premium and took Japanese silver, which is the handsomest coin I ever saw. The native silver I again had exchanged into paper, at the rate of one for one and a half. The money here is thus enumerated: Ten tempo make one bun, or cent; ten buns make one yen, or dollar. My drafts on London are worth one hundred and seventeen in specie.

During our peregrinations we viewed many strange sights, which it would require a volume to even partially describe. Among others was a turn-out of the fire department, in response to an alarm. It was a novel display, and, to American eyes, not a little ludicrous in its details. In Japan, fire is a source of constant dread, as the light, flimsy structures of bamboo and teak, which do duty in this country as building material, provide a choice quality of fuel, which feeds the flames. When a fire once breaks out, it is much easier to tell where it will not stop than where it will. What this particular fire amounted to I do not know. It did not disturb my equanimity to any extent, as my interest in Yokohama real estate is fortunately limited. The excitement ran high. I have noticed that the Japs are very easily excited. Upon the slightest provocation they will yell and gesticulate like unrestrained maniacs, but it seldom amounts to any thing.

In the morning of the first day we got our passports and money matters arranged and while waiting for dinner diligently studied the guide book preparatory to more extended observations.

Before entering upon further details of our personal experiences, it may be well to recall some points in the political history of Japan, which will doubtless prove of interest to my readers.

The natives of Japan are supposed to have originally come from Southern Siberia, and, according to their records, assumed political organization about twenty-four hundred years ago in the two islands of Nippon and Kiusiu. They were governed by an emperor, who, being descended from the gods, was divine and absolute on earth, and when he died was worshiped. Not only was his person too sacred to be looked upon by a stranger, but even the sun must not shine upon his head. It was sacrilegious to touch the dishes from which he ate. At his death his twelve wives and all their attendants disemboweled themselves. These attributes are still popularly conceded to the ruler. As Vicegerent of Heaven, he wears the title of Tenno; as sovereign in temporal affairs, he is the Mikado, or Emperor. Miako, some thirty miles inland from Yeddo, was his ancient capitol and Osaka its seaport. The emperor, by an assumed divine right, owned all the lands of the empire, and in time graciously divided them into provinces; retaining five or more of them for himself, he parceled out the remainder among great lords or princes called daimios. In the thirteenth century a rebellion arose in the empire, and the Mikado, remaining at his seat of government, intrusted the defense of the empire to the richest and strongest of one of these daimios, who bore the title of "Tycoon." This military commander, after a short time, absorbed the temporal sovereignty and reigned absolutely. The Tycoon, nevertheless paid homage to the Mikado, who retained his titular rank and unquestioned spiritual authority. By degrees the Mikado, free from all responsibility for administration, grew in the affections of the people in proportion as the Tycoon, who exercised his power despotically, became the object of popular jealousy and hatred. It was at this juncture that the United States, through Commodore Perry, and the

European Powers afterward, made their treaties with the Tycoon, in ignorance of any pretensions on the part of the Mikado to temporal power. In 1865 a revolution took place, and the Tycoon was shorn of his domination. The great Mikado established himself at Yeddo as the supreme temporal as well as spiritual ruler. It may be that this brief *résumé* of the political events of the past few centuries of Japanese history will aid my readers to unravel the mixture of the terms, "Mikado," "Tycoon," "daimios," etc., in sketches of Japan. If so, the space which I have devoted to it is well filled.

Every thing here is seemingly cast in a different mold from what they are in America and Europe. All we see is on a smaller scale. The people are small, the horses are small, the cattle are small, the houses are small, and even the cups from which you sip the national beverage, tea, are tiny specimens, holding scarcely more than a gill. But such tea! The mythical "nectar of the gods" was tame in comparison with it. Here we get the tea in its primal purity, unadulterated by the shipper and dealer, and brewed in a manner which brings forth its best qualities.

The means of locomotion, like every thing else in Japan, is new and curious to us. They have a few miles of railroad, but I speak of the means of traversing short distances. The ordinary vehicle is what is called a "jinrikisha." [There, now! I beg my indulgent reader not to laugh. I really do n't know whether that is the correct spelling, but it is what it sounds like. In Japan, orthography, with me, at least, is wholly governed by the ear.] It is simply an exaggerated baby wagon, placed on two wheels, with a top like a buggy. The wheels are about three feet in diameter, and each vehicle is drawn by a native coolie, dressed in nothing, or as near nothing as the most limited sense of decency will allow. They are



little fellows, only about five feet high and do not weigh to exceed one hundred and twenty pounds. Yet they will step briskly into the shafts and trot off at the rate of



A Japanese Laborer.

seven miles per hour. The shoes worn by these coolies, and by all the lower and middle classes of Japanese are but a pad of plaited straw, about three-fourths of an inch thick. They are held on the foot by two cords, united at the front end and, passing between the big toe and its neighbor, sep-

arate and, going one on each side of the foot, unite again under the heel. It is not likely that an American could hold them on his feet for a minute by such a crude contrivance, but the coolies suffer apparently no inconvenience on that account.

These shoes, or sandals, are more durable than one would suppose. They will last for thirty or forty miles of travel. They have the advantage of being very light, and are warranted not to produce corns or bunions. They



are also very cheap, costing but about a cent per pair. The highways are lined almost with cast-off straw sandals, that have been thrown aside after serving the purpose of the wearer until they became worn out.

As these little carriages hold but one person, we engaged two, one for my companion and the other for myself. You can readily picture the cavalcade composed of two of these diminutive concerns, drawn by a proportionately diminutive nine-tenths naked Jap, trotting along at the rate of about six miles per hour. That was Mrs. Converse and myself, enjoying our introduction to rural Japan. As they moved rapidly along the coolies continuously shouted, "Get out!" "Get out!" thus causing the innocent little Japs to give way for our passage. I can not tell what their ideas were. Mayhap they mistook us for a potentate of the empire, or perhaps the Great Tenno himself. Who knows? We went out into the country about six miles, and gathered flowers, grasses, etc. We visited the race track, which has a circuit of two miles, and viewed the farm houses, gardens, and rice fields. The whole country is much broken, yet the soil is as fine black loam as I ever saw. All kinds of vegetables that we are familiar with, and many that are strange, are produced in seemingly boundless abundance. We also visited the American Cemetery, where a number of the companions of Commodore Perry are interred. There are some tasteful monuments which add to the natural and artificial beauty of the place. The cemetery is handsomely located on a terraced hillside, and planted with tropical trees.

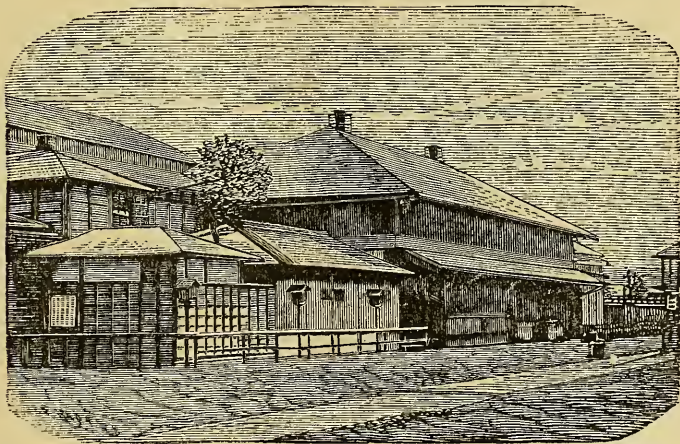
One feature of Japan which strikes the American traveler as peculiar is the entire absence of "the country," as we understand the term at home. The population is exceedingly dense, and the most loquacious gossipier need not step beyond his dooryard to exchange news with his

neighbor. This necessitates a much more thorough system of agricultural cultivation than prevails in America. Not a square foot is allowed to go to waste, and grains, which with us are permitted to be affected without restraint by the elements, are here as carefully watched and tended as American ladies care for their most precious flowers. In America land is cheaper and more plentiful than are persons to care for it. Here, of course, it is just the opposite, and the frugal Japs, after all, simply obey the inexorable law of necessity. Did they follow the same system in vogue in America, the people would starve. The great peculiarity of the Japanese, among all the nations of the earth, is that they are vegetarians. Full ninety per cent of all their food consists of vegetable productions. Rice is the great staple; barley is next, and then follow millet, wheat, rye, and Indian corn. They have many vegetables of the highest value as articles of diet which are unknown to us, and efforts are now in progress to introduce some of these into America.

A difference arose in the Converse family the first day we were in Japan. It is not likely to prove serious, but it is a difference nevertheless. Mrs. C., with a perversity peculiar to her sex, expresses a preference for the small Japanese boys, while my inclinations draw me irresistibly toward the large Japanese girls. I hope to convince Salutha that mine is the better way of thinking, but it is only a shadowy, ill-defined hope. If there are any really handsome people in the world it is the Japanese. And so polite! When you purchase any thing they bow themselves almost to the ground, and appear the very picture of grateful humility. Ah, the sly rascals! The probabilities are that they have cheated you outrageously in the trade. I know they did me, and I am not wholly unsophisticated either.

As I was seated writing in the afternoon, I felt somewhat startled by a rap on the door. In response to my summons, a native waiter approached in the most obsequious manner possible, and presented me a letter superscribed with the very familiar name of "L. Converse." Who in Japan knows me? was my mental query, as I broke the seal to examine the contents. Perhaps an invitation to dine with the Mikado! May be a summons to a confidential chat with the foreign minister! But no! It was simply the card of a business house, inviting me to call and buy some clothing. I did n't go. I still have some clothes left—a great many more, in fact, than are worn by some of the Japanese.

The breeds of domestic animals in Japan are limited in variety and size. The native horses are small, weighing



A Japanese House.

an average of scarcely more than eight hundred pounds. The foreigners have their horses, mostly imported, and basket phaetons, and when they ride out a coolie servant

runs beside the horse all the way, even should the journey be so great as thirty or forty miles per day.

The buildings in Yokohama are cosmopolitan, if such a term can be applied to architecture. They are composed of stone, brick, or bamboo, just as the wealth or taste of the builder may select. The Japanese, while called an imitative race, do many things unlike other people. For instance, in our rambles we witnessed a novel mode of elevating mortar and other material. On nearly every round of the ladder was stationed a coolie, and each passed the bucket of mortar to his next highest neighbor, very much as the bucket brigade carried water to the fires when you and I were boys.

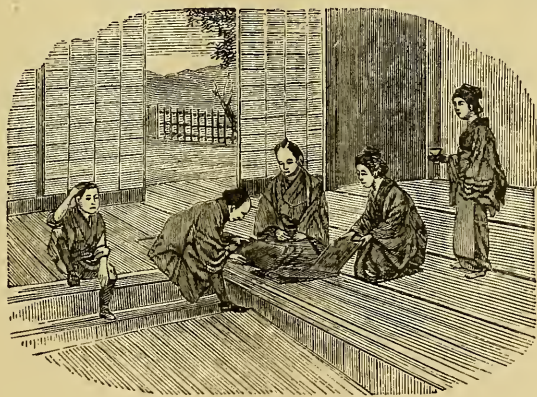
The police force of Yokohama is very numerous and efficient. They have a peculiar appearance, being dressed wholly in white. This with us would be significant of purity, but I do not think it is in Japan, or they would not uniform their policemen in that way. That is, unless the Japanese police belong to a race of beings superior to the conservators of the public peace in the United States.

Finally, we voted unanimously—that is, Salutha and I—that we were weary from our first day's experience in Japan, and, after partaking of a seven o'clock dinner, we devoted the evening to rest and comparing notes of our impressions of Japan and the Japs. One duty of the evening was to contract for two jinrikishas, with two coolies each, to go to the Temple of Daibutz, eighteen miles from Yokohama. We closed a bargain of eight yens, or four dollars of our money, for the round trip. Our coolies provided every thing for themselves, feed, attention, and all the requisites of the jaunt.

It was the intention to start at half-past six o'clock in the morning, but in the matter of apparently inexcusable delay, Japan does not differ from the balance of the world,



and it was not until eight o'clock that our "carriages" were ready. As the country to be traversed was quite rough, we had two coolies to each of the—well, I believe I won't try that word again. I always drive double, and I will pay my coolie team the compliment of saying that I never handled a pair of animals that could keep up with them. We passed along by a canal for four miles, and then up a narrow valley five hundred to two thousand feet wide, and on up through mountain ravines to an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet. Then followed alternate ascents and descents, through narrow passes, from six to eight feet wide, with walls of rock on either hand towering up from one to two hundred feet. Finally we debouched on to a plateau, where we found villages, extending for miles with scarcely an intervening vacant space to



Interior of Japanese Dwelling.

mark the boundary lines. There was a great sameness in the buildings composing these, as there is in fact in all dwellings that we have seen in Japan. They are constructed of teak, with roofs of straw. For successive miles we would pass through these villages of but one narrow street, enjoying

the opportunity to study the peculiarities of dress and manners. The prevailing costumes do not require much comment, because there was but little of them. The unadorned purity of nature was the usual style. The women wore a short skirt, and the children nothing. The complexion of the Japanese is a dark brown, with coal black hair and eyes. The girls are pretty until married, when custom requires them to stain their teeth black and otherwise disfigure themselves. All are small of stature, seldom exceeding five feet. Along the road which we traveled, at short distances were tea houses, where we frequently stopped and invested a cent in the delicious beverage. We tarried at several stores and made purchases without seriously depleting our funds, as a few cents will buy almost a cart load of any thing that strikes your fancy. I bought a pair of straw horse shoes for twenty tempo. In this country they shoe both men and beasts with straw.

On our way we visited a large temple where they have an immense gong, some six feet across. The priest gave it a thump with a wooden hammer, and explained that that constituted the prayer, lasting as long as the sound continued. He asked me to "pray." I agreed, and gave that gong a terrific rap. I judge the natives heard more prayer during the succeeding minute than had perhaps ever before fallen upon their ears. I can hear that "prayer" yet. Goodness! how the meek-eyed Japs did open their eyes. They probably thought I needed prayer badly. Perhaps they were right. I should judge that in this temple there are a thousand images, grouped about a principal one. Just what these images are intended to represent I was unable to learn. They are, however, undoubtedly titular deities of some kind. A hideous collection of gods they are, too—as unhandsome a display of idols as one could find anywhere. I could



not describe this temple fully in a day's time, and it would probably add but little to the reader's stock of valuable information if I essayed the task. It is built, like all others, of teak with straw roof, the latter perhaps fifteen to eighteen inches thick. Think of that, for a roof thousands, may be tens of thousands, of years old!

We pass on, however, down the valley, leaving the temple behind us. There is a plethora of gods in Japan. On the road which we traveled these images are erected every few rods, each seemingly vying with its neighbor in ugliness. Temples, also, are numerous, and we were at no time more than a few minutes out of sight of one. They range from a few feet to an acre in extent. The priests received us very kindly, conducting us over the temples and evidently striving to create a good impression, in return for which we bestowed a few tempo. Some of these days I am going to study the belief of the Japanese. I want to learn what sort of a religion it is that requires such a legion of hideously formed gods to run it.

At noon we arrived at the great Daibutz Temple, one of the wonders of the world. A description of this structure, a vast human form, must be deferred until my next.

## VII.

FURTHER OF THE JAPANESE—A VISIT TO DIABUTZ—THE TEMPLES—  
A JAPANESE HOTEL AND DINNER—THE CITY OF YOKOHAMA—ITS  
BUSINESS AND ITS PEOPLE.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, *October 18, 1881.*

AT noon of the day whose incidents were being detailed at the close of my last letter, we reached the great Daibutz, eighteen miles from Yokohama. The image is certainly the most wonderful construction I ever viewed. It is considered the proper thing for the wonder-stricken writer to speak of any thing that especially excites his particular astonishment as "one of the Seven Wonders of the world." My experience tells me that this world is full of wonders, ancient and modern, many of them more awe-inspiring than the Pyramids of Egypt, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Mausoleum of Artemesia, the Temple of Diana, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, or the Statue of Jupiter Olympus. All these wonders, with the exception of the Pyramids of Egypt, have passed away. They were, no doubt, in their day remarkable specimens of mechanical and architectural skill, but, compared with some of the structures of a more recent date, they sink into comparative insignificance. No scholar needs to be told that the scenes and incidents in ancient history are surrounded with a halo of mythological glory which does not add to their reliability. But the image of Daibutz remains, a gigantic wonderment at once to the mechanical skill and absurd idolatry of the Japanese. Its history is involved

in tradition, but it was probably erected ages since. It is in the form of a seated statue, and represents Buddha, or, as named by the Japanese, Daibutz. It pictures the progenitor of the Buddhist faith in a sitting posture, with the legs gathered beneath, the arms brought forward and crossed. It is fifty feet in height, one hundred feet in circumference at the base, and the head is nine feet long. The remarkable feature of the statue is that it is composed of an alloy of gold, silver, zinc, and copper, and is hollow. There is not to be seen a single joint or seam, even upon the most minute examination. It is reached by a flight of solid steps, and upon entering, one is stricken with the immensity of this human figure. We ascended to the head, which is large enough to hold six or eight persons. The bonze, or Buddhist priest, was very accommodating, and showed us through every part of the structure, in return for which we bestowed upon the humble heathen one half-yen. This image is not, as might be supposed, a temple in itself, but a part of an extensive Buddhist shrine that, some six hundred years ago, was, as tradition relates, swept away by a tidal wave, leaving only this gigantic caricature. As Daibutz is situated fully three miles from the sea, it requires a perilous stretch of the imagination to comprehend an elemental disturbance that would compass its destruction. After an hour devoted to examining the image and its surroundings, including quite a variety of minor gods, we departed, feeling that, should our journey end here, we had been amply repaid for the trials and inconveniences of our trip.

Education in Japan is almost universal. Not such education as the children of more enlightened nations receive, but very thorough so far as it goes. The Japs are great readers, and illiteracy, even among the coolies, or slaves, is rare. On our return from the visit to the struc-

ture, which I have very incompletely described, we passed near a school house, just as the pupils were being dismissed, and tarried for a moment to study the pleasing picture. The children seemed very timid, probably thinking that we were some hideous goblins sent by the evil



A Japanese Servant,

spirit to carry them away. Finally, by proffering some shining coins, I induced one little maiden to approach. The teacher was a lady of mature years, who did not seem to be affected with special diffidence, as she came to us, and restrained her wonder at our appearance as completely as possible. Woman-like, her fancy was evidently for dress, and she examined with childish delight the appearance of Mrs. Converse, her admiration being particularly in-

involved in the ribbons and other ornaments.

Passing by the school, we visited the "Great Brass God," climbing up a long flight of stone steps and entering a temple, where the "boss" god of all the gods is located. It is the figure of a man, composed of gold and brass,

some thirty feet high and eight broad. Its abdominal development would indicate that the Japanese god manufacturers possess an appreciative idea of the delights of gustatory exercises. The bonze who has charge of this particular deity was quite cordial, and made us a long speech in Japanese, to which we paid close attention, but can scarcely claim to have been edified. The curiosity of a bevy of boys was excited, and they received us very much as what we undoubtedly were, veritable curiosities. Humanity is, after all, much the same the world over—in most respects, at least. It is not probable that our appearance in the Japanese temple excited more curiosity than would the presence of a couple of Buddhist priests or coolie Japs in the Court House at Bucyrus: There would be one difference, however. The youthful Bucyrians would scarcely exhibit the extent of trepidation manifested by the little Japs. The slightest movement on our part was the signal for a scattering of demoralized cupids that indicated not so much modesty as fear.

We left the brass god and the attendant priest with some regret, and repaired to the village hotel. Our coolies constantly yell to the passers-by to clear the way, as they have a great lord and lady in charge. What do you think of that, ye unappreciative Buckeyes? We once circulated among you as unostentatiously as the most humble. Here we are of some account. Truly "a prophet is not without honor except in his own country." The streets in the villages through which we passed were all narrow, and the whole front of the dwellings being open, we had the opportunity of observing much of the internal economy. It was a continuously amusing feature of our journey to witness the frantic attempts of the populace to give way on the summons of our coolies. There would be a sudden scattering, with ill-suppressed excitement, a twinkling of



naked heels, a fluttering of garments, and the Japs, of all classes and degrees, disappeared within the houses like prairie dogs into their burrows. Once inside, their curiosity overcame their trepidation, and they turned to stare with open-eyed wonder at us as we were whisked rapidly by.



Japanese at Dinner.

In imagining a Japanese hotel the reader will please dismiss all ideas of architecture derived from the palatial establishments of large American cities. The hotels, outwardly at least, are wooden structures, two stories high, but oftener only one. The roofs are usually thatched; though the city caravansaries are tiled. They are entirely open on the front ground floor, and about six feet from the sill or threshold rises a platform, about a foot and a half high, upon which the proprietor may be seen, seated upon his heels, behind a tiny tray ten inches high, busy with his account books. The kitchen is usually just next to this front room, often separated from the street only by a latticed partition. In evolving a Japanese kitchen out of his or her imagination the reader must cast away the rising conception of Bridget's realm. Blissful, indeed, is the thought, as we enter the Japanese hotel, that neither the typical servant nor the American hotel clerk find an



abiding place there. The landlord comes to meet us, falling on his hands and knees and bowing his head to the floor. Fancy, if you can, an Ohio Boniface in such an humble and undignified position! One or two of the bevy of handsome girls seen in Japanese hotels come to assist us and care for our traps. Welcomes, invitations, and merry chatter, of which we do not understand a syllable, greet us as we sit down to take off our shoes, as all guests of Japanese hotels are expected to do. We stand up unshod, and are led by the girls along the smooth corridor to the room set apart for our entertainment, where we are seated on mats on the floor. No chairs or tables are seen. They bring to us tea and such food as the customs of the coun-



Japanese Reading and Singing Girls.

try provide, consisting mostly of raw or cooked fish, rice, and bread. I think the bread is made from the meal of millet, as I had observed them grinding it in that very primitive manner, pounding it in a stone mortar. In Japan the use of nearly every kind of animal flesh is prohibited by religion, although the flesh of the deer and wild boar are excepted. But these animals are found only

in remote regions, and in small numbers, so that but few of the people are benefited by the exception. The population of Japan is estimated at thirty-six millions. Reliable statistics show that there are in the whole country but about one million head of very inferior quality of cattle, nearly one-half of which are bulls, whose emasculation is not permitted, and whose flesh is, therefore, unfit for food. This leaves about six hundred thousand cows, not more than half of which are fit for beef, making less than one head to each one hundred people, while in the United States there are seventy-three head to each one hundred persons. Last year there were slaughtered in the empire thirty-six thousand cattle, more than half of which were used by foreigners in the cities and on the ships in the harbors. From these facts it is clear that among the masses of the people beef is almost unknown. Mutton and pork are still more scarce, and are never seen except in ports where treaties with other countries permit their importation. This religious inhibition does not extend to fish or poultry. The latter is abundant, but so high in price that only the rich can afford its use, and it forms no part of the diet of the common people. Fish is abundant, in great variety, in all the streams of the country, and is the only article, not of the vegetable nature, which forms a staple of daily food.

This entertainment was not exhaustively expensive, the entire bill being but thirty cents, ten each for ourselves, and an equal sum for the four coolies. The latter were served in the yard, much as carriage horses would be in America.

In the midst of the novel surroundings of the Japanese hotel, the time slipped rapidly away, until an hour was consumed. At its conclusion our coolie team was ordered to the door, and soon we were speeding rapidly toward

other interesting experiences, after being cordially God-speeded by the host and his galaxy of laughing female attendants. Our route took us over a steep mountain road, and this was the only occasion during the entire trip when we felt the necessity of alighting to relieve our motive power of the burden. After reaching the summit, we descended an equally steep road to a little fishing village on the ocean's shore, and there gathered a few shells and other mementos from the beach. We traversed the sandy shore for about three miles until we reached a canyon, through which we passed, encountering several villages on our way back to Yokohama.

During this brief expedition to the country, we enjoyed the opportunity of studying to some extent the agricultural features of this section of the Mikado's empire. The rice crop in some places is matured, and their method of treating it carries us back to the pioneer days in Ohio. It is threshed by the use of an instrument very similar to the old flax heckel. Buckwheat is raised, and some cotton. Garden produce of all kinds is, however, the main dependence. Their manner of preparing the ground is, I should judge, the same adopted by Abel, Adam's bucolic son, who essayed the cultivation of the soil in the vicinity of the Garden of Eden some several years ago. In Japan the "plowman," armed with an immense hoe, the blade sixteen inches long and four wide, turns up the soil about as rapidly as would an awkward boy with an American spade. Women do the threshing, carrying their babies at the same time. I might describe the operation of supplying these youngsters with the nourishment which nature provides, but my innate modesty forbids. From the exceedingly well developed fountains and the abdominal extent of the little ones, I am led to the conclusion that the supply is not limited.

We witnessed, among many other novel and ludicrous sights, the plan adopted for taking a bullock to market. Instead of driving, as they would do in other countries, the animal is bound to a two-wheeled truck, at which four men haul and twenty push. Every thing is conducted in the most primitive manner, though that can hardly be said of the marketing of cattle. The system adopted in that regard is not such a one as would be chosen by any except the Japanese. We saw the flail, the pounding mortar, and the winnowing of seed by throwing it into the air. At times it did not require any great stretch of the imagination to fancy ourselves transported back to the days of Abraham and the other Biblical patriarchs.

Darkness overtook us on the way, and in reply to an inquiry the guides told us it was five miles to Yokohama, but I am willing to be sworn that the distance was not less than ten. Our route continued through narrow mountain passes, with occasional brief stretches of woods. The moon shone beautifully as we jaunted along the Tokaido road, giving to the picturesque scenes a weirdness not unlike our childhood's dreams of fairyland, and producing a quiet exhilaration, which was not wholly negated by a sense of extreme physical weariness. Traveling in the Japanese jaunting cars over the rough roads in the vicinity of Yokohama has, like every thing else in this world, its drawbacks. The scenes are grand, sometimes entrancing, and always novel, but before a forty-mile trip is concluded the physical results of the constant jolting protrude themselves upon the senses with disagreeable pertinacity.

We drove up to the Windsor House in Yokohama in true tally-ho style, dismissed our teams, and eagerly sought rest in our cozy couches. There is a great advantage with the coolie teams of Japan, which the traveler is not slow to appreciate. Your animals require no care, and at the



conclusion of the journey they are left to care for themselves, the which they seem abundantly able to do.

The following day our coolies were again brought into service, and we devoted a large part of the forenoon to shopping. The experiences we had would fill a volume, to which a catalogue of the purchases made would provide an extended appendix. In Japan a little money goes a great way, and as we felt like spending some, we find upon our hands a varied accumulation of merchandise which we scarcely know how to dispose of. I could purchase in Yokohama for twelve or fifteen dollars of our money the most lovely tea-set human eyes ever beheld. But what to do with it would be a problem not easy of



Japanese Lady at Home.

solution. Our consul told me that if these things were shipped home they would all have to be repacked in New York, besides having to pay a heavy duty. Consequently we will have, though much against our inclination, to curb the desire to select a home outfit from the varied markets of Yokohama.

The Japanese appear to be divided into three distinct

classes. First, there are the government officials; second, the business men and their clerks; and third, the coolies or menials. Into how many classes these may be subdivided I do not know, and have no means of learning. I believe the Japanese religion does not provide for different castes, as is the case in some other Oriental countries, but it is difficult to determine how many subdivisions may exist among a people whose religion is but an advanced system of idolatry. I never weary of singing the praises of the industrious and seemingly tireless coolies. A day or two since I saw in the streets of Yokohama two of them hauling a cart which was loaded with nine bales of cotton, more than any draymen at home would care about burdening his horse with. There is apparently no limit to their capacity as beasts of burden.

The first impression upon the mind of a tourist when landing in Yokohama is usually one of disappointment. There is a mingling of Europe and America with the Oriental appearance of things that is not just what the traveler expects. The landing is made in the foreign part of the city, where most of the European and American mercantile houses and hotels, and a few residences, are located. These occupy the shore side of a wide bund, or street, which extends for nearly two miles along the shore of the bay. The streets in the foreign portion of the city are wide and well paved with hard white stone and concrete, and are lighted with gas. The sidewalks are narrow, but so clean are the streets kept that no discomfort results from walking in the carriage way. What is known as Main Street is as attractive as many avenues in pretentious cities of Europe and America. Here are located many fine stone-front buildings, occupied by stores, hotels, banks, restaurants, etc. The displays of goods in the plate-glass windows are such as we see in the best stores in the



States, and do not belie the extent and variety of merchandise to be found within, much of which is of American manufacture. Photographic establishments, jewelry stores, physicians' and dentists' signs, and newspaper offices abound, and the hurry and bustle of the cosmopolitan crowd, wherein the Japanese, of course, predominate, presents a picture novel to the eye of the tourist, and producing in his mind a feeling of surprise when it is remembered that but a quarter of a century has elapsed since the empire of Japan was as a sealed book, where no European or American was to be seen. This street is devoted wholly to shops, and in another are to be found the establishments of the wholesale dealers and importers. This latter is more native in its appearance and characteristics, and lacks the bright airiness and frequent elegance that distinguishes the former. Most of the buildings are of stone, and many are fireproof store houses, or "go-downs," as they are denominated in the nomenclature of this country. In this street are located those vast mercantile establishments, usually in the hands of Englishmen, with an occasional American, who control the great import business of Japan. Here is found that ubiquitous middle man peculiar to the Orient, the "comprador." He is a native or a Chinaman who has learned sufficient of the foreign languages to answer the demands of trade. In his hands are placed all sales to natives. He is a man of vast consequence, and, as might be expected, often grows rich in a manner wholly unaccountable to his employers. Efforts have been made to abolish the system, but it still prevails, the merchants being compelled to look upon the comprador as a kind of necessary evil.

If the appearance of Main Street in Yokohama is a surprise to the visitor, the Bluffs are a veritable revelation. Here are to be found the residences of the better classes:

of foreigners, the wealthy merchants, ship-owners, etc. It is the Fifth Avenue, the Beacon Street of Yohohama, and the aristocratic residents of the Bluffs are just as exclusive in their social relations as are their brothers and sisters of New York and Boston upper-tendom. There are, it is true, no awe-inspiring brown stone fronts or marble palaces, the houses, many of them, being but one story in height, and none more than two. These are surrounded by trim hedges and lawns, and present a picture of suburban coziness very attractive. Many of the residents have imported their horses and carriages, and in the evening, after business hours, the display of fine turn-outs reminds the visitor of the home scenes left behind. The drives in the environs of Yokohama are certainly not frequently surpassed elsewhere for varied scenery and attractions for the eye and mind.

Some one has assigned as a reason why the sun never sets on British possessions, that the Almighty was afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark. However this may be, certain it is that there is no nation in the world whose subjects are so widely scattered as England. Throughout the Orient the English predominate largely among the foreigners. In Japan, and elsewhere in the East, the newspapers, the banks, the bar, and the Churches are controlled by Englishmen, and the worst infliction that an American visitor to Japan has to bear is the impression that he too is an Englishman.

Previous to the opening of Japan to foreign trade, Yokohama was but an insignificant village, situated on the shore of the bay, and numbering scarcely more than a thousand people, who devoted themselves to fishing. Its subsequent growth and development of commercial importance has been remarkable. Many native residents of Yeddo have removed to Yokohama and engaged in the

profitable trade of the city. Compared with other cities of the empire it is not very populous, but it is the center of commerce in Japan, and a few years hence will be numbered among the large cities of the East. Its history since the advent of foreigners has not been one of unvarying placidity. While the American intercourse with the Japanese has been mainly peaceful, the nations of Europe, those selfish representatives of a *quasi* civilization who recognize no arbitrament except that of gunpowder, have pursued a different course, and Yokohama suffered in consequence. Some sixteen years ago a fire occurred, which purified the town both materially and morally, and the rebuilt city is in many regards a credit to the foreign residents, and the natives as well.

## VIII.

FROM YOKOHAMA TO YEDDO—A JAPANESE RAILROAD—THE CAPITAL AND ITS PEOPLE—SHOPPING IN YEDDO—VISIT TO SHIBA AND THE TOMBS OF THE TYCOONS—THE MIKADO'S CASTLE—AN EARTHQUAKE.

YOKOHAMA, *October 20, 1881.*

THE most striking evidence of progress which greets the visitor to Yokohama is the railroad. Twenty-five years ago the people of Japan had not the slightest conception of the steam engine. They looked upon the steamers in the fleet of Commodore Perry as demons that by some occult means were empowered to move against the winds and tides. The conception of the railroad had never obtruded itself upon the dreams of the most imaginative subject of the Mikado. But the imitative genius of the people has carried them forward rapidly in the progressive march of civilization. They have steam vessels officered and manned by Japanese, and a railroad from Yokohama to Yeddo, a distance of about twenty miles, built by Japanese capital and labor, and owned, controlled, and officered by natives. The road, while not as complete in all its appointments as the great trunk lines of America, is nevertheless creditable; the cars are neat and tidy, the officials obliging, and the speed sufficient for comfort. The fare is about two and a half cents per mile. The tickets that are purchased at the railway station in Yokohama are polyglot affairs, in obedience to the demands of the cosmopolitan travelers. They are printed in six different languages. Ours read "Yokohama to

Shimbashi," the latter being the name of that quarter of the Japanese capital where the railway station is situated. The route to Yeddo is almost a continuous succession of villages, each embellished with a wholly unpronounceable name, and presenting features that would be monotonous were it not that we are in a country where every thing is novel. The entrance to the imperial city is marked by two gigantic black posts. Arriving at the station, which is some distance further toward the center of the city, the visitor takes his seat in either a horse carriage or a jinrikisha, and directs that he may be conveyed to the hotel of his choice. We stopped at the Sei Yo Ken, a hostelry presided over by a Japanese, and found the accommodations, though not superior, very good. The cooking is peculiar, of course, but I have traveled enough to learn that eating depends much more upon appetite than upon the variety of food or the manner of preparing it. Although the hotel is kept by a Japanese, its patrons are largely foreigners and the manner of entertainment partakes of the customs prevalent in Europe and America. For instance, the meals are served upon tables, and the house is provided with arm-chairs. We were amused by an incident that occurred during our stay that illustrates the force of custom. After we were seated for our dinner, a number of Japanese officials filed in, dressed in European style, but giving evidence of a certain degree of embarrassment on finding themselves in the presence of foreigners. In seating themselves at the tables, several endeavored to fold their legs under them, after the manner of the country, and were more than a little embarrassed when they found that an arm-chair was not built for that purpose, and that the foreigners present were inclined to smile at their discomfort.

There is much in the Japanese capital to attract the



attention and excite the wonderment of the visitor, but there is little to impress him favorably. The city is said to cover one hundred square miles of ground, and it may be that it does, but I did not pass around it, and can not express an opinion based upon my own judgment. One street, the *Tori*, is thirty-five miles in length—so it is said—but one resident to whom I intimated my skepticism regarding the statement admitted that it extended several



Hair Dressing in Yeddo.

miles through the environs and into the country. The streets run at right angles, or as nearly so as the crude Japanese geometry would permit. All are narrow, with no sidewalks, and at all times crowded with a homogeneous mass of officials, shopkeepers, and coolies talking and gesticulating, laughing and scolding, viewing with wondering eyes the occasional appearance of foreigners in their midst, but always treating them with respectful civility. Tradition among the Japanese tells us that the population of the city was at one time in its history over seven millions. Untoward circumstances, largely devastating fires, have tended to reduce the number of inhabitants, until now the most liberal estimate places the

aggregate at one million and a half. In a number of places within the city we saw vast areas that had been swept over by fire, and had never been rebuilt.

The climate of the Japanese capital is usually agreeable, though varied at times by the prevalence of high winds, and rain at others. There are now perhaps a thousand foreigners resident in the city, mainly Americans and Englishmen. Foreigners are not allowed to reside in the city outside the concession, except those connected with the civil or other service of Japan.

Previous to visiting Japan we had heard much of the dangers attending a sojourn in the capital, of the blood-thirsty Samaurai, who wore two swords and amused themselves by lopping off the heads of intruding foreigners. These Samaurai formed until within the past very few years a distinct class. Previous to the revolution of 1868 they were the military retainers of the daimios, who scorned to labor. Naturally enough, they looked upon the advent of foreigners with suspicion, as likely to produce a state of affairs inimical to their interests, an effect that they fully foretold. As a consequence they were for years the terror of foreign residents in Japan. Recently, however, by a decree of the government, the perquisites of these followers have been withdrawn, and the custom of wearing swords, except by military or naval officers, abolished. As a consequence, the terrorizing Samaurai are rapidly becoming absorbed into the masses of the population.

Yeddo is a place of minor commercial importance compared with Yokohama, the chief industry being that of manufacturing. At least it is called manufacturing, though in the United States we would perhaps be at a loss for a term to properly describe the crude operations, which, however, result in the production of some wonderfully beautiful and useful articles.

Shopping, the world over, is a science—an accomplishment which forms a large part of the education of the ladies, but visitors to Japan find that their acquisitions in that regard require revision. The shops are small affairs, wholly open in front, and provide for the inmates at once a store and a dwelling-house. If the purchaser manifests the slightest anxiety to buy, he will have to pay two or three prices for the article. The indifference of the Japanese shopkeepers, whether real or feigned, is phenomenal. Their actions would indicate a preference that you would pass on. Nor is this the outgrowth of an antipathy to foreigners, because no such feeling exists, and they are equally indifferent toward their own people. If, however, you carelessly inquire the price of an article (all merchandise is placed within the easy reach of customers), every member of the family, big Japs and little Japs, old Japs and young Japs, will step forward, willing but seemingly not anxious to answer your question. As I have said, the shop is the home of the entire family, not by any means always a small one. A space in the center, scarcely ever more than five feet square, answers the purpose of a dining and sleeping room. An American would soon die if compelled to submit to the inconvenience of such surroundings. The Japs, fortunately for their happiness, are cast in a different mold. It may be, however, that their progress to their present condition has been gradual, and that they have, with philosophical calmness, fitted themselves to circumstances. Certain it is that they are the jolliest, best-humored, most accommodating and peaceful of any race I have ever visited.

One of the principal attractions in Japan is the Shiba, or grounds containing, in addition to a magnificent temple, the tombs of the various Tycoons who have ruled over Japan during the past few hundred years. Some of the

tombstones are of granite, others of bronze. These monuments are attractive, but their elegance is so nearly eclipsed by the grandeur and beauty of the temple that they sink into comparative insignificance. The entrance to the temple is up a grand staircase of eighty-five steps, and thence through a spacious gate. Before passing through the door which leads from the vestibule into the body of the temple, we were requested to remove our shoes. This is not, as might be supposed, required in accord with a suppositious sacredness of the building, but simply to insure cleanliness. The priest, who acted as our chaperon, then conducted us through the gorgeous building, whose floor is of ebony, polished like glass. The doors are embellished with carving twelve inches deep, and artistically ornamented with gilding. What with the hideous devices of the great red dragon of Japan, with its forked wings, flaming mane, and powerful claws, the monstrous transformation of Buddha into lions rampant and roaring, peacocks proud and strutting, and sagacious storks, stalking and prophesying, the inner temple is a weird combination of the mythical and terrifying. The extent of the building is beyond reasonable surmise even, and the lofty roof is supported by vast columns. The cornice is of gilded carving twenty-four inches deep. The temple of Shiba is a vast museum of gods, in which one could devote hours studying the different forms which the Japanese deity is made to assume. Our time was limited, and the reflection that three-fourths of the world yet lay before us, filled with scenes novel and entrancing, drew us away, and we turned our backs upon Shiba, feeling that our wildest dreams of the fanciful handiwork of man fell far short of the reality.

After this visit to Shiba, we called upon the American Minister—another Ohio man, Mr. Bingham, formerly of Cadiz, and for several terms a Representative in Con-

gress. We were received very cordially by him and his pleasant family. Mr. Bingham has represented the United States Government at the court of the Mikado for several years, and his duties have uniformly been performed in a manner satisfactory to both governments, and I hope many more years will elapse before that intangible and often mythical "political necessity" will arise demanding his recall.

To Mr. Bingham we were indebted for the privilege of a cursory examination of the ground of the palace of the Mikado. The citadel, called "The Great Castle," occupies an immense tract in the center of the city, some nine miles in circumference, and is a triple fortification, the second and third being within the first, each in itself complete, with rampart, inner embankment, ditch, bastion and glacis, parapet, and double gates. The outer fort stands on a level with the plain, the second higher, and the central one higher still, overlooking the country and sea. The walls of each are fifty feet high, built of granite blocks of massive extent. The whole is surrounded by a moat five hundred feet wide, fed by a stone aqueduct which brings water from the mountains, a distance of twenty-five miles. The grounds are covered with massive trees, a variety of carefully cultivated shrubbery, and every device of beauty which ingenuity could suggest or floricultural skill execute. Mr. Bingham learned from the Tycoon that the forts, palaces, and ground occupied thirty-five thousand men forty-five years in building. All the stone, many of them of incredible size, were brought from the mountains by manpower.

The present Mikado is but twenty-nine years of age, and is the one hundred and twenty-first in direct succession, from the year 660 B. C. He has had three children, but all are now dead. We did not see him, as, perhaps by



reason of an oversight, we did not receive an invitation to dine at the palace. We felt somewhat slighted, and experience some trepidation by reason of the suspicion that, perhaps, all the crowned heads whose possessions we shall honor with our presence may follow the pernicious example of the Mikado, and not extend their personal hospitalities. In our august persons, the dignity of the city of Bucyrus and the pride of Crawford County, as well as the prestige of the great State of Ohio, have been humbled.

As I have before observed, the city of Yeddo is not compactly built. Not only are there vast tracts where fire has devastated the place, but parks abound. The city is a curious conglomeration of closely packed houses and cool, roomy breathing places. There is little beauty outside of these parks and the temples. The houses are all of wood, usually of one story and never more than two. The bridges, of which there are a large number, and the embankments of the canals, are, however, of stone. The canals are from fifteen to twenty-five feet deep, and the stone sides slope at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

We visited, during our brief stay in the Japanese capital, the great temple of Yeno, a veritable twin-sister of Shiba, and the "Temple of Pigeons." At the latter there are thousands of pigeons, fed and otherwise cared for; also a myriad of monkeys, which chatter, grimace, and generally present little evidence of a feeling of appreciation of the sacredness in which they are held by the idolatrous priests and their deluded followers. How any person can see any thing sacred in a beastly monkey surpasses my comprehension. I do not see how the least impression can be made upon these people by Christian missionaries, yet there are those who claim that they find encouragement to persevere.

Among other places we visited was the Holy Fish

Pond, where there are pure white and gold fish, twelve to fifteen inches in length, having three tails each. I do not know whether their holiness is dependent upon the number of their tails or not. Perhaps it is.

In the center of the city is a bridge known as Niphon Bashi, that, though of ordinary appearance, is one of the most important points in Japan. From it all distances throughout the empire are measured. It lies in the heart of the city, and spans one of the widest canals.

Yeddo is not, as has popularly been supposed, an ancient city, it having been founded as recently as 1600. Previous to that time the castle existed, having been built as early as 1355.

If it were not that earthquakes are indigenous to Japan, I would think that perhaps there was ill luck in my presence. You remember that we had a little one in 'Frisco just before sailing for Japan, and while in Yeddo we were greeted with another. I had just retired to bed after spending the evening in discussing the sheep question with a resident of Australia, and was debating in my mind whether my companion would feel appreciatively grateful to me if I should wake her up and inform her that there is a man in Melbourne who owns two million sheep, when suddenly, without so much as a second's warning, the bed began to rock, and the floor to vary from a horizontal position, in a manner very mystifying to a temperate man. It did not last long, and I am powerfully glad of it. The sensation produced upon my nervous organism by an earthquake is not enviable. It always feels to me as if the bottom had fallen out of every thing, and I was about to drop through the hole. Nobody paid any attention to it except me. The Japs view these mundane convulsions with more equanimity than I can ever hope to attain. Once in a while, however, there comes

one that wakes them up pretty thoroughly. History tells of one earthquake which destroyed one hundred and eighty-eight thousand people in the city of Yeddo alone, and another which, some twenty-five years ago, put an eternal quietus upon one hundred and four thousand.

In leaving Yeddo, I am fully aware that I have given to my readers but a very imperfect picture of the great city. This is for the reason that I did not have a month or a year to devote to it. Some one has said that a stranger in London can find something novel and of a character worth detailing every hour for a year. How much more true must the same theory be of Yeddo, a city nearly as large as London, and where every thing seen from the moment you enter the place is strange and curious. No one, even did he possess a pen many times more facile than mine, could write a thorough description of Yeddo in two years. I have, in my crude and perhaps unsatisfactory manner, endeavored to transmit an idea of some of the most interesting sights, but still I feel that it is not even an introduction to what might be written.

We returned to Yokohama on Sunday morning. Here we find the foreign business houses closed on the first day of the week, but the natives naturally pay no heed to the Christian Sunday. No one can doubt that they are sincere in their devotion to a belief which seems absurd to us, and the question whether they must suffer eternal punishment for a mistake which they knew not was an error is one which I will not attempt to discuss, much less solve. There is, notwithstanding the years that have elapsed since the revelations of the Son of God, much that is not clear to the inquiring mind. The poor Jap is just as faithful in his devotion to the religion of Buddha as we are, or can be, to the teachings of Christ. He is sincere. So are we—to some extent. But I do not de-

sign to run my rambling comments upon Japan and the Japs into a metaphysical disquisition upon theology.

In the afternoon of Sunday we visited the Methodist Church Sunday-school. There were some fifty-five scholars present. Milton Vail, a Pennsylvanian who has been connected with educational matters in Japan for several years, invited us to visit his Bible class. He has four young Japanese men who read English quite readily. At my request they sang several hymns, and acquitted themselves creditably. Vail told us they had altogether about two hundred and fifty scholars, from all parts of the city. He conducted us through the Theological College, and then to the house where the students of the college board. Every thing was neat and tasteful. They have a good home and chapel, and I never passed an hour more pleasantly than with these faithful searchers for the blessed truths of divinity. I have heretofore criticised without mercy the insincere mummary which disgraces the name of religion among the bigoted priesthood and besotted laymen of Mexico. I have nothing to apologize for in that regard. I despise insincerity in any thing. The work of the missionaries in Japan, so far as my observation extends, is worthy the confidence of every Christian. They are undoubtedly faithfully following their chosen work, and God will surely bless them and their labors. The missionaries by opening up the benighted minds of the Japanese are performing a work of inestimable value to the cause of Christianity, and at the same time are exerting, quietly and unostentatiously, an influence which will be felt in drawing into more intimate relations with Japan the Christian nations of the earth.

After Sunday-school, Mr. Vail invited us to spend an hour at his study, and he showed us several rare old Japanese books. They are of peculiar construction, being

about eight inches square, and fold together like a fan. Paper does not seem to have been available at the time they were printed, as the material is a stiff silk. We could, were we so disposed, collect an attractive museum of curiosities in Japan and the other countries we will visit, but of course there is a limit to our facilities for transportation, and while anxious to secure only those specimens which will prove the most curious to our friends, it may be that we will imitate the man who sought a peculiarly straight stick in a wood, and passing by so many that he imagined were not quite complete enough, found when he had passed through the wood that he must needs content himself with a crooked stick at last.

We have made arrangements for sailing to-morrow (the 19th) for Hiogo, in the west part of Japan, and I will mail my next from that port.



## IX.

HIOGO, KIOTO, AND THE VICINITY—A VISIT TO JAPAN'S ANCIENT CAPITAL—MORE OF THE TEMPLES AND HOTELS—A JAPANESE COBBLER AND HIS SHOP—THE CULTIVATION OF TEA AND RICE—A PRIMITIVE MANNER OF HARVESTING.

HIOGO, JAPAN, *October 24, 1881.*

IN our hurried, and consequently to a large extent superficial, view of Japan, we have reached this point, located on an arm of the inland sea, and distant thirty-six hours by steamer from Yokohama. Our vessel was a Japanese steamer, the *Hiroshima-maru*, of American build. The accommodations were excellent, and the attention thoughtful and courteous. The vessel is a model of neatness, and the stateroom which we occupied superior even to the accommodations provided on the Pacific Mail steamers. Among the passengers were two lady missionaries going to Hiogo (or Kiobe, as it is sometimes called), one from Pennsylvania and the other from New York. From such acquaintance as the limited time permitted, I was led to renewed respect for the devoted singleness of purpose which leads these ladies to forsake home, friends, and country to teach the semi-civilized Japanese the "way of life." Their lot need not be envied, particularly when it is remembered that they go three hundred miles into the interior, traveling mostly on foot, where they will be far beyond the outposts of civilization, with little companionship beyond themselves. May the grace of God accompany them, and bring to them happiness amid surroundings where I, at least, would not

expect to find it. We had also on board the vessel the Corean ambassadors, who had been to Yeddo concerning the stipulations of a treaty entered into between Corea and Japan. Corea, a peninsula lying west of Japan and south of Mantchooria, being a part of the mainland of the continent of Asia, has long been a bone of contention between China and Japan. At various periods the two nations have growled and spit at each other like a couple of enraged tom-cats, with many wordy threats of fight, but, as is quite usual with our Mongolian antipodes, it ended in words. China finally waived her claims upon Corea, and a treaty has been signed between Corea and Japan, under which the former becomes a dependency of the latter. These Coreans, judging from the specimens we saw, possess little of the physical peculiarities of the Mongolians. They are of a lighter complexion, with beards, tall and shapely, and would weigh an average, I judge, of one hundred and fifty pounds. They were quick, nervous, and decided in their movements, and, I would think, would prove quite formidable in war. Their dress is peculiar, being confined, so far as my observation extended, to a long blue robe or gown.

This inland sea, of which I have spoken, is by many travelers accounted the most beautiful sheet of water in the world. To this I will not add my testimony, as after I have seen other attractive scenes I might be compelled to revise it. The vessel threaded its way through innumerable islands, where there was barely room to pass. Each island is an elysium in appearance, covered with verdure, and presenting in their continuous succession a moving panorama of entrancing beauty such as our eyes certainly never before beheld. This most luxuriant vegetation comes down to the water's edge, and the water being at all times placid there is little or no surf, which, while adding to beauty in one regard, often detracts from it in another.

The mountain formations of Japan, in all parts which we have visited, are peculiar, to some extent, in their abruptness, with sides furrowed and seamed by the attrition of the elements during ages past. Judging from appearances, ascent would be impossible, but we have found it scarcely ever even difficult, when under the control of the industrious and ever faithful coolies. These gullies, or incipient canyons, furnish the highway up which the traveler is conducted with safety and dispatch. The traveling is not either so smooth or expeditious as following behind a pair of 2.40 trotters on a wood pavement, but it is progress. My advice to people who expect to find in traveling those comforts, conveniences, and luxuries to which they are accustomed at home, is not to venture beyond the limits of the States. Inconvenience and discomfort are the penalties which every wanderer pays for the privilege of satisfying his curiosity.

We had the pleasure of witnessing during our short voyage from Yokohama the "fire practice" of the steamer's crew. An alarm was given, and almost in less time than is necessary for the reader to cast his eye along this line every man of the crew was at his post and several streams of water were being directed against an imaginary fire. Such a display of efficiency and discipline went far to allay the nervous dread of fire which even the most hardened ocean traveler experiences.

Our brief voyage ended on the 21st, and we landed at Hiogo. Having shipped our trunks to China direct from Yokohama, we are provided with only our hand-bags for the seven days' stay which we will make in this part of Japan. We stopped here at the Hiogo Hotel, kept by a Yankee from the shores of Cape Cod. We rather missed the omnipresent Ohio man—that venturesome, enterprising Buckeye, who is to be found almost everywhere. Our

landlord on this occasion is a true down-easter, having all the shrewd enterprise and cunning ingenuity of the typical Yankee. The holstery over which he presides is creditable to his capacity as a caterer to the comforts of the traveling public, and to the great and ge-lorious country from which he hails.

Hiogo is one of the United States treaty ports. It is not a large city, but quite presentable in appearance. It is one point among many others where the stranger must look to those very necessary evils, his passports for the interior. The Japanese officials were neither very inquisitive nor exorbitant in their charges. They probably look upon all foreigners as a species of innocent barbarians, who seek information upon the advanced enlightenment of Japan, and they are disposed, as a consequence, to afford them every facility in their power, consistent with a proper regard for the dignity of the Mikado's government. They charged us for the honor perhaps of answering their limited queries the munificent sum of ten cents, and, with these little bits of paper, covered with hieroglyphics, which are as unintelligible to us as the inscriptions upon the ancient tombs of Egypt, we are privileged to go out into the country a distance of fifty miles, and ask a million questions of the natives which they will not comprehend any more than we will be able to understand their replies. This traveling in a country whose language you do not understand and could not learn in twenty years, has its disadvantages to the seeker after information, particularly to a member of the universally inquisitive Yankee nation.

And these passports! How do we know that the cabalistic designs thereon, resembling nothing so much as a fly vigorously smashed on a sheet of paper, are not really an order to some official satrap away up in the

country to summarily cut off our respective heads? The danger, however, is not sufficiently imminent to disturb our equanimity. Still it is but seventeen years since a terrible massacre of foreigners took place in this same city of Hiogo, almost within sight of the window at which I am writing. The European settlement and the native city are separated by a road, and it was while the Japanese army was passing along this that the soldiers fired upon the foreigners. It was but an exhibition of the mob spirit, and was severely punished by the Japanese government, seventeen of the ringleaders being compelled to disembowel themselves, or commit *hari-kari*, as they call it, I believe, in the beastly language of this country. Since that time Japan has been as safe to travelers as any part of the United States, and safer than some. It is probable, and natural as well, that when Japan was thrown open to the trade of other nations, there was considerable feeling against the foreigners. They were looked upon as intruders—a people devoted to the idea of overturning the civilization of Japan and erecting in its stead a new order of things. In this regard the judgment of the Japanese was correct. But all feeling of resentment has passed away, and the people are rapidly conforming to European and American ideas of business and social life. Of course, the impression is as yet confined almost wholly to the cities, but it will spread, and many decades will not elapse before the customs of the Caucasians, the bad as well as the good, will prevail largely in nearly every part of the empire.

With only seven days in which to explore this part of Japan, we could not afford to lose any time. So on the afternoon of the next day after our arrival we paid a visit to a neighboring waterfall that exceeds any thing in the cataract line that we have seen. The stream composing



the cascade is fully twenty feet wide, and descends with a direct fall of one thousand feet, followed by other falls of varying height until it reaches the valley below, a distance of three thousand five hundred feet. The surrounding scenery, while attractively beautiful, is not so awe-inspiring as that of the Yosemite, but the cataract, designated by some wholly unpronounceable name, equals the celebrated Nevada Fall.

Among the other points contiguous to the city which we visited was the "Pony Temple," so called from the fact that here, in a magnificent temple, is kept a beautiful pony, with white eyes and skin, that is devoutly worshipped by every true disciple of Buddha. Every visitor is expected to contribute a small amount to buy food for this sacred horse. We, being just a little weary of this constant repetition of beastly sacredness, can guarantee that that pony will never get fat on the contribution we made.

Ever since we were little children, and first began to read of Oriental mysteries, I have had a desire to visit a Chinese or Japanese theater. So far, I am happy to say; as a Japanese play house is concerned, that wish has been satisfied, that desire satiated. The theater which we patronized was built of bamboo, about forty feet square. This little room contained the performers, the orchestra, and a limited audience. That orchestra! Its "concord of sweet sounds" still rings in my ears. Some one has said that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Well, may be it has, but that Japanese music had just a contrary effect upon mine. I was not soothed to any extent. "On the contrary, quite the reverse." The orchestra consisted of something that I suppose was dignified with the name of drum, but which I am firmly convinced was the rim of an ordinary cheese box with a leather

stretched over the ends, and a bamboo reed instrument. Since hearing the conglomeration of hideous sounds which the players produced, I have lost all respect for cheese boxes and bamboo. The idea strikes me that perhaps from the outfit of a Japanese orchestra came our word "bamboozle." The performance on the stage was of the nature of juggling or dextrous sleight-of-hand. Among other feats was the spinning of a top on the edge of a sword and on the periphery of a fan. Other acts were performed, but none exceeding, or equaling, for that matter, the feats of sleight performers often seen in America.

The streets of Hiogo are narrow, but clean. One feature of American civilization the Japs have as yet failed to absorb. They have no idea whatever of the use of a sidewalk, and in the cities and towns the pedestrians and vehicles are mixed together, often in the greatest confusion.

The people here are the antipodes of their enlightened fellow humans in more senses than one. The carpenters, for instance, always draw the plane and saw towards them. A peculiarity I note in the construction of stone walls. The stones are cut about one foot square and are laid diamond shape so that as the walls settle they will pack more firmly together. It may be that our builders could learn a valuable lesson from this primitive practice of the Japanese. All the crockery ware is actually painted by hand. We witnessed the operation, and while it is tedious and of little profit, it serves to occupy the attention and time of many in a land where labor is cheap and laborers but beasts of burden.

On Saturday, the 22d, we traveled by rail a distance of fifty miles to Kioto, once the capital of all Japan. It is still a large city, with even more than the usual number of temples and idols. In one temple alone there are

no less than one thousand idols, each five feet high and embellished with six arms. They are made of brass, and are placed some inside the temple and others on terraces, presenting an attractive sight. Near the same temple we saw an immense bell, resting on the ground, which is fourteen feet high and ten inches thick. Whether this gigantic tinkler was ever suspended, I could not learn. As a matter of fact, not the least exaggerated, Kioto is a city composed almost wholly of temples. There are temples for monkeys, temples for horses, temples for foxes and temples devoted to nearly every species of animal that walks the earth or bird that flies through the air. At the temple of foxes, these cunning carnivora actually come down from the mountains to be fed. We are surfeited with temples and gods. The wealth of the city is largely put into these idolatrous structures, and the dwelling houses are by no means elegant piles, mainly of one, and never more than two stories.

Every once in a while, we have an experience, sometimes seriously annoying but commonly ludicrous. At Kioto, as the result of much pedestrianizing, one of my boots required repairing, and we entered the shop of a meek-eyed cobbler to negotiate. The room was a very small one, and served the purposes of both shop and residence. The cobbler did a reasonably good job, but I was amused to see him stop and whittle out the necessary wooden pegs. While seated there awaiting the completion of the work, the lady of the house coolly arose, washed her face and calmly removed her dress and put on another as a preliminary to a walk. My reflections as I witnessed the operation were twofold. First, I thought I could stand it if she could, and second, I was thankful that I had Mrs. Converse along to protect me. I always take her with me whenever I go out in Japan. She will carefully

see that I am not called upon to play the very uncertain part of Joseph to any of these Japanese Mrs. Potiphars.

After completing our errand with the shoemaker, we visited the silk stores and feasted our wondering eyes upon embroidered stuffs that would arouse the covetousness of an ascetic. They are certainly more fine in quality, unique in design, and elegant in finish, as well as exorbitant in price, than any products of the looms we have ever seen. These silk dealers differ in one material regard from other Japanese merchants or shopmen. They adhere tenaciously to the price first fixed upon their wares. Being struck by the particular elegance of one tablespread, I inquired the price, and was told eighty dollars. The fabric, I have no doubt, was well worth the money, but I essayed the same tactics which universally prevail in other lines of trade, and offered him twenty. I do not know whether the amiable Jap was offended, but there passed over his normally mobile features a peculiar expression and I was unable to tell if it were disgust, surprise, or pity. Anyway, I did not secure the spread.

Our hotel at Kioto was what might be termed utterly Japanese. In fact our entire surroundings in this ancient capital of Japan were so strange, so different from the customs prevailing in America or Europe, as to suggest the suspicion that perhaps by some occult process we had been transferred to another planet, peopled by a creation wholly different from our own. The hotel is of bamboo, one story in height. We occupied a front room, with matting-covered floor, sliding doors and windows in which oiled paper served as a poor substitute for glass. The fare is composed of an infinite variety of dishes, in which we could distinguish fish, eggs, and rice. These edibles we are familiar with, but beyond them we can only surmise, and a very poor guess I have no doubt it is.

We have studied and become proficient in the manner of Japanese salutations. Here no one shakes hands, but on meeting each bows almost to the ground. I expect it would amuse my readers more than a little to witness us going through the necessary series of genuflexions. But there is an old adage that visitors to Rome must conform to the customs of the Romans, and the same should be equally binding upon sojourners in Japan.

At Kioto we were fifty miles beyond the treaty boundaries, and actually in the heart of Japan, where not a word of English is spoken. This is, of course, very inconvenient to travelers, but there is, the world over, an unwritten system of signs, which are often made to do valuable and necessary service. We were out of the route usually followed by foreigners, and of course our appearance excited great curiosity among the natives, not unmixed with consternation on the part of the juveniles. Mrs. Converse was viewed as a veritable curiosity, occasioned probably by the elaborateness of her apparel, it being something entirely strange to the simple-minded Japs. On the occasion of our visit to Kioto she wore a heavily beaded cape. These beads were the source of great wonder on the part of the natives. They would slip up behind her and eagerly clutch a bead and jump back, happy if they had secured one of the shining treasures. Doubtless many of the poor creatures had never before looked upon a white woman, and their wonderment is excusable. Our room at the hotel was besieged by peddlers, whose wares consisted of a vast variety, both beautiful and curious. These peripatetic venders differ from the silk merchants in not having established the rigid "one price" system. If they ask ten dollars for an article, you can very readily obtain it for three, or even less.

I understand there are some missionaries at Kioto, but



we did not know where or how to find them. We were disappointed much thereby, as they would have been to us an invaluable aid in pursuing our course of sight-seeing.

That part of Japan contiguous to Kioto, and from thence to Osaka and back to Hiogo, is devoted largely to the cultivation of tea and rice. It is probable that these crops extend over most parts of the empire, but I speak only of what we have seen. Tea grows on the foot-hills, in rows about five feet apart. The bushes are about three feet high. The tea as made from the virgin leaf is much superior to that we get in the States. The reason why the tea we use in America is so inferior to that obtained in Japan or China is that the exported article is necessarily fired or cooked before shipped. The leaves would be spoiled by the dampness of a sea voyage if this was not done. This firing or cooking destroys, to a great extent, the flavor which distinguishes the tea brewed from the virgin plant. Rice grows in the low grounds, like in our Southern States, but comes up from the same roots for several consecutive years. The ground, of course, is periodically flooded. At this season of the year the crop is being harvested.

Perhaps it should not be the source of surprise, but I have been forcibly struck with the primitive way in which farm labor of all kinds is conducted in Japan. Heretofore I have spoken briefly of the manner in which these operations are carried on in the vicinity of Yokohama. While in Kioto we witnessed the working of a flour mill which is something of an improvement upon others, and undoubtedly is looked upon by the builder as a praiseworthy achievement of applied mechanical genius. A large stone is hollowed out for a mortar. A wooden hammer or pestle is fitted into this, and connected to a plank that is balanced across a beam, and from the other end a naked

man operates the pounding process by depressing the lever and then, by letting it go, allowing the hammer to fall upon the millet or other grain deposited in the mortar. Cleaning or in any way removing the bran from the flour thus imperfectly produced is unknown, and the entire nauseating mess is made into bread for the natives, which it must require a determined will to swallow and a strong stomach to retain. I more than suspect, however, that the flour thus obtained is healthier than the compounds of pulverized wheat, marble dust, lime, and plaster-of-paris which irritate the stomachs of people in more civilized countries. The process of harvesting is absolutely amusing. It is not necessary to say that the Japanese have no self-binding reapers; neither have they learned the secret of the old-fashioned cradle. They adhere to the primitive sickle, and do not use that with the vim and vigor our grandfathers did. A Japanese harvester grasps the sickle mechanically in his hand, seats himself upon the ground, and in the most leisurely manner possible clips off the grain as far on each hand and in front as he can reach. Then he hops forward, much after the manner of a frog, and repeats the operation. I should estimate that a really industrious Jap could harvest, perhaps, as much as an acre in a week of studious application.

## X.

STILL IN THE LAND OF THE JAPS—OSAKA—ITS APPEARANCE AND SURROUNDINGS—OBSERVATIONS UPON THE PEOPLE AND THEIR CUSTOMS—THE EXPENSES OF A TRIP TO THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE—MANY PLEASURES AND SOME DRAWBACKS ATTENDING IT.

HIOGO, JAPAN, *October 26, 1881.*

IN my last I left those of our friends who care to follow us in our wanderings at Kioto, metaphorically, of course, with a promise to speak of our visit to Osaka, and the points of interest there developed. Osaka is twenty miles distant from Hiogo, and seemingly bears the same relation to the latter that Yeddo does to Yokohama. As the result largely of removals to the more thrifty and progressive city of Yokohama, the population of Yeddo has been largely reduced since the opening of the empire to foreign trade and immigration. This has, however, not proven the case in the relations of Hiogo and Osaka. While the former has increased in population and importance, the latter has well held its position. The population of Osaka is placed at half a million. It may be more or less. So far as our observation is worthy of consideration, we can only say that it is a large, bustling city, with the usual narrow streets and one-story residences and shops, where every one seems busy—engaged in hurriedly doing something. The reason why Osaka is not, and probably never can be, a port of commercial importance is found in the bar which effectually obstructs the entrance into the bay of vessels drawing more than four feet of water. The

confluence of two rivers with the sea forms the harbor of Osaka. Before entering the bay these rivers are formed into canals, which are connected at brief intervals by cross canals, forming convenient means of communication with most parts of the city by the immense flotilla of shallops which at all times crowd the aqueous thoroughfares. These boats are the homes of thousands of the people, who not only live upon the water, but ply their various vocations as industriously and apparently as successfully as their brethren upon the land. The bay or gulf of Osaka is a picturesque body of water, whose shores are thickly studded with villages, clustering together down to the water edge. The hills slope abruptly, and are terraced and irrigated so that every foot of the soil is made productive to an extent scarcely to be imagined in the States. This systematic and thorough cultivation is not, as we had supposed, simply the result of thriftiness upon the part of the people. It is, like most other things in Japan, controlled by law. An imperial edict, so old that history does not mention the date, compels the thorough cultivation of the land, on penalty of confiscation. The Mikado was doubtless influenced by two considerations in thus compelling industry on the part of his subjects. First, in a population so dense as that of Japan, any neglect of the development of the resources of the soil would curtail the means of continued existence to an alarming extent; and second, the revenues of the empire are naturally increased in proportion as the production is increased. In Japan the complaint of land "wearing out" is never heard. On the contrary, soil that was originally of an inferior quality has been so carefully manured as to have reached a degree of productiveness absolutely astonishing. All the night soil from the cities is carefully preserved and utilized. Although the Japs are primitive in their modes of culti-

vation, as in every thing else, yet, in the matter of securing and preserving the productiveness of the soil they could teach the American agriculturists. The people here learned from necessity, and it is probable that, centuries hence, when the population of the United States becomes as dense as is now that of Japan, the American farmers will receive instruction from the same remorseless teacher.

Situated on the summit of the highest mountain contiguous to the city of Osaka is the "Temple of the Moon." It is a beautiful structure in the form of a tower, each story having a roof projecting from the building and resting upon white columns. The roofs are gilded, and in the sunlight shine with dazzling brilliancy. We made our observations from a distance, as the constant succession of temples has produced a mental surfeit. Just why a temple should be erected to the moon we did not learn. It is probably for the same reason that similar edifices are dedicated to horses, cattle, monkeys, foxes, and pigeons. The Japs have a multitude of deities—enough, I should think, to supply the whole world with a (not very) choice variety of gods.

The boast of Osaka is its castle or citadel, an imperial residence and fortress of the former tycoons. We were kindly permitted to examine the immense structure at our leisure. It occupies, I should estimate, about one hundred acres of ground, the whole surrounded by a wall eighty feet in height and a deep moat. The first thing to arouse the wonder of the beholder as he nears the wall is the immense stones used in its construction, many of which are forty feet long, fifteen feet high, and six feet thick. The citadel, it must be remembered, is situated upon a high hill, and many of these immense stones are placed in the wall thirty feet above its base. By what means were these stones conveyed from the distant quarries and



placed in position in the wall? Some mechanical appliances, unknown at the present day, must have been used. It is impossible that they could have been handled without, as not a sufficient number of men could get hold to move them, much less transport them for miles and elevate them to their present positions. Neither is there any mechanical engine of the present day, the outgrowth of civilization and scientific discovery, that could accomplish the task.

The castle previous to the civil war of 1864-6 was garrisoned by the Tycoon, but now it is a school of military instruction. We witnessed the drill of the soldiers, and were more than a little amused at the comical appearance of the little bowlegged Japs, in European uniforms, under the instruction of French officers, as they awkwardly passed through the evolutions. The Mikado's army, as I understand, amounts to forty-three thousand men on a peace footing, as at present, with drilled reserves sufficient to increase it to ninety thousand. I was not very favorably impressed with the Japanese soldiers. They are pretty well supplied with European arms, but they do not seem to handle either their arms or themselves in a manner calculated to produce a feeling of awe in the minds of enemies. The Japanese is not a warlike race, and it requires a ludicrous stretch of the imagination to fancy the mild-mannered little fellows engaged in war.

At Osaka we were the victims of another "episode," seemingly much more serious than that in the cobbler's shop mentioned in my last letter. When we started out from the hotel I paid our coolie attendants, and supposed that every thing was satisfactory. Suddenly there was trouble, loud talk, and seemingly threatening gesticulations. I was astonished, bewildered, and, I may as well admit, frightened. We were not aware that we had done

any thing to cause all this noisy hubbub and dire confusion, and did not know what to make of it. Just as I was making up my mind that we would probably be ordered at once to execution, a policeman who fortunately could speak a few words of English, stepped up and informed us that we owed our attendants sixty cents. Blessed relief! The money was instantly paid, and quiet reigned once more in Osaka. They could have had twice as many dollars for the asking. My readers will observe that in speaking of this and other nerve-rasping experiences I usually use the first person singular. To say "we" in detailing the troubled feelings would be a gross injustice to my worthy companion. She never gets frightened, and is as imperturbably cool in the presence of a howling Japanese mob as she was among the Apache Indians of Arizona. She was, however, aroused to resentment at the action of the good-natured policeman who indulged in a hearty laugh at our expense. She does not like to be laughed at. Neither do I, but I would rather, much rather, be the object of a Japanese joke than the subject of a Japanese headsman.

Osaka is more regularly laid out than any Japanese city we have seen, and the streets, though narrow, are clean. The myriad of bridges crossing the canals are models of light neatness, built of cedar, and of a strength which one would not expect from their appearance.

The traveler in Japan is led to wonder why, in a country where building stone is so cheap, it is not used for that purpose to a greater extent. The Japanese have learned by experience that the lighter the material used in constructing their dwellings the greater the safety of the inmates. Earthquakes are indigenous to Japan. Here they flourish to an extent almost unknown elsewhere. In fact, I might say that terrestrial uneasiness is the normal

condition of Japan. The earth seems to be afflicted with a kind of intermittent St. Vitus' dance, with the intermissions of brief duration and not at all times well defined. Some of the earthquakes during the past have been very destructive, surpassing any others in history, on one occasion destroying over one hundred thousand lives in the city of Yeddo alone. The light bamboo frames and thatched roofs of which the Japanese houses are usually composed, while not absolutely earthquake proof, are much nearer so than would be buildings of brick or stone, and if they do rattle down around the ears of the inmates, but little injury is inflicted. So far as our observation extends, I am led to the conclusion that the more than three thousand islands which compose the empire of Japan are of volcanic formation, thrown up in an age long past by some grand upheaval of nature, before the earth had settled down to its present comparative quietude. The abundance of fresh water is a peculiarity of the country. There are numerous rivers which, though short, pour into the sea an immense volume of water. Owing to the hilly nature of the country, these streams, frequently until they approach within a short distance of the mouth, are simply vast mountain torrents, and consequently not navigable. I believe there is not a river in Japan which is navigable for a distance of more than ten miles from its mouth. Springs bubble from the hills and mountains in profusion, providing an abundance of water for irrigating purposes, which, in some places, is absolutely necessary. In many sections a bamboo pole thrust into the ground a foot or two and withdrawn will be followed by a jet of water, which will continue to flow as long as the orifice remains unobstructed.

Social life in Japan differs to some extent from that of other Oriental nations. Polygamy is not permitted,

even among the nobility. While, however, no man is allowed more than one wife, he can have as many concubines as his wealth may permit or his inclinations suggest. Prostitution, I am sorry to say, seems to be the rule in Japan and virtue the exception. I am told that formerly the loose classes were confined to particular sections of the cities, but if such a law is now in existence it is a dead letter, as the houses of "easy access" seem to exist everywhere, being perhaps a little more numerous in the vicinity of the temples. I would not intimate that such an arrangement is for the convenience of the priests, but the fact is suggestive nevertheless. The open solicitation upon the streets is a little embarrassing, particularly when one is accompanied by a lady, but the natives view such things as natural enough and perfectly legitimate, and we can not do better than to follow their example in that regard. An unwedded female of marriageable age is considered a disgrace, and the poor creatures probably fall naturally into evil ways. I notice that in the cities the custom of married women shaving their eyebrows and blacking their teeth is rapidly dying out, as also the practice of the men shaving the crown of the head. The male sex adopts the costumes and habits of civilization much more readily than their sisters. Many of the former have discarded the native garments entirely, and appear upon the streets and in the shops clad in clothing of European and American style. The women, however, cling tenaciously to the *outré* habiliments which have distinguished the race for perhaps countless centuries. I speak here of the middle classes, the merchants, shopmen, etc., and all those engaged in trade. The nobility, so far at least as our observation extended, continue the styles adopted by their forefathers. The coolies, or lower classes, are adorned mainly as provided by nature. This applies only, how-

ever, to the males. The females are clad in a profusion of garments, not very elegant or tasteful, and of a peculiarity of design that would horrify the mantua-makers of America, but still more than sufficient to protect their modesty; that is, supposing they are possessed of any such a virtue, which I am much disposed to doubt—at least I have never been able to discover it. Nor does this lack of modesty, as we Americans understand the term, attach only to the coolies. All classes frequent the bathing places, where, in the purity of nature, they mingle irrespective of sex. The picture presented by a mother supplying her youthful offspring with the sustenance provided by nature, with an exposure of maternal charms that would shock an American woman, is a common, I might say a universal, street scene. At first I was horrified, but I guess I must be getting used to it. Such things I had never witnessed since the days when my own maternal sustenance was withdrawn, now some several years since. There is an old saying that “much depends upon how a person was raised.” Custom makes all laws except divine, and what we view as violations of the fundamental principles of decency is looked upon by our Japanese brethren as within the bounds of strict propriety.

My readers must remember that in our brief travels in Japan we have touched only the southern and eastern portions of the island of Nippon, composing the main part of the empire. The country extends over about twenty-five degrees of latitude, or from the thirtieth to the fifty-fifth parallel. The cities of Yokohama, Yeddo, Hiogo, Kioto, and Osaka are located in the south and east parts. In addition to these cities, we have visited, I should judge, nearly one hundred villages. These are located in the valleys or on the plateaus, where tea and rice can be grown. The mountains produce little except wood of the pine species, although I have no doubt wheat and others



of the more hardy cereals are cultivated to some extent. In the low portions the bamboo flourishes. The trees frequently reach a height of from sixty to eighty feet, and five or eight inches in diameter. The wood is used for every conceivable purpose except that of food. I have never yet heard of a Japanese eating bamboo, but I would not be at all surprised to learn that they did.

In America we hear much of Japanese lacquer-ware, and frequently see specimens that are represented to be genuine. All such claims are spurious. Genuine Japanese lacquer work, though sometimes doubtless seen in the States, is so costly as to be far beyond the reach of plebeians of the common herd. In its primitive state the lacquer is the sap from a tree. It is brought to a heat and a varnish made. This is applied to the ware, in successive coats, and the best grade takes fully twenty years to complete, applying the substance as often as the previous application dries. When properly done, it will resist fire, water, and every other destructive agency known.

What is called "Satsuma stone-ware" is a peculiar kind of china ware, made some three hundred years ago, under the Satsuma reign. The art of its manufacture has been lost, and the ware is very rare and costly, a plate eight inches in diameter selling readily at from fifteen to twenty dollars. Its beauty lies in the artistic designs of the ornamentation, which usually consists of an elaborate painting, complete in all its details, representing some scene in Japanese landscape, or sketch of Japanese life.

If any of my readers should fancy a flying trip to the land of the Japs, they will be interested in a statement of the expenses, which I herewith append:

New York to California, . . . . .	\$150 00
California to Japan, . . . . .	250 00
Four weeks in Japan, hotel bills, attendants, etc., . . . . .	150 00
Return to New York, . . . . .	400 00

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\$950 00

By purchasing a round trip ticket on the steamer from San Francisco to Yokohama you can secure a reduction of one-fourth. This, understand, is the absolutely necessary expense. Traveling in Japan is like traveling everywhere else. While there is a certain amount which you must spend, you can increase your expenses indefinitely. These four weeks in Japan will enable you to visit only a small part of the empire, but sufficient to gain an insight into the manners and customs of the people. I can promise any one that they will see many curious things, many more, in fact, than I have had time or space to mention, and many others a description of which would not look well in print. Traveling in Japan is as safe as anywhere in the world, albeit a little inconvenient, owing to lack of knowledge of the language. Much information of a curious and valuable character is for this reason lost; but a limited knowledge of English, sufficient for purposes of ordinary intercourse, is being secured by many of the natives in the cities, and within ten years sight-seeing in Japan will become much more satisfactory. The great secret in traveling is to never be in a hurry. Take every thing philosophically. The chances are ten to one that you are just as much of a curiosity to the natives as they are to you, and they are just as anxious to satisfy their thirst for information as you are. In Japan the coolie attendants can be thoroughly depended upon. We have had no fear among them. Traveling over and through the rough mountain passes, many not more than ten feet wide and hundreds high, where they could have disposed of us with the greatest facility, we felt not a tremor of uneasiness; no suspicion of their faithfulness. As a class, I am satisfied they are kind and honest, as I know they are safe companions.

Naturally enough we are beginning to feel anxious for

news from home. The day we sailed from San Francisco we learned of the death of President Garfield, which took place the night before. Nothing additional has come to us, as this was all the information telegraphed to the American minister at Yeddo. We are now sixty days from home, and in eighty we hope to hear from our friends.

This is the last letter from Japan. We have yet two points to visit in the Mikado's empire, where we will tarry for a day each, a brief account of which will appear in my next, dated Shanghai, China, where we will arrive about the 2d or 3d of November. Hereafter my letters will go by the way of India, the Suez Canal, and Liverpool. Heretofore they have been sent by way of San Francisco. So far, we have followed our detailed programme closely, and hope equal good fortune, health, and freedom from delays will follow us to the end, which will bring us back to home and the greeting of friends about the first of June.

## XI.

FAREWELL TO THE LAND OF THE MIKADO—VISIT TO NAGASAKI AND  
SAIL FOR CHINA—INTERESTING HISTORICAL SKETCH OF JAPAN—  
ITS RELIGION, RESOURCES, AND MANUFACTURES.

IN THE YELLOW SEA, BETWEEN JAPAN AND CHINA, }  
November 1, 1881. }

MY last left us in the Japanese city of Hiogo, expecting to sail the following day for Nagasaki and thence to China. While in the port of Hiogo we were the recipients of kind courtesies from Lieutenant Tottenham, of Her Majesty's ship, *Carraças*. The invitation to visit the vessel was accepted in the same spirit of kindness in which it was tendered, and at 3 P. M. the officer sent a boat for us, and we were welcomed on board by the lieutenant and other officers in the courtly manner which distinguishes British naval officials. After a lunch, washed down with fragrant tea and another decoction bearing a suspicious aroma that carried us back to the elysian fields of Kentucky, we were shown over the vessel, and many things which our limited naval education had not enabled us to thoroughly comprehend were courteously explained. The vessel is a model of neatness in every part, and the discipline so thorough that every seaman has the appearance and action of an educated gentleman. We parted with the Englishmen after a hearty hand-shake and a promise to meet again in China, and were set on shore by the ship's boat. In the harbor at the time were the American steam corvettes *Alert* and *Ashuelot*. Of course, private citizens, traveling as we do, as unostenta-

tious sight-seers, have no claims upon the consideration of the officers of the navy whom they may chance to meet in foreign ports, but we could not but contrast the courtesy of the Englishmen with the haughty reserve of the Americans, who failed to recognize the presence of their countrymen even by the commonest courtesies.

Our vessel was delayed for a day at Hiogo, and we improved the opportunity for another excursion into the country, a distance of some thirty miles. We left the city at seven in the morning, with double teams of coolies, driven tandem, for the town of Arama. In not many respects did this excursion differ from others we had made previously. The mountain passes were perhaps a little more precipitous, but even in a strange country there is a sameness which is only saved from monotony by the novelty of every thing one sees throughout the land. Nature the world over is an architect of unsurpassed skill, and here in Japan she has seemingly provided to some extent for the convenience of humanity where the limited capacity of the natives is unable to overcome the obstacles. These passes through, or rather over, the mountains are narrow gorges, scarcely six feet wide, and at times but a footpath winding along the sides of immense peaks towering on one hand hundreds of feet above, and on the other sinking to a frightful depth below. In one through which we passed on this occasion the sun is not seen except between eleven and two o'clock. Such scenery, so far as our observation extends, is surpassed only by that in California. It may be that more grand, awe-inspiring pictures of the gigantic handiwork of nature may present themselves in other countries which we shall visit, but I speak only of that which we have seen, deferring an opinion upon that which is before us until it is reached. The village of Arama is distant from Hiogo fifteen miles, but



only four if it were possible to bore a hole through the mountain. The town is noted for the manufacture of baskets, which are of every conceivable kind and shape, made of bamboo. As I have previously remarked, this material is used in Japan for every thing except food.

While at Arama we visited the bath house, where the natives, of both sexes, old and young, mingled, clothed only in the garments of nature. It was a severe shock to Eastern feelings in the way of modesty; but, after all, I suppose decency in appearance is but the result of education. What we in the States are taught to view as flagrant violations of propriety our more primitive antipodes look upon with complacency. "Evil be to him who evil thinks" is a philosophical aphorism as applicable in the present day as it was when enunciated by the good Queen Bess when Lord Raleigh restored her lost garter.

They have at Arama a peculiar mineral spring, which spouts a reasonably good article of lemonade, and, with the addition of a modicum of sugar, becomes quite palatable. The "fly," which appeals so strongly to the educated appetite of intelligent Americans, it is necessary to bring from the coast. This ready-made lemonade is a much better article than the strawberry colored beverage provided by the *attachés* of circuses in America.

After partaking to our satisfaction of the extract of something prepared in the very mysterious laboratory of nature which strangely resembles the expressed juice of the lemon, we repaired to the hotel of the village for lunch. The proprietor of the hotel at Hiogo had prepared us a very palatable repast, and this our ever ready and accommodating attendants spread upon the veranda of the hotel. As we sat there, sipping our tea, a veritable "nectar of the gods," our eyes wandered over a scene of beauty which does not often greet human eyes. Mountain tops, piled

seemingly upon each other, stretched away into the dim distance, interspersed with vast canyons and cascades of surpassing grandeur. The eyes never weary of studying this grand, inspiring view. For the time I wished for the pen of a Bayard Taylor or the brush of a Bierstadt, that I might place before my readers the picture as it stretched out before us. After lunch we climbed up further, a distance of thirteen hundred feet, through a pass that did not exceed six feet in width, with walls of solid granite towering above to a very indefinite height. At the end of the pass is a beautiful cascade, well worth the journey to witness, though at the same time but a counterpart of others we had seen and endeavored to describe. The water comes from above—where, the Lord only knows, as the mountains beyond are impossible of ascent. At this point we remained some three hours, and then began the descent, our coolies thundering along, down the narrow passes, turning the sharp corners with a whisk that was trying to untutored nerves. We each drew a long breath of relief as we pulled up before the hotel at Hiogo, glad that the dangers were over, yet sorry that the scenes we had viewed with so much pleasure had passed from our sight for ever.

On the 29th we sailed from Hiogo on a Japanese steamer for Nagasaki, the last point at which we will tarry in Japan. The scenery, as we plowed leisurely through the inland sea, was but a repetition of that which greeted us on the voyage from Yokohama to Hiogo, more beautiful, perhaps, in its succession of verdure-clad islands—a very elysium upon earth. The islands in many cases seem like vast plants resting upon the surface of the water, and so numerous are they that the steamer winds in and out through what seems a labyrinth of passages. The next morning we anchored in the bay of Siminosaka.

This is not a treaty port, so we were not allowed to go on shore. I understand it is a place of about fifty thousand inhabitants, but as we were anchored fully a mile from land, we were consequently wholly unable to examine the city. We remained but about two hours, and steamed away for Nagasaki, where we arrived the same day. The islands of this inner sea through which we passed are said to be three thousand in number, but I am inclined to think that islands in groups like these are never accurately counted. Every body speaks of the "thousand islands" of the St. Lawrence, though they are known to number eighteen hundred. The harbor of Nagasaki is a beautiful sheet of water, almost surrounded by land, and sufficiently large to float the combined navies of the world. After breakfast we went ashore in a sampan, and, adopting the mode of conveyance which we had found so convenient elsewhere, went fourteen miles into the country, enjoying our last ride in Japan and our last acquaintance with the faithful coolies. The country around the city did not differ from other parts of the empire which we had visited. In the city there are the same narrow streets, the same bustling activity, and the same ceaseless curiosity concerning the sayings, doings, and appearance of foreigners. We wandered through many bazars, feasting our eyes upon the beautiful, curious, and useful articles that tempt the stranger and deplete his pockets. The missionaries have three good churches here. To one of the missionaries we had a letter of introduction, but, by reason of the lack of time, were compelled to forego the pleasure of presenting it. I have been given to understand that their work is progressing encouragingly. The little chapels, with their neat spires, are as a drop of water in the desert to one who has been wandering among the temples and gods of the idolaters for weeks. At night, on shipboard, we heard

the chapel bell, calling by its sonorous peals the Christians to worship. It made us homesick. Never again will we become impatient when compelled to listen to the loud-mouthed tinklers of the churches at home. One thought of the lone little chapel at Nagasaki will bring peace to our nerves and make us devoutly thankful that our home is in a land where Christianity is enjoyed rather than tolerated.

Our ship stopped but one day at Nagasaki, and we bid a regretful farewell to Japan, where we had spent many pleasant days, and feasted our minds upon much that was curious and novel. If the blessings of lone travelers will add to the happiness of her natives, they are freely tendered. We found the Japanese a peaceful, good-natured, accommodating, and faithful people, anxious to learn the ways of those more advanced in the scale of civilization, and eager to adopt all customs that will add to their happiness and material progress.

Previous to leaving the harbor of Nagasaki we accepted an invitation to visit a Russian man-of-war. We were highly entertained, and found much to interest us in the management of the crew. Hurrying back to our vessel, we sailed at 10 A. M., and as I write are enjoying as placid and comfortable a voyage as any one could desire. We expect to reach Shanghai but one day out of our programme time. As we steamed from the harbor we passed the little island of Dezima, scarcely an acre in extent, where for more than two centuries existed the only foreign foothold on Japanese soil. It was during that time a Dutch trading post. In 1639, when the Portuguese were expelled from the empire, a terrible massacre is said to have occurred at this place, hundreds of the hated foreigners being compelled to leap from a precipice eighty feet high.

It may be that my readers have become weary of my long continued story of Japan and the Japanese, and that I owe them an apology for the time and space which in these letters have been devoted to the subject. My only apology is that in Japan are found more prolific subjects to engage the attention of the traveler than perhaps in any other country on earth. For centuries the Japanese Empire was a sealed book to civilization. While commercial intercourse developed the history, resources, customs, etc., of other nations, Japan, wrapped in voluntary and complete seclusion, remained a mystery which the best efforts of the most progressive nations failed to solve. The first mention we find of Japan in history is when Marco Polo, the noted Venetian traveler, returned from a residence of twenty years in China, in the year 1295. The wonderful stories he related of Oriental countries were so surprising that Europeans viewed them with incredulity, and the adventurous Venetian was quoted in much the same spirit as was, in later years, the renowned Baron Munchausen. In short, it was freely asserted by contemporary scientists that M. Polo drew largely upon his imagination for his most solemnly asserted facts. The veracity of the Venetian traveler is remarkably sustained by more recent discoveries, and centuries after proved, in more instances than one, the correctness of his claims. Marco Polo, in the record of his Eastern travels, is careful to say that he never visited Japan, and that all the information he obtained of its existence was secured from the Chinese. It was nearly three hundred years afterward before a European ever set foot in Japan, and then the discovery, like many others of greater and less importance, was the result of accident. Every school-boy has, to some extent, studied the history of the little kingdom of Portugal, now ranking as a third-rate nation, and from its unimportant geo-



graphical position and inability to cope with other more progressive nations, scarcely conceded a voice in the management of the world's affairs. Yet to this nation is civilization indebted for more important discoveries than to any other. Three and a half centuries ago Portugal was in the zenith of her glory. Portuguese ships dotted every known ocean, and her hardy and venturesome sailors were yearly adding valuable chapters and volumes to the history of the world. Among the most noted of the Portuguese discoverers was Ferdinand Mendez Pinto. Like Marco Polo, when he told of strange things that had befallen him in his wanderings, the men of his generation refused to believe him, but, like his Venetian predecessor, he related many things that afterward proved to be in strict accord with fact. Pinto was a good representative of the nation as it existed in the sixteenth century. As I have remarked, Portugal was at that time the leading maritime power. In less than two centuries she had traversed the Atlantic, discovered the Cape of Good Hope, crossed the Indian Ocean, and established a foothold in China. It was only by reason of the jealousy of the king, not unmixed with perfidy, that deprived her of the honor, so arrogantly borne by Spain, of discovering America. In the year 1545, the vessel of Pinto, driven eastward through unknown seas by stress of weather, entered the harbor of Bungo, on the island of Kiu-siu, Japan. His reception, though kind, was not cordial, but history tells us that during a somewhat prolonged stay he created so favorable an impression upon the Japanese that an agreement was made by which a Portuguese ship was to be sent annually to the island for the purposes of trade. The basis of Portuguese operations was at that time at Goa, in the East Indies, where they had built up a powerful and wealthy colony. In those days, when the Catholic was

the only Christian religion, the zealous religious propagandists followed closely upon the heels of geographical explorers, and but a few years elapsed before the Jesuits, under the lead of Francis Xavier, pushed their teachings into Japan, and thousands of converts were made. At that time the utmost liberty of conscience was allowed, and no less than thirty-five distinct religions existed and flourished with more or less luxuriance. So long as the missions remained wholly under the control of the Jesuits their progress was rapid, and gave encouragement of glorious results. In a few years, however, the Dominicans, Carthusians, Franciscans, and other factions of the Church obtained a foothold, and from that time religious peace was at an end. The converts were greeted with the spectacle of bitter quarrels among their instructors, and they naturally lost confidence in a religion whose professors, while teaching the theory of peace and good will, consistently practiced the opposite. The climax was finally reached when information came to the emperor that the missionaries, in conjunction with their converts, were plotting the overthrow of his power. An edict was at once issued banishing from the empire the whole race of the Portuguese. The same proclamation forbade, under the penalty of death, any Japanese vessel or native of Japan to depart from the country. It directed that any Japanese returning home from a foreign country should be put to death; that any person propagating Christian doctrines, or even bearing the title of Christian, should suffer; that no native should purchase any thing from a foreigner; and a reward was offered for the discovery of every priest as well as of every native Christian. Thus ended the foreign trade with Japan and the toleration of the Christian religion in the empire. This edict was followed by a cruel and relentless persecution of the native converts to Christianity, and history contains no

more touching chapter than the story of the tortures which heroic men, women, and children suffered because of their refusal to recant and abjure their religion.

Soon after the discovery of America, the coast of Africa, and the islands in the Indian Ocean, the Pope, assuming the powers of a temporal as well as spiritual dictator, allayed the feeling of jealousy rising between the catholic nations of Spain and Portugal by dividing between them all of the western and about half of the eastern hemisphere. These nations, as a consequence, were disposed to monopolize the trade with newly discovered countries. The Dutch and English, who had no respect for the Pope's geography and as little faith in his religion, denied his title to the ownership of the whole earth, and profanely likened him to Satan when he took our Lord up into the mountain and offered, for a consideration, to transfer to him whole kingdoms, of which he did n't own a foot. The consequence was a long and bloody feud between the "lying Papists" and the "accursed heretics." It was during this period of animosity, and in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, in England, that the Dutch made their way to Japan, where they met with any thing but a cordial reception from the Portuguese, who had not yet suffered expulsion and were established at Nagasaki. The Hollanders established a trading post at Firando. The rivalry between the two establishments was naturally very great, and each sought to injure the other as much as possible with the Japanese authorities.

At length, in 1639, the Portuguese were finally expelled, as I have previously stated, and the Dutch were ordered to remove their trading post from Firando to Dezima, a little island in the harbor of Nagasaki, which had formerly been occupied by the Portuguese. I have been thus particular in detailing these facts because on

this little island, scarcely six hundred feet long and one-third as broad, for more than two hundred years, existed the only trading point of foreigners in Japan. The Dutch, as a condition of their retaining the great advantages of trade, submitted to the most degrading humiliations. During the two hundred years succeeding, but little is known of the Japanese people. Some information, incomplete, often contradictory, and, as subsequently obtained knowledge shows, wholly unreliable, was given to the world through these Dutch traders. In the meantime, different nations, the Russian, French, English, and others, sought to establish commercial relations with the Japanese, but always without success. Finally, in 1852, the United States government dispatched a squadron, under command of Commodore Perry, to Japan, with instructions to secure a treaty, if possible. The expedition, after months of tedious negotiations, was entirely successful. A treaty was signed which opened certain ports to American vessels, and the mystery which had so long surrounded the empire of Japan began to fade away. This treaty was followed by similar concessions to other nations, until now the principal ports of the Mikado's dominions are free to the commerce of all nations. Japan, in the but little more than a quarter of a century that has elapsed, has advanced with rapid strides in her material progress. Railroads and telegraph have been introduced. Steamers, manned by Japanese seamen and commanded by Japanese officers, are an ordinary mode of conveyance, and the people, with surprising alacrity, are beginning to conform to the customs of civilization.

In seeking the data upon which to base this brief sketch of Japanese history, I have found much that is contradictory and unreliable, and the same difficulty is

encountered in endeavoring to trace the origin of the people, their religion, system of government, etc.

There have been several Dutch writers upon Japan, prominent among whom were Kämpfer and Siebold, each of whom claim to have enjoyed certain valuable privileges which enabled them to study the characteristics of the people. Information obtained since the opening of the country leads to the conclusion, not admitting of a doubt, that they either knew little of the subjects which they essayed to discuss, or purposely perverted the truth. One would be led to the conclusion from perusing their interesting stories that the Japanese were almost barbarous, and that governmental power was so displayed that the slightest offense, the most venial transgression of an unwritten law, was punishable with death. Contact with the people has shown that the Japanese are no such monsters; that they are of a peaceable, kindly, forgiving disposition, and that the Mikado, so far from being a counterpart of the king of Ashantee in vindictive cruelty, is really progressively inclined, anxious to learn the ways of nations more advanced, and a studious searcher for the system of government which will most add to the happiness and prosperity of his people. While in Japan I learned that the Mikado is contemplating the introduction of a constitutional form of government, and adopting other measures of reform.

The history of the religion of the Japanese is, as I have said, a subject in which research is fraught with great difficulty. The original religion of Japan is called "Sin-syu," a liberal translation of which would be sun-worshippers, although they did not worship the sun directly, but through the mediation of a goddess, "Tensio-dai-zin," who is deemed the patron divinity of Japan.



The religion has a number of what might be called sub-deities, or "Kami," of whom the greater part are canonized or deified men. To these the prayers to the goddess are made, much as the Romish Church worships God through the intercession of saints. The Mikado, or emperor, is supposed to be a lineal descendant of the goddess named. They have no idols, in the strict sense of the word, the statues of "Kami" not being objects of worship. The "Sin-syu," or "Sintoo" creed is very crude, and it is not easy to say just what it was or is. Its leading features are some vague notions of the immortality of the soul, of a future state of existence of rewards and punishment, a paradise and a hell. The "Kaminusi" are the regular clergy of the Sintoo religion, but European writers mention two institutions, or religious orders, perhaps, composed entirely of the blind. At present there is undoubtedly much of the idolatry of Buddhism introduced into the Sintoo faith, and the latter is rapidly dying out. Buddhism, although not the established religion, is the faith of much the larger portion of the people, and might in fact, be said to be the universal doctrine, so rare are the exceptions. It was introduced into Japan in the sixth century of our era, and has gradually superseded the Sintoo. Christianity is viewed with suspicion by all, and the progress of the work is not as encouraging as the Christian people would wish to see it. It is no longer, however, prohibited, and the emperor permits, if he does not encourage, new systems of religion as graciously as he does other innovations.

The Japanese are an exceedingly industrious and ingenious people, and in the manufacture of certain articles are scarcely equaled by any nation. They work well in copper, iron, gold, and silver, and, indeed, in all the metals they possess. Of course, their modes of operation are

crude and primitive, but the results are astonishing. Their imitative faculties, which are a peculiarity of the people, have led them into the adoption of improvements as they come within the scope of their observation. The supply of iron in the country is not large, but before the opening of the empire to trade, they put to the most serviceable use that which could be obtained. Copper is very abundant, and from the earliest historical period they have understood correctly the mode of treating the ore and preparing the metal for market. During the more than two centuries of Japanese isolation, when the only point of trade was with the small Dutch post at Nagasaki, this metal was the principal article of export. The extent of the gold production is very limited, but, perhaps, as the facilities for obtaining the ore and treating it are increased, it will be largely enhanced. They understand also the combinations of metals which produce alloys of beauty and usefulness. Brass is as common with them almost as with us, and they have another alloy called "sowas," a combination of gold and copper, of great beauty. Their sword blades are finely finished and thoroughly tempered, thus showing that they have long been acquainted with the process of manufacturing steel. Clocks and watches are made by native workmen, but the knowledge is of a comparatively recent date, as it was obtained from the Europeans. This is equally true of their astronomical instruments, though they secured their knowledge of the use and manufacture of the telescope in their intercourse with Europeans hundreds of years ago, before the expulsion of the Portuguese. They are expert in carving metal, and cast metallic statues, used mostly as gods to embellish the temples. No people in the world excel them in wood work. The manufacture of glass is partially understood, though they seem to encounter unusual difficulty in producing window glass. But

little of it is used, and seemingly none outside of the cities. Oiled paper is made to do service as a material which will admit the light, while excluding the air. In the manufacture of paper Japan can almost be said to "excel the world." This latter expression is, of course, an exaggeration, but one to which a person is tempted after seeing and handling the finer specimens of Japanese production, as soft and pliable almost as silk. The material of which it is made is the bark of the mulberry tree, and the process is as crude as the most primitive imagination could suggest. So abundant is the production, that paper is used for innumerable purposes, largely as a substitute for cotton fabrics, in the manufacture of which they have little skill. Woolens are wholly imported, as no wool is grown in the empire, or, at least, so little that no effort is made to utilize it. In the preparation and weaving of silk the Japanese are probably unsurpassed and unsurpassable. It was not our pleasure to witness the operation of weaving, but the products of the looms are abundant, and of a character for compactness and elegance, both of design and finish, that I have never seen equaled. Leather is produced to some extent, but the article is not used as we apply it. The shoes and slippers are usually made of plaited straw. These last only a little while, but are cheap and readily replaced. In wet weather they wear under these shoes a wooden clog or sole, which is attached to the foot by means of straw ties. In the cities, however, the natives, as I have frequently remarked, are rapidly conforming to the European and American customs, and it is not an uncommon sight in the streets of Hiogo or Yokohama to see a pair of Japanese feet encased in neat-fitting calf-skin boots.

Japan is very mountainous, as I have already stated, but with the exception of that portion of the ground

occupied by the roads, and by the woods left to supply timber and charcoal, nearly every square foot, to the very tops of the mountains, is cultivated. Generally, their soil is rather poor; but by means of the care and labor which they bestow upon it, in irrigation, and by the application of carefully selected manures, it is made surprisingly productive. Their chief grain is rice, of which it is claimed the Japanese produce the best in the world. Next in importance is tea, but this plant is not, as is generally supposed, indigenous to Japan. It was introduced from China about the ninth century. Immense quantities of it are produced, for its use among the natives is universal, and an incredible amount is each year exported. The plantations are situated as far as they conveniently can be from all other crops, and from human habitations, lest the delicacy of the tea be impaired by smoke or other impurity. They manure the soil with anchovies and an oil or juice expressed from mustard seed. This undoubtedly gives to the soil great strength.

In no department have the Japanese shown greater improvement, resulting from the peculiar adaptibility of which I have spoken, than in navigation. Previous to the expulsion of the Europeans, they made voyages in vessels of their own construction to China, Java, and other countries, but under the decree of 1639 the vessels were prohibited from going beyond Japanese waters. During the past quarter of a century, since the empire has been open to the trade of the world, they have acquired a surprisingly thorough knowledge of navigation, the application of steam, etc., and many vessels are manned wholly by Japanese and commanded by native officers.

The internal trade, both by land and water, is large, resulting from the variety of products afforded by the diversity of climate and by the requirements of the immense

population. In many places town joins on to town and village to village for miles, so that the road looks like a continuous street. The country is indeed populous beyond expression, and one would scarcely think it possible that, being no greater than it is, it should nevertheless maintain and support such a vast number of inhabitants. The highways are almost one continued line of villages and boroughs. You scarce come out of one before you enter another; and you may travel many miles, as it were, in one street, without knowing it to be composed of many villages. As for the facilities for carrying on this vast internal trade of which I have spoken, I may mention, as one peculiar branch of the system, the mails. The mail trains are not just such as carry swift communication between points in the States. Here the carriers are men, and they go wholly on foot, but they are very expeditious. Every carrier is accompanied by a partner, to take his place in case of an accident. The men run at their utmost speed, and as they approach the end of their stage find the relay waiting, to whom, as soon as they are near enough, they toss the package of letters, when the new runners set off before the first have stopped. Nothing must be interposed to delay them a moment on the road. The highest prince of the empire must make way for the postman. When necessary and practicable the Japanese make good bridges, frequently of stone, but oftener of wood. On the roads, in all parts of the empire which are visited, inns, tea shops, and other resting places occur at intervals, and the distances are regularly marked.

I have just said that the Japanese possess some knowledge of the principles of civil engineering. They know something, and are daily learning more, of mathematics, mechanics, and trigonometry. They have constructed good maps of the country; they have measured the height



of some of their mountains by the barometer, and they have made some very good canals.

I would like to speak further of this wonderful people, their system of education, etc., but the great space I have already devoted to it admonishes me that there may perhaps be a limit to the patience of the reader, who mayhap has long since become wearied with my prolix details of Japan and the Japanese. Truly, they are a wonderful people.

As I write (November 2d) the lowlands at the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang appear like a black, low-lying cloud, our first view of China. To-morrow we will land, and for the next two weeks seek novelties in the "Celestial Kingdom."

## XII.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE—ARRIVAL AT SHANGHAI—TOUR OF THE CITY—A BADLY DISGUSTED TOURIST—HE EXPRESSES A DECIDED OPINION OF THE CELESTIALS—THE FILTHIEST CREATURES ON EARTH.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, *November 6, 1881.*

IF ever there was a traveler completely disgusted, sick, and nauseated, mentally and physically, I am that individual. We arrived at this port on the morning of the 3d, and have devoted our time wholly to a pretty thorough exploration of that section of China which lies within our reach at this point. The approach to China is by no means as picturesque as the coast of Japan. We crossed the great estuary of the Yang-tse-Kiang and arrived at Woosung, the outer port of Shanghai, some fourteen miles below the latter city. The shore is low, flat, and marshy, and continues throughout the distance to the city. In passing up the river to Shanghai the eye is bewildered by the panoramic view of ships of all nations which throng the stream.

Our first impression of Shanghai, obtained from the European concession, was very favorable. This part of the city differs but little from European or American towns. Along the quay are located immense warehouses, of modern style, and the residences, many of them, truly elegant. We are located at the Astor House, kept by an American, where we obtain excellent accommodations, comparing favorably with those in New York, for five dollars per day for two of us. The Astor I can heartily

commend to tourists, particularly Americans. After partaking of dinner a part of the afternoon was devoted to a stroll through the city. We found it quite decently clean, with stores, bazars, shops, etc., much as we have them at home. This, it must be remembered, is the foreign concession. The contrast when one ventures into the native city is startlingly great. In company with Captain Swain, a brother Yankee, we, on the day following our arrival, started to explore the Chinese city. And let me here remark that nothing except the duty we owe ourselves as sight-seers induced us to continue our walk beyond the first few steps inside the wall. The streets are from three to six feet wide, and here is packed a mass of seething, stinking humanity such as I earnestly hope can not be found elsewhere on earth. The city is surrounded by a wall, thirty or thirty-five feet high and twelve or fifteen feet thick, composed of large blue bricks, which resemble somewhat the extra-hard burned brick at home. At regular distances the top of this wall is broken into embrasures, giving it the appearance of a fortification, though there were no indications of armament. We were at a loss to divine the real purpose of this wall, as the appearance and above all the indelicate aroma which exudes from those within would be sufficient to deter even the most venturesome enemy from entering the town. Our guide asked two dollars for his services, but we readily closed a bargain with him for one-tenth that amount, and started off under his guidance. "Now, show us your gods!" said Captain Swain, but the Mongolian convoy was desirous of further information that would enable him to act intelligently. He wanted to know, as we gathered from his "pigeon English," what was our moral standing. If we were good people, he would show us the good gods, but if of an inferior class, the gods, with a view of which

we were to be honored, must correspond. Finally the god question having been satisfactorily adjusted, we sallied forth on our journey. He took us through innumerable temples, whose great antiquity is the only thing to commend them. A more miserably dilapidated collection of tumble-down structures can not be found anywhere outside of China. Compared with the temples of Japan they are as a neglected pig-stye to a palace. We supplied ourselves with a god, partly as a curiosity, and partially with the hope that its guaranteed virtues would serve as a protection to us in the Chinese cities where preservation from many disagreeable experiences is imperatively demanded.

Our god is about six inches high, as hideously homely a formation perhaps as the artistic taste of the Chinese manufacturer was able to compass. We have not yet learned whether it is a good or a bad god, but it is a good enough god for us, and we prize it very highly.

We wound about through the labyrinthian maze of streets, which are so crooked that I have much doubt whether they have an end. I wish I was possessed for the time being of a facile descriptive pen, that I might do the extreme filthiness of these Chinese streets at least

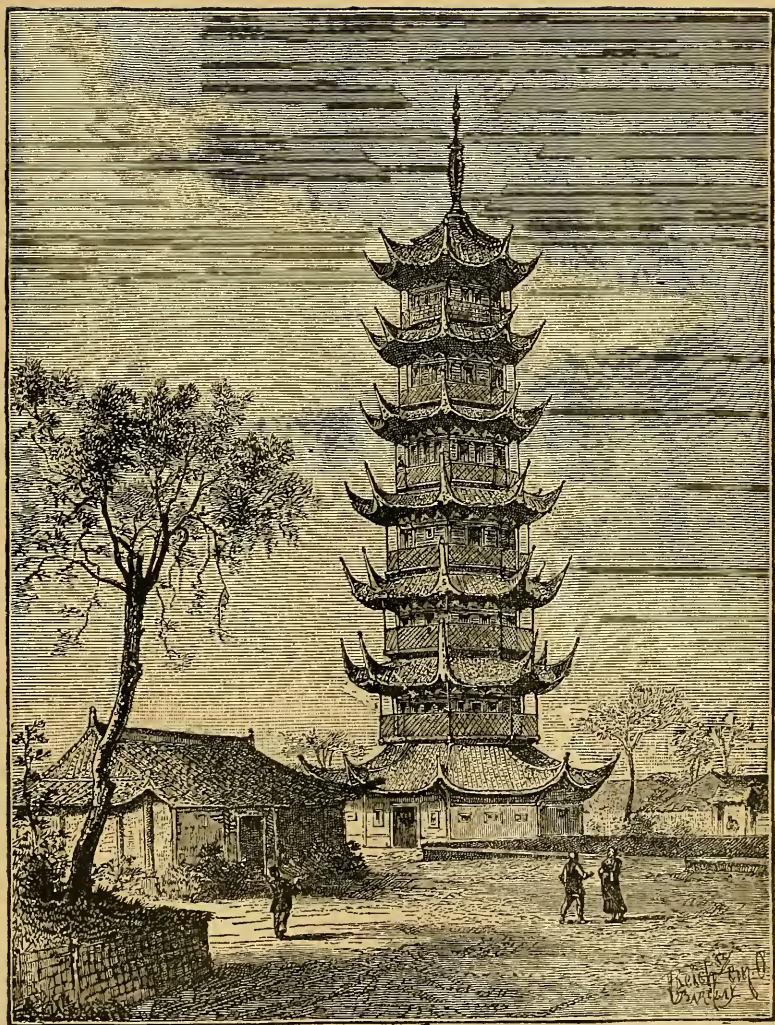


Chinese Wife.

comparative justice. It seems to me that the Chinese cities are naturally the breeding places of the plagues and pestilences that periodically sweep over the country. Among other places to which we were conducted by our guide was the Chinese prison. They have a system of inflicting punishment which should prove effective in inculcating a respect for the law, or if not respect, at least a wholesome dread. Persons convicted of larceny have a board two feet square fitted to their necks, so that the head extends above, and the prisoner can not raise his hands to feed himself. Another whom we saw was undergoing punishment for murder. He is ornamented with a similar necklace, but in addition is confined in a wooden cage, where he is compelled to stand up, because if he attempts to sit down the board around his neck will choke him. There he must stand until death relieves him, for no one is allowed to feed him. We also visited a women's prison, where many were awaiting sentence. If condemned to labor they will be promptly put to the severest and most menial work, and if sentenced to be beheaded the application of the penalty will be equally prompt and unceremonious, the operation of decapitation being performed right on the spot. In China "the law's delays" do not intervene to protect criminals. The sentence is executed first, and the appeals for delay probably listened to afterward.

Our guide is not a fool, even if his appearance might indicate it. It seems to be the custom for dealers to pay these cicerones a commission on any sales which may be made to those unsophisticated foreigners whom they have in charge. The action of our guide in pertinaciously marching us through bazars, until we learned of this custom, was more mysterious to us than it was profitable to him.





CHINESE PAGODA.



The Chinese beggars, in common with every thing else we saw, were of the dirtiest and most disgusting. The minutely subdivided coin of this blasted country was doubtless intended as an accommodation to those who are seemingly, by the pertinacity of the wretches, compelled to give something, yet do not care to impoverish themselves. We provided ourselves with "half cash," twenty of which equal our cent in value, and these we distributed with the lofty air of kings, our contributions during the day reaching the sum of nearly a quarter. Oh, I tell you it is glorious to be so generous when generosity is so cheap. These beggars were sadly dilapidated specimens of humanity, every affliction known in the catalogue of human ills being apparently represented with generous profusion. They were a mass of sores from head to foot—a hideous picture of perambulating putridity which I hope is not common in China. If we find it is, it will require perhaps more strength of determination than I have ever yet accumulated to carry me through. Good reader, do n't do me the injustice to conclude that we simply encountered one gang of these beggars, and hastily formed an opinion of the whole therefrom. No, indeed! The city of Shanghai swarms with them, the filthiness of each succeeding gathering exceeding that of its predecessor. The old army comparison, "thicker than sutlers in H—alifax" would scarcely do justice to an estimate of their numbers. Finally, we became wearied, and begged our guide to take us out. But he seemed anxious that we should view the "devil god." We consented, and were shown a wooden image, about as large as ten men, and more than proportionately ugly, with a great red tongue lolling out, and in front of it a poor idolatrous female pouring out her sorrows and begging that the wrath of the evil spirit might be appeased. Now, this appealed directly to my generos-

ity, and I placated that devil by the contribution of one-half "cash," or the one-half of one-tenth of one cent. It is not necessary for me to remind the reader that the exorcising of devils in America is not so cheap.

Having seen much more than we cared to look at, and established our reputations for generosity on a grand scale, we peremptorily ordered our guide to return us to the gate, and right glad were we for the sniff of fresh air that can be obtained only outside the walls of Shanghai. When we arrived at our hotel, we acted upon the landlord's suggestion, and thoroughly fumigated our bodies. Having cleansed our outer persons, we irrigated the inner foulness which had accumulated by a copious draft of "Old Otard."

When we returned to the "Concession" we found the races in progress and all business suspended. There is found between the native city and the Concession a startling change of values, which proved disastrous to our vaunted generosity. They charged five dollars for admittance to the races—a princely sum, sufficient to enrich the whole native city of Shanghai, but not enough to cleanse it, by any means.

On Saturday we made a general tour of the wharves and "go-downs" (warehouses) of the Concession, and found them nearly equal to those of New York or Liverpool. The amount of commercial business transacted here is incredible.

In the matter of conveyances, we have, first, the sedan chair, a cozy kind of a box, nicely cushioned, and borne, by means of poles extending backward and forward, upon the shoulders of coolies. These chairs are, in the native city, the exclusive conveniences of the mandarins and other big-wigs. Next is the one-wheeled barrow, as I call it, a box in which the passenger is seated, with one



foot on either side of the wheel. Such a mode of conveyance would not be thought very dignified in Bucyrus, but we did not bring our dignity with us to China. We have also the "jinrikisha," brought from Japan, but we miss the faithful little Jap attendants, who, when compared with the Chinese coolies, are princes of cleanliness and consequent godliness. Next is the Chinese low-wheeled carriages, drawn by the little Chinese ponies. These animals weigh seven to nine hundred pounds, and move quite rapidly, and with some degree of comfort. These are, of course, confined to the Concession. A wheeled vehicle in the native city would probably cause an insurrection.

There is no drainage in Shanghai, and at early bedtime the scavengers are set to work, and for hours fill the air with such a nauseating aroma as can not be found outside of China.

A short excursion into the country gave us a brief insight into the system of agriculture, of which, however, I will speak again, as our opportunities for observations become more extended. They use for farm work a species of buffalo, a mouse-colored animal of apparently amphibious habits. Their skin resembles in appearance that of the rhinoceros, but, notwithstanding its toughness, they suffer greatly from flies and other insects, which fact probably accounts for their fondness for burying themselves in the water.

All historians agree that a lack of respect for the dead is a distinguishing feature of barbarians. In China, the deceased are shown less respect than dead dogs. One afternoon since our arrival in Shanghai, we drove to the depositories of the dead, outside the city a distance of some seven miles. The road is a good one, lined on either side by the fine bungalows, or residences, of the manda-



rins, or Chinese nobles. These live in princely style, yet all along the roadside we saw innumerable coffins, made of three-inch plank, and each containing a hideous, grinning corpse. I find that in this part of China the dead are not always buried, but are left thus exposed, the heavy planking of the coffins usually retaining all the smell, but in many cases they were overpoweringly offensive. A live Chinaman stinks bad enough, but the most vivid imagination can not comprehend the aroma of a dead one. The number we saw thus exposed was almost beyond computation, and in some instances only a piece of matting was carelessly thrown over the coffin. Every Chinaman who can afford it has his coffin prepared in advance of death. We saw but one funeral, in which the corpse was carried on the shoulders of attendants to be deposited in this Golgotha, with less respect than in the States we would handle a dead dog.

A Chinaman who falls by the wayside and is about to die is not looked after, and receives not so much as a glance of interest from the passer-by. It is considered a calamity for a stranger to die on your premises. We saw one man dying by the roadside. He was a mass of festering corruption, and lay in the ditch with not a single attendant. He, probably, was not able to purchase a coffin, and will be tumbled into a common pauper's grave, forming mounds similar to those we saw in the fields, and where the burial interferes but a few minutes with the cultivation of the soil where the deposit is made. These Chinese till the soil in the midst of the coffins, and doubtless think the manure thus obtained cheap and of good quality. I have all the respect in the world for missionaries, but the revenue of a prince would be small inducement for me to engage in the business of saving souls in

China. In the Concession, of course, every thing is different. Here they have churches, cemeteries, and other evidences of civilization.

It is impossible for me to convey an idea of the crowded condition of the native city of Shanghai. The streets are so narrow that it seems they would not contain half the people should the entire population simultaneously conceive the idea of a walk. When a fire breaks out the loss of life from tramping down and burning must be very great. I can not imagine how the entire city is saved from destruction under such circumstances, the houses being all constructed of the most combustible kinds of wood.

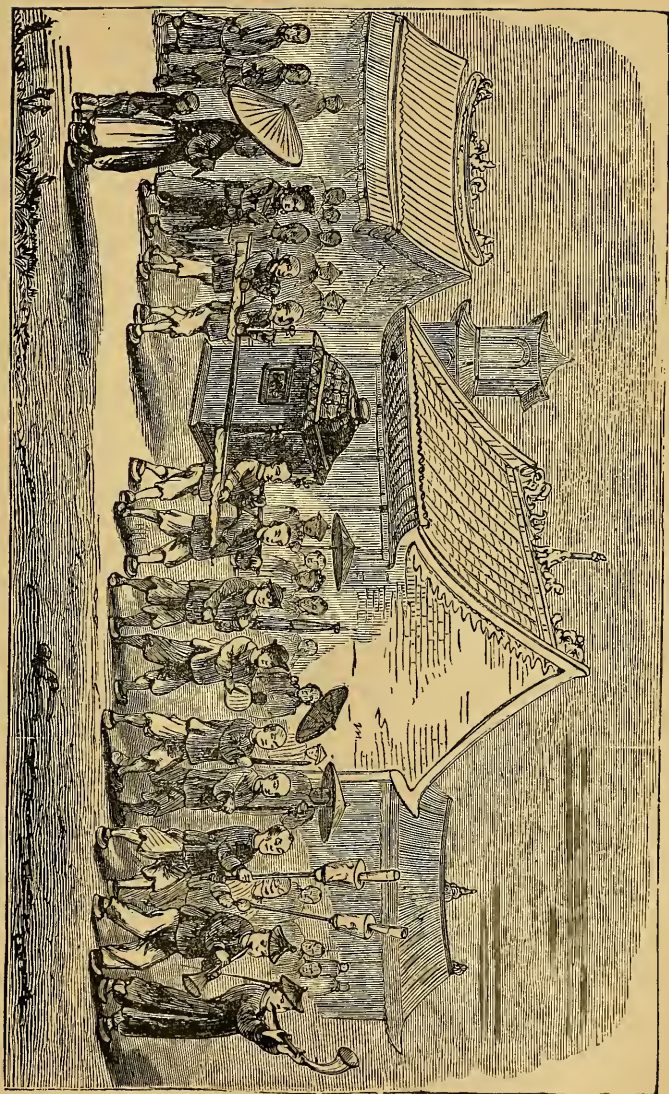
On Sunday Mrs. Converse and myself took a stroll through the Concession, and found it, as I have said, quite respectable in appearance. It becoming necessary to repair one of my companion's shoes, we stepped into a filthy little cobbler's den, and were much amused by the attention a lady's foot gear attracted among the workmen. They had evidently never before enjoyed such an opportunity for satisfying their curiosity.

In drawing a comparison between the Chinese and Japanese every thing is in favor of the latter. There is something sinister in the countenance of every Chinaman that would deter me from placing myself in his unrestrained power for a moment. They are any thing but honest, and have a way of expressing their feeling by a look that conveys volumes of meaning.

During one of our numerous strolls we embraced the opportunity to view the lepers. Here again words fail me. Let any of my imaginative readers picture to himself the most sickening combination of horrors that his mind can conceive, and add to that a hundred fold, and it will fall far short of the scenes we viewed among the lepers of Shanghai. We saw one dying in a ditch by the

roadside, in the last stage of the disease. He was covered from head to foot with yellow, green, blue, and brown sores, all exuding the foulest corruption. Bah! my stomach is not equal to the task of a further description, even if my pen did not fail. It was a relief to get back to our hotel and sit down to an elegant American meal of steak, vegetables, and every thing that could tempt an appetite. Ugh! Every mouthful of the food bore with it a nauseating remembrance of the scenes through which we had just passed.

We did not visit any of the missionaries here. They must indeed be a self-sacrificing people to throw away their time and lives endeavoring to save the souls of such brutes, and while I respect their cause as much as any one could, I have little confidence in their judgment. If they do not get a surfeit of China in five years (the time usually stipulated) I will be surprised. We secured more than a surfeit in as many days. I would demand a deed in fee simple to all the real estate of Crawford County as an inducement to stay one year within the walls of Shanghai. I do n't think England could do the Chinese a greater favor than to blow them up with shot and shell. The victims of British cupidity had at least a decent way of dying, which is more than can be said of their manner of living. I may yet have occasion to give a worse account of some other nation, but I hope not. If my stable boy did not keep the cattle stalls cleaner than the Chinese do their temples, I would thrash him within an inch of his life. In one temple we saw cords of wood and vast collections of clothing for the use of the gods. What ultimately becomes of it, I do not know. These people have had under their eyes for forty years the examples of civilization in the Concession, yet they do not profit by it in the least.



CHINESE WEDDING PROCESSION.







My readers may think the dark picture I have presented is overdrawn. On the contrary, the half has not been told. No description has ever done the filthy Chinese full justice, and never can. To be appreciated in the full extent of their foulness they must be seen, and even then the observer, like us, will be more than content with a glance.

There is probably no place on earth more cosmopolitan than the foreign city at Shanghai. It is interesting to look over the hotel register and note arrivals from America, Liberia, Borneo, Australia, India, Egypt, Germany, England, etc. A day or two since there were numbered among the guests a gentleman and lady from Eastern Siberia.

To-morrow we sail on the Pacific and Oriental steamer *Kashgar* for Hong Kong, and right glad are we to get away from this human cesspool, though perhaps we will be but "jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire." We expect to arrive in Hong Kong in four days.

## XIII.

SHANGHAI TO HONG KONG—SOMETHING OF THE LATTER CITY—  
CHINESE FILIAL AFFECTION ILLUSTRATED—THE WRITER SOON  
SATISFIED WITH THE HEATHEN—HIS PICTURE AND THOSE OF  
OTHERS COMPARED—A BRIEF DISQUISITION UPON THE VALUE OF  
THE CHINAMAN AS A CITIZEN.

HONG KONG, CHINA, *November 14, 1881.*

WE left Shanghai with few regrets on the 9th, and arrived here on yesterday, the 13th, on board a Pacific and Oriental steamer, which, like most of the trading vessels in this part of the world, sails under the British flag. Our company on shipboard was such as would have been enjoyed by the most cosmopolitan. We had Americans, English, Australians, Malays, Chinese, Parsees, French, and the Lord only knows what others with whose nativity we were not acquainted. In the cargo was a carefully selected consignment of Chinese ponies, bound for Borneo—those peculiar little animals which might perhaps be best described as a cross between a Texan broncho and a mule, were such a combination not a physical impossibility. They are caught away up in the country, a distance of a thousand or two miles, and driven to the coast in caravans, where they are sold for whatever they will bring. The color is mostly white, and the breed is of that stubby character that makes up in viciousness what they lack in size. I speak of them as a cross between a Texan broncho and a mule, because with the unadulterated cussedness of the latter they unite the wickedness and the phenomenal endurance

of the former. On shipboard they are securely fastened each in a separate cage, and seemingly occupy their time almost wholly in forming new schemes for deviltry, when once they get loose. I would rather, much rather, however, trust one of them than I would a Chinaman. The pony you know is treacherous, and in the Chinaman you are apt to be deceived by the "child-like smile," and suffer in due proportion to the deception. It is more than likely that in my last I spoke of the Chinamen as a peculiar people. Well, each day adds to our knowledge of their peculiarities, and presents some features which have an irresistible tendency to increase our disgust with the whole race. We are told in America by the friends of Chinese immigration that it is only the worst class who emigrate; that those who remain in their native land are of a superior class, etc. It is hardly necessary for me to add to what I have said my utter disbelief of such stories. The Chinaman, as we have seen him "on his native heath," in the full enjoyment of his natural *penchant* for squalor and filth, is sunk many degrees below any thing I ever saw in America. Even the lowest dive amid the slimy dungeons of Chinatown, San Francisco, is a palace of purity and its inmates paragons of decency compared with the reeking cesspools wherein the native lolls and stinks in the principal streets of Shanghai. It may be that in the country and villages the condition of the people is better, but I am much disposed to doubt it. A Chinaman does not take kindly to cleanliness. He despises a bathtub worse than he does a "foreign devil," and would have no use for one except as a means to add to the prevailing filth of his surroundings. The language, as perhaps some of my readers know, is a nerve-rasping jargon of sounds that cause wonder why the articulator does not break his neck in the attempt to speak it. I have never yet seen,

if my recollection serves me right, a Chinaman who had completely mastered the English language. For instance, you meet one here who claims to talk English, and ask him what time it is. If it is a quarter past six o'clock, you will receive for a reply: "Six clock, half past fifteen minute no come," whereby he means to convey the impression that it would be half-past six o'clock were it not for the fifteen minutes that have not yet expired. Very intelligible, isn't it? I think such a jumble of words is as disgusting as every thing else we have seen in China. That is what they call "pigeon English," though it sounds to me like jackdaw English. But this "pigeon English" has its valuable use. To the visitor, on his arrival here, it seems like an unnecessary and puerile affectation. But this is a mistake. Native agents, servants, etc., must be employed. They do not understand any foreign languages, and foreign residents can not learn Chinese. A dialect is needed for mutual communication. "Pigeon," to the Chinese ear, means, not the dove, but "business." "Pigeon English" means, therefore, "business English," or a language invented and used to facilitate communication between business men. A few generic names, without any variation of mood or tense, constitute the vocabulary, which, of course, contains many distinctively and purely Chinese words. "Will this horse kick?" In pigeon English: "Horse makee kick?" "Ask consul to come here." In pigeon English it is: "Catchee consul, bring come this side." "Bring the breakfast quickly." The reply is more nearly pure Chinese, thus: "Catchee chow-chow, chop-chop!" I understand, and I believe I obtained my information from so reliable a source as Tank Kee, who lectured through the States during the past two years, that pigeon English is being taught in the schools of the Chinese sea-ports, and promises to become an estab-

lished dialect. A language it can never be until its basis is somewhat systematized. What a deceiving wretch that Tank Kee is, any way! I would like to hold him by the swell of the pants and the nape of the neck over some of the smells and sights we did n't enjoy in Shanghai, and see if I could n't induce him to revise his lecture upon the "Flowery Kingdom" before he again essays to impose it upon an intelligent American audience.

On the night of the 11th, during our voyage from Shanghai to Hong Kong, we had a fine view of the phosphorescent light at sea. The ocean was lit up as if by small sheets of flame, and presented a scene of rare beauty. Scientists endeavor to account for this phenomenon in various ways, although, I believe, the usually accepted theory is that of reflections from phosphorescent fish, not dissimilar from the peculiar light shed by the familiar fire-fly, or "lightning-bug," as it was known in our boyhood days. For my own part, I am free to confess that I do not know any thing about it, and am not consumed with a thirst for information upon a point of so little vital importance.

The Chinese sea, which we have once crossed and again passed through almost its entire length, has been very kind to us. We have escaped the periodical typhoons which, every few weeks at this season, make things very lively for the Chinese junks, and sometimes prove disastrous to vessels of more pretensions. One a few days ago destroyed hundreds of junks, but I can not see that their numbers have been sensibly diminished. In the ports they throng like blue flies around carrion, and during the voyage here there never was a time when one or more were not in sight. These junks, by the way, are a curious craft. Large, ill-shaped, and lubberly, they are often an obstruction to navigation, and how they manage to keep



afloat even during an ordinary storm is a marine problem which I am unable to solve. They all have two eyes in the bow, placed there, as is solemnly asserted, to enable the vessel to see its way, and no Chinese boatman would think of venturing out unless his junk was provided with the great, staring, hideous representations of eyes. They consider it a precursor of good luck to pass close to the bows of a steamer, at great risk to their safety. Often our vessel had to blow its whistle to warn them away, and even then they are occasionally run down. I am inclined to the opinion that drowning is about the best luck that can befall a Chinaman any way. One has some little assurance that he will appear before the pearly gates comparatively clean, at least.

Chinese history fails to give any account of a currency except the copper and iron "cash," the former being worth one-tenth of the American cent, and the latter one-twentieth. They have no paper currency, and no silver or gold of their own. I can now readily see where all our trade and Mexican dollars go to. They find a resting place out in the back country of China, and seldom or never again reach the marts of civilization. The trade in silks, teas, and rice is done by means of silver bricks, called "taels," cast to weigh one dollar thirty-three and one-third cents, and double, quadruple, and so on. Exchange is about twelve per cent in the traveler's favor.

The view upon approaching Hong Kong is very different from that presented on nearing Shanghai. Instead of the low, straggling shores, of a marshy appearance, suggestive of chills and fever, we are greeted by three mountains, of several hundred feet altitude, rising abruptly from the sea, and occupied almost to their summits by the elegant and tasteful residences of the English and American merchants and shippers. Hong Kong is an island, long since con-

quered by Great Britain, and is not, except geographically, a part of China at all. There is not so much shipping here as at Shanghai, but the business of different kinds seems to be more substantial. The shore line is semi-circular in form, and as we view it from the deck of the vessel, at a distance of perhaps a mile, the city brilliantly illuminated, with the terraces, which wind around the mountain face, forming a pleasant background to the picture, and the beautiful bay in front, is most entrancing. While enjoying it one can almost forget that he is in China. The city is really handsome, tastefully laid out, scrupulously clean, and reminds the visitor of some thriving English sea-port. The Chinese quarters are an elysium compared with Shanghai, but I more than suspect that the propinquity of English policemen has much more to do with it than the natural or acquired inclinations of the Chinaman.

Some two miles out is the English burial place, certainly the handsomest city of the dead I ever beheld, and when compared with the Chinese Gehenna at Shanghai doubly beautiful. It is situated in a basin, surrounded by high hills, and elegantly shaded by the tasteful fern palms, growing a leaf from eight to ten feet in length. Many other tropical trees lend beauty to the place, and do much to rob death of its horrors when the mortal part can be laid in such a place.

Hong Kong is, of course, a strong military post. It would not be English if it was n't, and they keep a large reserve force of red-coats here. I suppose they are required to kill a few Chinamen occasionally, that those who are so unfortunate as to remain alive may learn something of what is due to civilization. The only trouble, to my view, is that they do not kill one-tenth enough.

At this point the number of Chinese junks is simply

incalculable. Thousands of Chinese live on these boats—are born, reared, and die on them—and I am told that some of them contain as many as three generations of the family. The coolies belonging to these water craft do all the work in loading and unloading vessels, and their labor is cheaper than to employ steam. Steam costs something, and the coolies so little that it is scarcely worth considering. It would be supposed that in so dense an uncivilized population little care would be taken of the children. Well, this depends upon circumstances. Boys are usually pretty well cared for, because their labor promises to be valuable, but girls are always neglected and often drowned at birth. To-day I pleased a Chinese parent immensely by patting a boy upon the head. Had it been a girl I would have been scorned.

The bay, as I have said, is constantly crowded with “sampan” and other Chinese craft for hire. We took one to-day for the purpose of reaching the shore, and learned something more, illustrative of the Chinese contempt for girl babies. The boat in which we embarked was controlled by an entire family, the mother, as is usually the case, steering and the children helping their father to row. I asked the woman by pointing to one of the urchins about three years old, if it was a boy. “Yes,” she answered, and the same reply was given regarding the second, but when I inquired the sex of the third, she turned away with a shame-faced look, and I knew it was a girl. I noticed also that each of the boys had a small log of wood fast to him, so if he fell overboard he would float. The girl had no floater attachment, and I have not the least doubt those parents would be glad if she did get drowned.

On Sunday it rained all day, and I went ashore alone in the afternoon to get a tooth pulled, as it had com-

menced to remind me by sundry nervous twinges that some such services were needed. I found a foreign dentist, and he began operations, but suddenly ceased—at my peremptory request. I suppose the advice is unnecessary, but let me say to my readers, don't you ever come to China for your dentistry. Why, I would rather have every tooth in my head ache for a continuous week than to have that pesky tooth-carpenter operate on one of them for five minutes, and he is n't a Chinaman either.

Our programme as originally laid out included a much longer stay in China than we have made or intend to make, for to-morrow we sail for Ceylon and India, from which former place my next letter will be dated. Our reasons for this are varied. As primarily arranged our programme did not allow for unavoidable delays. These we have so far escaped, but we think it prudent to provide for them by being a little ahead of time. In addition to this, inland travel in China is not as safe from the annoyances of pirates as could be desired, particularly on the rivers, where a traveler's life is usually worth about the amount of money he has in his pockets—at least the heathen Chinese do not hesitate when an opportunity offers to cause him to lose both in the exchange. We were given to understand that these difficulties are very frequently encountered on the river between here and Canton, which city, said to be the largest and filthiest in China, is about ninety miles up the river from Hong Kong. We would like much to visit Canton, and every other city in the "Stinking Empire," but encounters with beastly Chinese robbers were not laid down in our programme, and we will permit no interpolation, particularly of that kind. I am of the opinion, and others bear me out in it, that there is much sameness among the cities of China. They all look alike, they all smell alike, the peo-

ple look and act similarly, and when you have gazed upon one you have seen all.

Now, good reader, I am just as fully aware as you can be that the tone of what I have written about China has not the same sound as the effusions of others. There is an excellent reason. We and some others look upon it from very different stand-points. One of the most interesting works which I have read upon the country is that of Hon. Wm. H. Seward. Mr. Seward, though traveling in an unofficial capacity, was everywhere recognized as the representative of the United States Government. He was universally fêted and feasted by the officials, and was never allowed to come in contact with the common people. He never witnessed them in the full depths of their misery, squalor, and degradation as we and others have done. His communications were wholly with mandarins and other officials of the government, who are perhaps well enough in themselves, and certainly would have been slow to show Mr. Seward life in China as it really exists among the low and middle classes. The same is true of the story of Grant's tour. We are traveling as private citizens, unhampered by official courtesies, and see the Chinese largely as they see themselves. There is a vast difference between a mandarin's palace and a coolie's hut or cellar. We have seen both, and can draw a much more lifelike picture, particularly of the latter, than those who came here as the guests of the government and went away as thoroughly hoodwinked regarding realities as it was to the interest of the government that they should be.

It is from this province of Canton that all the emigration to America goes, and every day there are large arrivals from up the river for that purpose. They are a sorry-looking set, which the experience of Americans has taught them add nothing to the wealth or prosperity of the coun-



try, but, on the contrary, detract largely from it. There is a pretense made by the American consul of demanding evidence that emigrants go voluntarily. Perhaps it is more than a pretense. May be it is rigid. But what of it? Wherein does that remedy the difficulty? The fact still remains that these heathens are a positive detriment to any country which they may curse with their presence, a festering canker upon civilization and a sickening stench in the nostrils of every decent person under the sun. Nothing can be more certain than that immigrants who can not be brought up to the plane of civilization tend to drag down to their level the people among whom they locate. No Chinaman ever assimilates or seeks to assimilate with the American people. They take with them to the States their modes of life, thoughts and guides of action and their beastly and disgusting habits. These they retain religiously, and thus exert a demoralizing influence upon the people with whom they are brought in contact. Every consideration demands that they should be excluded as rigidly as the plague.

We expected on our arrival here to receive news from home, but disappointment awaited us, and we must needs be contented until we reach Singapore. We will then have been absent from home for four months. As we leave so soon, for the reasons given above, we will really see less of China than any other country visited, but the little is quite sufficient. In China we find a new application for the old couplet:

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

Here we are in the tropics, on the same latitude as the City of Mexico. It is either hot or raining all the time, and when it is n't either it is both. As we progress south-

ward it will of course continue to get warmer, until we reach Singapore, which is but about forty miles north of the equator.

I was mistaken in saying on leaving Japan that the letter then written would be the last that would reach you by the way of California. This, however, is the last that will go that route, and for that reason I must soon get it in the mail. My next letter will be carried with us to Ceylon and there posted, to go ahead of us by way of the Suez canal and Liverpool. We will remain in Ceylon twelve days and about thirty in India, and expect to spend Christmas at Lucknow, with a missionary with whom we chance to be acquainted. Then we go to Egypt, up the Nile, and thence to the Holy Land, calculating upon reaching Jerusalem about the 5th of March. What vicissitudes, experiences—pleasurable and otherwise—will be crowded into those four months? Perhaps sickness; may be death. We can only pray that Providence during the remainder of our journey may vouchsafe us a continuance of the blessing of his watchful protection that has so preserved us in the past.

As I draw my letter to a close, and glance through the "bull's eye," which, open, provides ventilation, and closed, furnishes light to our apartment on shipboard, I witness the novel scene of the coolies loading the vessel. The cargo consists largely of raw silk, tea, rice, and sugar, sufficient, I should think, to fill three hundred freight cars. Strange as it may seem, we take oil in bamboo baskets; rather an odd receptacle for oil, you no doubt think. These baskets are thoroughly lined with paper, and hold, I think, about two barrels of oil.

The purser is calling out "Mail for Japan!" and I must close.

## XIV.

HONG KONG TO SINGAPORE—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE—  
THE “BLARSTED BRITISHERS” AND THEIR IDEAS OF AMERICA—  
SINGAPORE—ITS PEOPLE AND OTHER INHABITANTS—A PARALYZING  
SNAKE STORY.

POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON, *November 27, 1881.*

THIS letter will be necessarily wholly retrospective, as we have just arrived at this point, the principal port in the island of Ceylon, after a voyage of thirteen days from Hong Kong, and a brief visit to Singapore and Penang.

After mailing my last letter we still had a few hours at our disposal before the vessel sailed, which were devoted to a partial ascent of the hill or mountain that towers above the city of Hong Kong. The mountain is twelve hundred feet in height and very steep, and our ambition to survey the city and its surroundings from the summit was doomed to disappointment, as an ascent of seven hundred and twenty feet was the limit of our breath and energy. I have traveled some in different parts of the world, and have learned some things. Among others, that the ambition which leads one to ascend high mountains, where danger lurks in every footstep and every breath is painful, is a delusion and a snare. If my readers expect me to detail the thrilling experiences at Mt. Blanc or the Matterhorn they will be disappointed. True, we have not reached Switzerland yet, but I desire to notify our friends that climbing mountains at the imminent risk of our necks is not our forte. Such foolhardiness is not

down on our programme. We can find more novelties on level ground than we will be able to describe or even remember.

All this, however, has nothing to do with the view of Hong Kong and vicinity from the mountain in the rear. The picture as presented was beautiful and, had time permitted, could have been made the subject of several hours' interesting study. At our feet lay the busy city, teeming with life and commercial activity. Beyond, the harbor, a vast network of steamers and sailing vessels—water craft of every nation, and of every size and shape, from the skurrying Chinese sampan to the slow-moving and majestic Pacific and Oriental steamer. Perhaps in no seaport in the world can be found a greater variety of shipping than in Hong Kong. Flags of all nations flutter in the wind, and weary the eye with the constantly varying display of bunting. Alongside the cross of St. George and the tri-color of France flies the white elephant of Siam, the double-headed eagle of Russia, the Turkish crescent, or the peculiarly Chinese banner of the "Flowery Kingdom." Occasionally also one may catch a glimpse of the glorious stars and stripes, but to our shame be it said, the American flag is almost a curiosity in Oriental waters. At intervals these ports are visited by a representative of the American navy, but, with these exceptions, our flag is seldom seen. Here, as elsewhere throughout the world, the carrying trade is done largely by the English.

We sailed from Hong Kong at five o'clock on the 14th for Singapore and Ceylon. After getting under way, we passed out between numerous islands, which reminded us of the inland sea of Japan. At a distance from port of fifteen miles these were left behind, and we entered the broad expanse of the China Sea.

Our passenger list presented the usual variety, the

cabin during the hours devoted to recreation resounding with such a conglomeration of sound as one would think had not been heard since the confusion which puzzled the people at the Tower of Babel. We had on board passengers for Java, Sumatra, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, and England, but none for America except our humble selves. Our crew consisted of one hundred officers and sailors. The vessel was as neat and trim a traveler of the ocean as one would care to find; the officers and attendants at all times courteous and obliging. The steamer, while not the largest by any means, being but three hundred and sixty feet long, forty wide, and forty-eight deep, surprised us who witnessed a large part of the loading, with her capacity. I calculated that, allowing ten tons as a car load, we carried from Hong Kong to Singapore a cargo that would fill two hundred and fifty cars, sufficient to constitute thirteen trains such as are transported on the railroads in America. We have of tea alone one hundred car loads, and a like number of silk, and the remainder of sundries.

On leaving China, I estimated that we had traveled by sea not less than seven thousand five hundred miles, and during that time neither of us had missed more than two days from our duty at the table. The loss of meals for two days was during a slight attack of sea-sickness *en route* from San Francisco to Yokohama. We have much cause to be thankful for our remarkable preservation from the ills and dangers that constantly beset the traveler.

During the voyage we were forcibly struck by the prevalence of excessive drinking, and that, too, among a class of people from whom we would naturally expect better things. We witnessed on the ship scenes of inebriety, indulged in by ladies of recognized social position and rank, that would have disgraced the lowest saloon in



America. I am sorry to mention these little incidents, but I am disposed to describe events as they really occur, and not as they should be. If questioned and asked to assign a reason for the prevailing indulgence in stimulants, these English people lay it to "the blarsted climate, you know!" Now that is a flimsy excuse, a silly subterfuge. My experience convinces me that drinking in China or India is like similar indulgence in England or America. It is simply a habit, a pernicious practice, just as reprehensible in Hong Kong or Singapore as in London or New York. I must, however, qualify that remark to some extent. At Shanghai or elsewhere in the midst of the odoriferous Chinese, excessive drinking is excusable. If I were compelled to remain among them, drunkenness would soon become my chronic condition, and I would welcome the day that it killed me. Any decent man can live longer on whisky than he can exposed, in his sober senses, to the horrible sights and more horrible smells of the beastly Chinese.

During the voyage, we had the full benefit of the north-east monsoon, or trade winds, which bowled us along at the rate of twelve or thirteen miles per hour. On the 17th we passed east of the Gulf of Tonquin, in latitude the same as the southern shore of the island of Cuba. The heat at this time began to be oppressive, the thermometer at sun-up standing at seventy-eight degrees. This was, however, balmy spring compared with what we afterward experienced at Singapore and Penang, where the mercury danced around in the vicinity of one hundred degrees in the shade, and almost anywhere short of two hundred and twelve in the sun. While sweltering beneath an awning on the upper deck of the steamer and vainly endeavoring to keep comfortable, our minds reverted to our friends in Ohio, who were doubtless wrapped in heavy

overcoats or toasting their toes before a fire. We were rapidly approaching that portion of the earth's surface directly opposite you. Singapore is almost the exact antipode of Bucyrus.

On shipboard, as elsewhere, we were struck by the peculiarity which universally attaches to the English people. I believe I spoke of this subject briefly when detailing the voyage from San Francisco to Japan. In our more recent trip these disagreeable traits seemed even more conspicuous. We had on board eight or ten English "swells," and candor compels the assertion that nowhere have we encountered more disagreeable creatures, except Chinamen. They were given to rubbing the American fur the wrong way, and as we were the only representatives of the Great Republic present, the wordy collisions were by no means infrequent. We endeavored to hold up our end of the American log with considerable vigor, and, we flatter ourselves, with much success. As a class, the "blarsted Britishers" know but little of America, and they seem to take the same delight in displaying their ignorance that more intelligent people do in exhibiting their knowledge. One asked me if New Orleans is near to San Francisco, and when I said three thousand miles, he exhibited unmistakable signs of incredulity. I have not the least doubt that fellow at once assigned me a prominent position on his list of liars. Their "sophisticated ignorance" reminded me much of the story of the English lord who came over to America on a hunting expedition, and spent the whole night on the rear platform of an Erie railroad sleeper, in the hope of securing a shot at a "ranch," which in the innocence of his lordly soul he thought was a species of buffalo. A lady passenger on the vessel inquired of me if it was really safe in Salt Lake City. With a well-assumed air of earnestness, I told her that thousands of

people had gone to that metropolis of the briny lake, and never returned. I did not care to explain that they were there yet, as that would have spoiled the look of horror, which I enjoyed keenly.

On the morning of the 19th I was early on deck to enjoy the first view of the mainland of Malacca. It was not much of a sight, but the view possessed the virtue of being an incentive to early rising. We were surprised agreeably by the uniform calm which prevailed during our whole voyage on the China Sea, from Shanghai southward. The surface of the water was at all times placid, and frequently dazzling in its mirror-like reflections.

Before noon on the 19th we sighted the city of Singapore, and came to anchor about three miles from the shore. The town is built upon an island, separated from the Malay peninsula by a narrow and scarcely navigable strait. The ancient capital of the Malayan kingdom, or, as it was sometimes known, the Kingdom of Malacca, formerly stood upon the site of the present town. The old city, as history tells us, was built in the twelfth century, and conquered by a chief from Java, who transferred the royal residence to Malacca. From that period its population and importance gradually declined, until in 1819, when the English took possession, there were but few vestiges of the former city, which, indeed, had become but a haunt for pirates. The town bears all the appearance of being in a most prosperous condition; its port is always crowded with shipping, and its merchants are thriving and wealthy. The population is estimated at about one hundred and sixty thousand, composed of representatives from almost every nation under the sun, Jews, Chinese, Arabs, Africans, Malays, etc., with perhaps a thousand Europeans, and not more than a score of Americans. Singapore, like most other places except heaven, is cursed with the Chinese, of

whom there are at least seventy-five thousand. These various peoples retain their national habits and customs, and their peculiar modes of worship. The Chinaman grows his hirsute tail, smokes his opium, and offers incense to Joss; the Arab sports his turban, invokes the name of Allah, and prostrates himself in the mosque; while the European shaves his beard, drinks London porter, takes his pew in church, and d—ns the Chinese. There is a peculiarity in the history of this little island which should not be overlooked. It was actually purchased by the British Government, thus furnishing perhaps the only instance on record where England bought that which she could steal, or “possess,” to use a more diplomatic term.

The city of Singapore is of vast importance to England. By means of it, and with an effective naval force, the entrance to the China sea may be controlled. Its position is very advantageous in a commercial point of view, from which it has become an *entrepôt* for the neighboring kingdoms of Sumatra, Borneo, Siam, and Cochin China. Of itself, it may be said that the island of Singapore has little or no resources, its productions being very limited, yet so advantageously is it situated that it is to-day perhaps the most important commercial depot in the East Indies, where are received the products of the neighboring countries, for reciprocal exchange, and from whence they reach the markets of the world.

The island upon which the city is situated is but about twenty-five miles long by fifteen in width. The authority of the English possessors extends, however, over a number of contiguous and smaller islands. The main island outside of the city is distinguished for nothing except tigers and snakes. It is quite fashionable for visitors to engage in tiger hunts, but as I could not remember of having lost any tiger, I was not favorably impressed with

the idea of hunting one. Neither am I in the snake business. These tigers are of the simon-pure species, genuine man-eaters, who prefer human flesh to any other. I was told that they have a special fondness for Chinamen. From that moment I lost my respect for the tiger. An animal that will eat a Chinaman may be doing the balance of the human race a favor, but his choice of food is not to be commended. It is said these animals swim across the narrow strait that separates the island from the main-land. They are the terror of all the residents outside of the city limits. In addition to the tigers there are deer and wild boar found upon the island, as well as several varieties of smaller animals, such as monkeys, peccaries, etc.

After going ashore we hired a gharry and started out for our first view of the many attractive sights in the East Indies. This conveyance is a box about four by five feet, mounted upon four wheels, and drawn by a scrubby little pony. The driver runs alongside the animal and urges him to speed by persistent lathering fore and aft. After the proper degree of momentum has been secured, the driver will spring nimbly to a seat upon the thills and we scurry through the streets in a rapid if not very comfortable or dignified manner. The true beauty of a tropical suburban road, lined with the luxuriant trees peculiar to the zone, is beyond the power of my pen to describe. We went out in the country some distance, careful, however, not to forget the warning that this is the home of the tiger. We were told that but the day before our arrival a tiger was killed only a mile beyond the city limits. We were also regaled with a snake story that will test the credulity of my readers. It was to the effect that a few days before one of those genial reptiles was killed on the island, just after it had swallowed a wild boar, that



measured one hundred and twenty feet. The bones are in the museum there, and can be seen. I am not going to ask any body to believe this yarn, and will not say that I am fully convinced of its entire truthfulness myself. The snakes undoubtedly grow very large in Singapore, but I do not think they fully reach the colossal proportions of the lies of the natives.

A peculiarity of Singapore is the houses of the native Malays. They are universally built upon posts about eight feet high. This style of architecture in the tropics has several advantages. The elevation protects the inmates from wild animals and reptiles, as well as the water, which, following heavy rains, often covers the ground in that part of the town where the natives reside. In addition to this, there is an economy of labor that should not be overlooked. The floors are of bamboo, through which the accumulated dirt in the dwelling above percolates, thus saving the good housewife the work of sweeping. In contradistinction to these are the elegant bungalows of the European residents. Gorgeous in their luxury, surrounded by groves of stately palms, provided with every appliance that can make life enjoyable, they are a very Paradise on earth.

We penetrated nearly every nook and corner of the city, except the mosques and the Mohammedan cemeteries. Among other places we visited the celebrated Pigeon Pagoda. This overtops any thing in the way of a temple we have seen, being eight stories in height. The universal worship of the pigeon by the Buddhists is one of the many mysteries that we have encountered in our travels through the East. In Singapore I saw a feather from a pigeon picked up carefully in the street and reverently carried to a shrine. I suppose these barbarians have some religious tradition connected with the pigeons that leads them to venerate the comely bird.

The one great pest we encountered at Singapore was the mosquitoes. I will not jeopardize my well established reputation for veracity by telling the result of a careful estimate made of their size. They are perhaps exceeded both in size and ferocity by the tigers, but I am not fully satisfied of the fact, as I had a disastrous experience with the mosquitoes, and carefully avoided an encounter with the tigers. On shipboard the pesky little varmints were a source of constant annoyance, and served to keep us awake all night.

While promenading the upper deck, where we had been driven by the sweltering heat of the cabin, we were the involuntary witnesses of a sorrowful event on a neighboring native junk, which illustrates the callous-heartedness of the creatures who cumber this part of the divine footstool. A native sailor fell overboard, and, despite his agonizing cries for assistance, not the slightest effort was made to rescue him. He doubtless became food for the sharks which infest the bay, while his companions pursued the evenness of their way as if nothing unusual had occurred.

One feature of the natives at Singapore attracts the attention of all travelers. It is the skill of the boys, who are true amphibia, apparently more at home in the water than on shore. These little fellows, ranging from six to ten years of age, will follow a five-cent piece thrown into the water and never fail to recover it before it reaches the bottom. The quick and skillful action of these water imps is surprising. One of them offered, if I would give him twenty cents, to dive under the steamer, which would have carried him down a depth of twenty-five feet, and forward not less than fifty.

The shells and coral productions of the waters in the vicinity of Singapore surpass in delicate beauty the most florid conception of the liveliest imagination. The coral,

prepared in the vast manufactory of nature, is of the most delicate texture, and of every conceivable shade of color, much too frail, however, for transportation. If it were possible to convey the finest specimens to New York, fortunes could be made in the business. The shells are of the finest character, dazzling in their delicate tints, and of every conceivable shape. The eye never wearies of examining them, and the covetous nature never tires of longing for their possession. Here they are very cheap, but the transportation and duty would make them costly at home. In full proportion to these productions of the sea in the line of beauty are the feathered tribes that fill the groves in the vicinity of Singapore. Noticeable among these are the parrots, those birds of beautiful variegated plumage, but hideous voice. The natives brought loads of them to the ship to sell. If they had not such an infernally rasping voice, a cross between the filing of a saw and the bray of a donkey, they would be more desirable pets. Those of you who have had your nerves tortured by the screeching croak of these birds in captivity can form scarcely a definite idea of the effect produced upon the ear by a concert conducted by a thousand or two. Notwithstanding their attractive appearance, I can not help wishing that all the parrot heads were on one neck, and I had an opportunity to wring it.

As I have before intimated, our opportunities for exploring the country were much circumscribed by the danger from tigers. We were very desirous of visiting a nutmeg plantation, but the only means of conveyance available was the bullock cart. For some reason the tigers will not attack these animals. These bullocks have an immense hump on the shoulders, and resemble much the "sacred cows" that are sometimes exhibited in menageries in the States. So strong is the resemblance that the

suspicion has entered my mind that Dan Rice and his degenerate followers basely imposed upon the unsophisticated American people. If the natives of the Malay peninsula consider the animals sacred they have a very unsatisfactory manner of exhibiting their veneration. I saw hundreds of them in yokes and hitched to carts, drawing immense loads through the streets of Singapore.

In one regard the Malays resemble the Chinese coolies; that is, in the almost entire absence of clothing. The Malay driver of a gharry or a bullock cart is clothed only in an abbreviated apron in front, much after the style adopted by our fore-parents when they first introduced the fig-leaf costume in the Garden of Eden. Their black hides are thoroughly rubbed with cocoanut oil, and shine like ebony. The women wear around the waist a long strip of cotton, the ends of which are allowed to fall nearly to the ground in front and rear. They wear rings in their noses and ears, and bracelets on arms and ankles. Both sexes have regular and rather engaging features. Some of the men have a frontal development that would indicate the opposite sex.

On the second day of our stay at Singapore I went ashore alone, and enjoyed a pleasant ramble through the city and its environs. The tropical Orient must be a veritable paradise for a lazy man. Here every thing grows with prolific luxuriance, requiring no cultivation whatever. Nearly every human want is supplied by bountiful nature, and the resident has only to reach out his hand to grasp his food, and oftentimes if he will but open his mouth the fruit will drop into it. I gathered during my walk specimens of the bread fruit, banana, betel nut, etc., and passed by a greater variety and abundance than I could catalogue in a week. I should think that the Indies would prove also a land of pure delight to the student of botany.

Unfortunately my botanical education was neglected, but still I can fancy what a pleasing task would be the examination and classification of the almost unlimited floral productions of this tropical land. Every thing here in nature is on a gigantic scale. One of the most beautiful specimens of vegetation which I examined closely was a fern fifteen feet in length. What an elegant parlor ornament that would make! So also this would be an interesting field of research for the lover of animated nature. The fauna includes a vast variety of zoölogical specimens which are never heard of in America, and their classification would puzzle the most indefatigable student of Audubon.

In my wanderings I met a very intelligent native who spoke English fluently. Of him I inquired concerning the mission work. In reply he said it was progressing, but the work was engaged in more for commercial than spiritual benefit. This corresponds with the impressions I received in China. My conviction is that the Malays present an inviting field for missionary labor. They are naturally intelligent, are not bigoted in their present religious belief, and would, I think, readily absorb the teachings of Christianity.

We remained but two days at Singapore, a much shorter stay than would have been pleasing, but the lapse of time admonishes us that we must be moving on. From Singapore we sailed for Penang, on the west coast of Malacca, but the incidents of the trip, our sojourn at that place, and the voyage thence across the Bay of Bengal, will furnish material for a succeeding letter.



## XV.

PENANG AND THE BENGAL SEA—AMONG THE NATIVES—AN OBTUSE DRIVER WHO DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIS BUSINESS—THE NEED OF A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE—MALAY FUNERAL PROCESSION—LIBERAL PROVISION FOR THE DEAD—THANKSGIVING-DAY IN THE TROPICS—INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE AND ARRIVAL IN CEYLON.

POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON, *November 28, 1881.*

WE sailed from Singapore at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st for Penang, and thence westward across the Bay of Bengal to the place from which I write. In the late and comparatively cool hours of the afternoon we enjoyed much the view of the island of Sumatra, close to the shores of which we passed, with the Malay peninsula on the right. The strait between is about seven miles wide, so that at no time until we had left Sumatra behind were we out of sight of land. The comparison between the landscape view of Sumatra and that of the main-land is marked. The former presents a succession of elevated hills, clad to their summits with dense foliage, a panorama of deep green which the eye never wearies of resting upon. The main-land, on the contrary, is a vast plain, covered by a seemingly impenetrable jungle, the home of the wild elephant, the tiger, immense serpents, and other varmints whose intimate acquaintance we do not seek.

On some maps the port of Penang is called Georgetown, but this endeavor of our British cousins to Anglicize the East Indian names has not usually been successful, and the place is best known as Penang. We reached the

port at an early hour in the morning, and, as our stay was limited, little time was lost in preparations for viewing such wonders as were in store for us. We procured one of those unique vehicles described in my last, and soon were bowling along over as fine a road as there is in the world—a smooth and level highway that would cause an Ohio farmer to turn green with envy.

We were surprised at the extent of the city. We had in some mysterious way been led to suppose that it was a large place of considerable importance, commercial and otherwise. It is, however, a diminutive affair compared with the other cities we have visited, having, I should judge, not to exceed ten thousand inhabitants. Nor does it present any of the evidences of activity or progress that distinguish Singapore. If Penang ever was a flourishing city, its days of prosperity are evidently past. As a matter of fact, however, the evidences of lethargy and inaction were a positive relief after days spent amidst the everlasting hurry and ceaseless activity of Hong Kong and Singapore.

Being desirous of studying as thoroughly as the limited time at our disposal would allow, the productions of the country, we found opportunity much more available than at Singapore. There is not the same danger from blood-thirsty wild animals that teaches visitors to the former place the caution born of that first law of nature, self-preservation. Our first visit was to a nutmeg plantation. In our younger days, while we watched with eager eyes and more eager stomachs our good mothers sprinkle this aromatic condiment over the luscious custards, and in after years, when the same substance was made to add flavor to an exhilarating decoction mainly composed of warm water and sugar, we have wondered what were its original surroundings. A ride of a short distance brought

us to a plantation. The fruit grows upon a tree not unlike the young hickory tree of the second growth, and is of an appearance resembling the hickory-nut, being encased in a thick but easily removed shell. Having solved the nutmeg problem to our satisfaction, we next essayed a visit to a pepper grove. But our Malay Jehu, in the perversity of his barbarism, could not be made to understand our desires. In the midst of our disappointment, when the temptation to emphatic language would have been stronger if there had been the slightest possibility of the nude and grinning native comprehending it, we envied Baron Humboldt the satisfaction he derived from being able to converse with nearly every person he met in his travels. For the convenience of most travelers there should be formulated a universal, if limited, dialect, in which a man could at least swear intelligibly. I do not know from experience, but have been told that profanity acts as a relief to a man's feelings, even though it does burden his conscience. But what satisfaction could there be in anathematizing a beastly Malay, who would grin in your face, and probably think you were praising his efficiency as a driver and guide.

Well, we didn't see the pepper grove. We found much consolation, however, in loitering along the roads and examining the myriads of varieties of fruits, hundreds of which we had never heard of before. The most florid picture which pen has ever drawn of the luxuriance and variety of vegetation in the tropics has failed to do the subject half justice. On every hand, rising scores of feet above your heads, are the stately palms; beneath, a dense mass of beautiful trees and shrubbery, of unknown names and undreamed of luxuriance and beauty. Under your feet a carpet of moss and flowers, more beautiful and more variegated in design than ever came from the weaver's

loom. There is, however, never a sweet without a bitter, and these groves are filled with wild animals whose very names strike terror to timid breasts, and within the meshes of the beautiful carpet lurk hideous insects whose touch is death.

The clothing of the residents of Penang consists largely of cheap jewelry. The women wear rings in their ears, pendent from their noses, covering their arms, fingers, ankles, and toes, and doubtless wish they had unlimited additions to their anatomical development, so that they could display more rings. We saw hundreds of little ones as devoid of clothing as when they made their advent into the world, whose arms, legs, toes, and fingers were literally covered with rings. All are nearly black, with hides shining like polished ebony, the result of persistent rubbing with cocoa-nut oil. While their personal habits are not such as civilized people would care to introduce into their drawing-rooms, yet they are a quiet, peaceable people, frank, outspoken, and obliging; industrious, to a limited extent; and presenting few of the disgusting traits which have given the Chinese such an unenviable reputation in all parts of the world where they have intruded their unwelcome presence. These latter, of course, abound at Penang, and will finally, I predict, drive out the natives. The insinuating persistency of the Chinaman is one of his many national characteristics, and it may be that he will finally overrun the balance of the world as, some years since, the frogs overran Egypt, and for a similar reason, as a curse upon humanity.

During our stay in Penang, we witnessed a native funeral. Our attention was first attracted by a hubbub in the street, which created the impression at once that a riot was in progress, or a revolution well under way. A close

inspection, however, indicated a funeral procession. In front was the coffin, followed by many tables, each bearing a roast pig and goat. The mourning, as is common among the people of all Eastern nations, was conducted in the most boisterous manner, probably for the purpose of frightening away evil spirits. Barbarians of every race have a horror of evil spirits, and, in return, they seem to think evil spirits have an equal horror of noise. It must be an evil spirit indeed that can withstand the hideous din attending a Malay funeral. The individual who, on this particular occasion, was being cared for must have been either normally hungry or else the journey before him was a long one. We counted eight large hogs and six goats in the rations which had been provided for him. Now, it is a question in my mind—and a reasonable one, too—what becomes of all these eatables that the natives, in the innocence of their unquestioning faith, lay upon the graves of their dead or offer at the shrines of their gods in the temples? The poor creatures are undoubtedly sincere in their actions, and think that the spirits of the dead or the inanimate gods, as the case may be, feast upon the luxuries which they provide for them. It would seem that the deception is so transparent that the most thoroughly beclouded mind could see through it. But I suppose they are like some people in civilized countries: they will not see the error of their ways, even when it is made as palpable as their eyes themselves.

At Penang we saw the animal known as the "elephant cow," a creature formed much like its namesake and quite large, weighing usually about 2,200 pounds. They are used as motive power for the native carts.

Finally, after improving every moment of our time, and learning something of the peculiarities of the country



and its people, we steamed out of the harbor, rounded the northern end of Sumatra, and thence bore due west across the Bay of Bengal to the island of Ceylon.

Sea voyages are usually very monotonous, and our passage from Penang would have been no exception to the rule had it not been for a scene we witnessed on the second day. We had read many stories of the sea-serpent, and had consistently followed the usual course and credited the yarns to the lively imagination of the sea-going originators. We are now prepared, however, to revise all such hasty conclusions, because our eyes have looked upon a veritable sea-serpent. The announcement of its presence caused quite a commotion on board, leading all to the side of the vessel. Sure enough, there it was, not two hundred yards from the ship, skimming along, with its head raised several feet above the surface, and apparently careless of the proximity of we "lords of creation." Its neck and so much of the body as was exposed above the water, seemed to be about eight inches in diameter. We had no opportunity to even estimate its entire length. This was not a very big sea-serpent, but probably a younger member of the family out for a little time by itself.

During the passage, we experienced the most terrific thunder-storm in our record, or that we ever care to experience, for that matter. Flash blended with flash of the most vivid character, and peal mingled with peal of thunder that seemed to make the very ocean beneath us tremble. The rain fell, not in drops or sheets, but in seemingly great masses of solid water. The sea remained perfectly calm, and appeared to smile at the efforts of the upper elements to create a serious disturbance without its aid.

November 24th was Thanksgiving-day at home, when old friends and neighbors gathered about the family board

to mingle thanks to Providence with the partaking of good cheer. While we wandering Buckeyes had no less cause to be thankful, the day was spent in a manner different from the way in which it was observed at home. While our friends were devoting the fleeting hours to social intercourse we were passing the northern end of the island of Sumatra. As we gazed upon the rapidly disappearing land, clothed in all the luxuriant verdure of the tropics, our minds traveled far away until they rested amid the familiar scenes of home. We pictured the many happy firesides where we were wont to be welcome guests, and wondered if, in the midst of the social entertainments of the day, a thought ever went out to the wanderers at the antipodes, who, though enjoying the many novelties of their surroundings, find time to remember that no spot has attractions equal to home.

At the north end of Sumatra is Gold Mountain, said to be ten thousand feet high. It is the last point of land previous to sighting the island of Ceylon, and for hours after the shore line had disappeared from view its massive shape loomed up to the sky, finally, however, becoming hazy and indistinct in the distance, and disappeared at last in a bank of clouds.

The brief voyage from Penang to this port was impressed chiefly upon our minds by the intense heat. Nothing the people of the States experience is to be compared with it. At home there is an occasional surcease from the torridity; at times a cooling breeze gives relief. In the tropics the heat is continuous—a melting, broiling, nerve-destroying concentration of discomfort, which can not be enjoyed, but must be endured. On last Thanksgiving-day I drove sixteen miles over snow ten to twelve inches in depth. Oh, how I longed for one draught of the bracing air which then seemed too cold.

With plenty of leisure we regaled ourselves with speculations upon the improbable, and our fancy pictured the home Hunting Club, in all the panoply of dogs and breech-loading shotguns in the jungles of Sumatra hunting tigers or being hunted by them, as the animals might select. The climax of absurdity was reached, however, when our fertile imaginations drew the picture of one distinguished Nimrod beating the bush for a tiger and finding it all too soon.

We passed within sight of the island of Sumatra for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. As I have said, it is quite mountainous and inhabited mainly by wild animals of a character unsuited to intimate acquaintance, which share the glories of the tropical clime with equally wild natives. These latter are known as Atchinese, and since a time almost when history records nothing to the contrary, they have waged a defensive warfare against the Dutch occupants of the island.

The specimens of fruits which I have accumulated during our brief wandering would tempt the appetite of an anchorite. As I write there are spread before me on the table pineapples, oranges, bananas, mangosteens, cocoanuts, bread fruit, betel nuts, and a myriad of others whose names I do not know. The nutmeg is the most handsome, and, by its peculiar formation, presents the most interesting study. In appearance when gathered it resembles a hickory nut. The outer coating or shell opens in quarters, and discloses a red lining, the mace of commerce; beneath that is the nut proper, which in its fresh state resembles but little the article as it reaches the consumer. The betel nut is the product of a species of palm tree. It is much favored by the natives, who chew it persistently, producing a discoloration of the lips and teeth which gives rise, upon first view, to the suspicion

that the consumer has been engaged in a muscular controversy and got the worst of the argument.

Our route across the Bay of Bengal was along the fifth degree of north latitude, or about three hundred and fifty miles north of the equator. We have not crossed, and will not during our travels cross, the line. At Singapore we were within half a hundred miles of it—near enough, as the Irishman remarked, for all practical purposes.

We reached this point on the 27th, eight days ahead of time, and nearly as far from home as it is possible for human beings to get. We have been peculiarly fortunate. During the entire voyage of more than ten thousand miles, we have encountered none of the “dangers of the deep.” With the exception of a slight meteorological disturbance on the Pacific Ocean, our travels have been as pleasant as a steamboat trip on the Mississippi, and seemingly as safe. The Pacific well sustained its reputation, and the China Sea and Indian Ocean, perhaps feeling the precious nature of their burden, have been as kind, considerate and soothing as a loving mother. We read of the terrific storms that periodically sweep over these seas, but have experienced none of them. Neither of us has been sick an hour, and the plethoric chest of medicines we supplied ourselves with before starting has never been opened.

It will be two weeks before we can secure passage to Calcutta. The time, however, will doubtless be spent very pleasantly, as Ceylon is prolific of sights and traditions to interest the traveler. We have arranged, so far as possible, to sail from Bombay for Egypt on January 14th, so as to reach Cairo, and leave for the trip up the Nile February 5th, instead of 10th, as originally contemplated. This will give us thirty days in which to “do” India.

Our impressions of Ceylon are not as yet crystallized into shape, but I hope, after our return from Columbo and Kandy, where most of our fortnight on the island will be spent, to have something to say which will interest my readers.



## XVI.

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE—HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ISLAND—  
ITS PEOPLE—NATURAL PRODUCTIONS—A VERITABLE EARTHLY  
PARADISE—INCIDENTS OF A SOJOURN.

POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON, *December 5, 1881.*

SINCE the date of my last letter, we have had many experiences, all pleasant. We have roamed over a large part of this earthly paradise; have driven a distance of seventy miles and return, over what is said to be the finest and most picturesque road in the world; have visited Colombo, Kandy, and other points of interest, and have secured more positive enjoyment than was to be obtained in any other country which we have visited. This sultry Sunday afternoon, when we are incapacitated by the extreme heat for physical exertion, and are surfeited with sight-seeing, I have seated myself in my room at the hotel, hoping that the small amount of energy which I have been able to retain will be sufficient to carry my pencil through a brief and necessarily incomplete account of what we have seen and how we saw it.

Ceylon has long been known to Europe, so long, in fact, that it bears a more or less prominent part in ancient history. The first accounts of the island were received from two of the commanders of the fleet dispatched by Alexander the Great. A description of the island may be found in the works of ancient authors; both Pliny and Ptolemeus have left accounts of its character and condition. Tradition, rather than history, tells us that the Persians had formed

a Christian establishment on the coast before the sixth century; and in the thirteenth Marco Polo, the venturesome Portuguese who devoted nine-tenths of a long life to visiting countries that nobody had ever heard of, and the other tenth to telling stories that nobody believed, sojourned for a period in Ceylon. His description of the beauties of the island were glowing, and though at that time they were considered the exaggerations of a fevered imagination, subsequent investigation proved them not overdrawn. Sir John Mandeville, an eminent English traveler, visited Ceylon about fifty years afterward, and found much to indorse in the florid description of his predecessor. The Portuguese were the first to firmly establish themselves in the country. Early in the sixteenth century, after having discovered the Cape of Good Hope, they pushed forward toward India. Arriving at Ceylon, they found the natives engaged in civil war, and by offering themselves as mediators they succeeded in gaining a permanent lodgment. In 1520 strong fortifications were erected at Colombo. Subsequently the natives revolted, and, aided by the Dutch, the hereditary enemies of the Portuguese, succeeded, after a war lasting twenty years, in defeating their opponents, but it was not until 1656 that the Portuguese were finally expelled from the island. The subsequent history of Ceylon is varied. During the wars at the end of the seventeenth century, the French obtained a lodgment on the island, but they were ejected by the British, who in turn were forced to give way to the Dutch, who continued to hold it until it was wrested from them by the English in 1796. At that time the European dominion did not extend over the whole island, and it was not until 1815 that the British, in the manner peculiar to their policy, formally took possession of the entire territory, which they have since retained. There can be no doubt

that the English protectorate has been a blessing to the country. In every material regard it has progressed, and the many elements of civilization to be met on every hand are as surprising as they are gratifying to the traveler. In the towns and larger villages, where the influences of civilization are felt, schools have been established, and are well patronized. In these the English language is taught, and it was rare in our tour to find any persons who could not speak a little English. Of course, in some parts of the island it is different. But everywhere there is peaceful quietness, the natives being in the full enjoyment of the luxurious ease which can be found nowhere outside the tropics.

In the early years, before the occupation of the island by the Europeans, Ceylon was one of the richest and most productive of the kingdoms of the Orient. The natives, at a very early period, showed great skill in the development of the natural resources, and increased the fertility of the soil by ingenious modes of artificial irrigation, and there yet remain numerous vestiges of extensive works, in the form of immense basins used for collecting the water during the heavy but periodical falls of rain. Authentic history does not record the construction of these immense tanks, and their continued preservation is a monument to the skill and active industry of the natives.

Although we have suffered much from the heat during our sojourn here, we have been given to understand that the present warmth is exceptional, and that the temperature does not often rise above ninety degrees for more than a few hours at a time. There is a great difference in the climate between the northern and southern parts of the island, and a curious effect results; for on one side of a mountain, while the rain is falling copiously, on the other the crops are suffering from the severe drought.

This is caused by the sea breezes. The climate is comparatively healthy, and it is said the death-rate does not exceed three per cent. The country is not often subject to epidemics and in this regard is fortunately unlike the contiguous main-land of India. With all its natural advantages, however, the island at present is not as flourishing as might be expected. The productiveness of the soil is almost unlimited, yet the exports are not great. Labor may be obtained, too, for twelve cents a day, and yet the agricultural districts are not as flourishing as they should be. The same deficiency is encountered in every tropical land. The very fact that the soil is so prolific, that the means of luxurious subsistence is provided by bountiful nature without an effort on the part of the people, seems—and perhaps naturally—to deprive the human animal of every willingness for exertion. They reasonably feel that the most pleasure in existence can be found in the least exertion, and the theory is almost universally applied. I can only say that I envy them their luxurious ease, where the only necessary effort is that of breathing. The principal diet is fish, rice, and cocoanuts.

Of the productions of the island, the cocoanut is probably the most valuable to the natives. Everywhere in Ceylon, as far as the eye can reach, extensive forests of the tree are to be seen, and the numerous excellent roads throughout the country are bordered with it. The cocoanut palm has a great variety of uses. The green nut, with its delicate, albuminous fruit and refreshing milk, is an article of food very nutritious and not to be despised by the palates of epicures. When ripe, the kernel of the nut is dried, forming what the natives term coppereal, and an oil of value is expressed from it, the residuum forming an excellent food for the fattening of animals. Even the husk of the nut is utilized, being manufactured into a

kind of rope, large quantities of which are exported. The shells are formed into a variety of articles useful in the household economy. Even the tree has its uses. From its sap fluid is obtained which the natives call "toddy," and which, after distillation, becomes arrack, a species of liquor which through the East Indies serves as a substitute for whisky. I understand that it is eminently successful in producing the desired effect, but I saw no evidence of it being used to excess. The other staples of Ceylon are cinnamon, coffee, sugar, rice, arica nut, precious stones, plumbago, and other vegetables and animal productions. The pearl fisheries, which years since were very remunerative and famous, have declined greatly, and are no longer the source of revenue that formerly distinguished them. Various reasons for this are assigned, one of which is that the pearl oyster has migrated. The most plausible reason, however, is found in the fact that the fisheries were overworked, and that the mollusks were frequently destroyed before the pearl matured. This, of course, proved disastrous to the trade. Pearl diving is still, however, followed by many of the natives, and some of them find it quite remunerative.

Ceylon abounds in rich vegetation and many trees of vigorous growth, among which, in addition to the various species of palm, there is the kittal tree, from the sap of which is produced a kind of coarse sugar, and from its fruit, when dried and reduced to powder, a substitute for rice flour. The talepot, with its luxuriant foliage, is one of the wonders of the island; a single leaf of this tree is sufficient to cover beneath its shade several persons, and it supplies, when softened by boiling and afterward pressed and dried, a substitute for paper, upon which the natives were formerly in the habit of writing. It is, I believe, still used to some extent, but not so generally as before



the supplies of the genuine article became so ample. The cinnamon, with its beautiful white blossoms and red-tipped leaves, gives a pleasing variety to the prevailing green tint of vegetation, but the stories of the fragrance exhaled by these trees and plants, which some writers describe as sensible at a distance from land, are a gross exaggeration. In truth, we have had occasion to note during our travels through the East the prevailing lack of fragrance among the flowers. Many of the most beautiful specimens of nature's art are wholly barren of perfume. Rich woods of various kinds, such as ebony, rose, satin, and lime, grow in abundance on the island.

Ceylon, like other tropical countries, is infested with a variety of wild animals, of a character calculated to beget caution on the part of travelers. Those deep, dark jungles, whose beauty entrances the eye, hide in their depths myriads of elephants, hyenas, tiger-cats, bears and reptiles of great variety. The number of elephants is surprising. So plenty are they, and so destructive to the plantations that the government formerly paid a reward of about two dollars for each elephantine tail. Why they should designate the tail I do not know, unless it is for the same reason that, under similar circumstances, a reward would be paid for the caudal appendage of a mule, assured that the animal must be dead before the tail could be secured. This policy of the government has, I understand, been changed, and now hunters are required to pay for the privilege of killing them.

Naturalists tell us that there are but twenty varieties of serpents, four only of which are venomous, the cobra and tic prolango being the most deadly. We have seen none except in the hands of the snake charmers, and it is probably unnecessary to add that we have no desire to. The last mentioned variety is credited with a vast deal of

cunning, it being said that it will await in concealment the approach of a traveler and without warning sink its horrid fangs into his flesh, the slightest touch of which is swift and certain death.

The Christian religion was introduced at a very early period into Ceylon. Tradition says that the Apostle Thomas preached here. However this may be, it is certain that the Nestorians accompanied the Persians here as early as the fifth century, and made many converts. The religion seems, however, to have died out, as, upon the arrival of the Portuguese no remnants of Christian worship remained. Here as in Japan, we are indebted to Francis Xavier for the permanent establishment of Christianity. This zealous propagandist followed the Portuguese, and the result of his earnest and effective work is found in the fact that a large percentage of the Christian natives are Roman Catholics. Were I so disposed, I could assign what I consider a valid reason for this, outside of the early work of the Catholic proselyters. The Church of England is, of course, sustained in accord with the belief of the British authorities. There are missionaries of all the different sects engaged in the endeavor to evangelize the natives, but with what success does not appear, as apostasy is so frequent among the people as to be almost the rule. The predominant religion among the natives is Buddhist. There are numerous Buddhist temples in the island, some of which preserve an impressive aspect. There is one of great antiquity, and so much venerated as to attract visitors from various parts of India. We were surfeited with temples in Japan, and this one had no charms for us.

The population of Ceylon is estimated at one million five hundred thousand, of whom about five thousand are white. The inhabitants are composed of the natives,

termed Cingalese, and a small proportion of Europeans, principally government officials and tradesmen and their families. Added to these are Malays, and, of course, the omnipresent Chinese. The Cingalese are less ugly in appearance than was expected, many of them, in fact, having expressive and even handsome features, and their forms are not without symmetry. They seem to be amiable in disposition, as industrious as their circumstances require, and faithful to their obligations. The dress of the lower and middle classes is a little nearer the bounds of indecency than would be permitted in the States. They wear a single garment only, composed of colored cotton cloth. This is wrapped around the waist, the ends falling in front and rear, forming a sort of skirt. From the waist upward nothing is worn. When alone and protected from the gaze of the general public, the skirts of the garment named, instead of being allowed to fall around the limbs, are gathered up and wrapped in turban shape about the head. The effect is very picturesque, and it has an advantage in enabling the stranger to distinguish the sex without difficulty, which is often impossible when the garment is worn in the manner prescribed by the not very strict rules of society. Some of the aborigines, who live in the forest fastnesses, confine themselves in dress to the simple wardrobe of nature. The men allow their hair to grow to a great length, which they foster with much care, and fasten in a coil at the tops of their heads with large tortoise-shell combs, such as our ladies at home might not be ashamed to wear.

In addition to the Cingalese, who are doubtless descendants of the aborigines of the island, there are the Malabars, whom tradition traces to the shores of India, and whose religion and social characteristics would seem to connect them with that country. They are Hindoos,

and preserve their religion and system of caste, together with the costumes of their original country, as well as their language, somewhat modified, however, by their relations with the Cingalese. The neighboring islands and continents supply a population of Mohammedans to Ceylon, and they abound in several parts of the country, where, in the various orders into which their social laws divide them, they carry on a prosperous business as weavers, fishermen, merchants, etc. They are among the most enterprising and thriving of the population, and their well-known skill and industry have secured them much of the commercial wealth and influence of the island.

Here at Point De Galle we are comfortably housed in a fine hotel, the "Eglington," presided over by the prince of landlords, to whom we are indebted for many kindnesses. The heat is so intense that venturing out except in the morning and evening is not only uncomfortable but positively dangerous to those who are not thoroughly acclimated. Consequently we are perforce early risers. We breakfast at half-past 9, lunch at 1, and dine at 7.

Here, as elsewhere, new-comers are besieged by an army of peddlers—those persistent peripatetic venders of various wares that seem to be coextensive with the earth's surface. First comes a dealer in precious stones, asking two, five, or ten dollars each. I have a firmly imbedded impression that the purchaser would be swindled if he paid half as many cents. No sooner have these fellows been driven away than their places are taken by fan, shawl, or traffickers in other commodities of use or ornament. Finally a snake charmer entered and at once began operations by taking from a basket a hideous, slimy, deadly cobra, and persisted, despite our repeated commands to "get," in passing it around his neck, through his arms, and in every way to handle it as a child would a

toy. Ugh! the hideous thing! It makes my flesh creep to think of it. And the bite of the reptile is as certain and almost as sudden death as a bullet through the heart. It was a positive relief when the fellow retired and gave way to a fresh relay of peddlers. Some of the articles they exhibit are wonderfully beautiful, and, provided the buyer knows how to drive a bargain, can be obtained very cheap. I conducted for several hours negotiations for a pair of ivory miniature elephants, and finally secured them for forty cents. I thought they were cheap, and they certainly were, but my pride was considerably dampened when I was informed that I had paid just twice what they were worth. Tortoise-shell combs, of delicate designs and elegant finish, that would delight the soul of an American belle, can be obtained for a few cents.

There is certainly an unnecessary plenitude of unpleasant "varmints" in Ceylon. Lodgers at the hotel have to be watchful of their doors and windows at night, if they chance to be sleeping on the first floor, as the sacred precincts of their chambers are liable to be invaded by crocodiles or snakes. Fortunately our room is on the second floor, and we feel comparatively safe from such unwelcome visitors. I have always been under the impression that crocodiles, while amphibious, confine themselves to the immediate vicinity of water. In Ceylon, however, they, particularly the young ones, perambulate even through the streets of the villages. I do not know whether they are pets, but certain it is they are never molested. The mosquitoes we always have with us, diminutive, unmusical little fellows, whose powers for mischief, I can assure you, are greatly disproportionate to their size. They serve one good purpose, that of arousing us to spasmodic energy and driving away for the time being that feeling of lazy, do n't-care-a-centativeness that



creeps gradually, but surely, over the traveler in the tropics.

Near sunset on the evening after our arrival we strolled, in company with our landlord, outside the walls of the city. The old city of Point de Galle is surrounded by a wall about forty feet high and perhaps twenty thick, constructed centuries since by the Portuguese. At present it serves no particular purpose, unless it be that of increasing almost beyond endurance the heat from which the inter-mural population suffer. They are shut off completely from the breezes that make existence at least endurable to the outsiders. The scenes presented to our view as we walked leisurely through a road leading out into the country were novel and calculated to impress the wandering Yankee with the possibilities of the country and the woeful shiftlessness of the population. There is probably not a more prolific soil in the world, not a spot where the earth yields more liberally, yet there is seemingly an almost entire lack of system in the cultivation, and not one-tenth of the crops are raised that could be produced. It is, however, one of the provisions of nature that the industries of a people shall be in proportion to their necessities. A Hindoo would starve to death in Scotland, and it is probable that the thrifty Scotchman would, in a few generations, become as indolent and shiftless as the natives if transferred to the tropics. The road along which our promenade extended is lined with stately cocoanut palms, among which are the thatched huts of the natives. We visited a nutmeg plantation in the vicinity of the city, and returned to the hotel for a late dinner.

The following day, still enjoying the guidance and genial companionship of our landlord, we devoted to further explorations of the vicinity. In the morning we rode out a distance of about ten miles. At the risk of being

thought extravagant, I am prepared to say that no spot on earth whereon my eyes have rested will equal in attractiveness the island of Ceylon. Our route carried us through beautiful valleys, over gradual ascents, wooded knolls where the luxuriance of tropical vegetation was exhibited in all its varied beauty. We paused at times in shaded dells, where the blistering rays of the sun never penetrate, and where one could ask only to remain forever. We passed a number of coffee plantations, and studied briefly, under the tuition of our guide, the mode of cultivating the berry. The tree in Ceylon grows to the height of about four or five feet, and is covered with a dark, smooth, and shining evergreen foliage. The shrubs are raised by hand in nurseries and transplanted when about six months old. It comes into full bearing at the age of three years, and under proper care will continue to bear for thirty years. A peculiarity of the tree is that it has no season for blossoming or bearing, the process being continuous—the blossoms and matured berries being found upon the same tree at the same time. Sometimes the natives prepare an infusion of the leaves, much as a decoction of tea is made. The leaves contain the same properties as the berries, but to a more limited extent, and the product possesses a flavor somewhat different from the genuine article.

The cinnamon is indigenous to Ceylon, and during our ride we plucked some branches from a bush not unlike our hazelnut in appearance. We witnessed the process of peeling the bark, which when dried forms the cinnamon of commerce. Pineapples, that luscious fruit which is classed among the luxuries the world over, grows wild in Ceylon, and in places the road is literally lined with them. Another peculiar production of this land of plenty is the lemon grass, from which is distilled an oil known as lemon oil. This grass has, of course, no connection with the

*citrus limonum*, or lemon producing tree, but is very similar in flavor to the lemon.

In the afternoon we drove to the famous bungalow Wackwalla, noted for the extensive view of Adam's Peak, and the general range of Ceylonese mountains. The scenery is a repetition of that upon the morning drive, with a pleasant variety provided by beautiful parrots and agile monkeys staring at us from the branches of the trees. The monkey wild is simply the creature which provides a fund of amusement for the patrons of menageries at home, improved and perfected by freedom. The fantastic tricks which at home bring smiles to the most sedate countenances are here seen in an exaggerated and greater laugh-producing form.

One of the drawbacks of a residence, as I have before intimated, is the prevalence of reptiles of various disagreeable species. Here in the hotel we have been more startled than entertained by the presence of an immense lizard in the tiling of the roof over our bedroom. He makes his presence known by a continuous "cluck," "cluck." They are said not to be dangerous, but are disagreeable companions nevertheless.

In the evening, after our return from the drive to the bungalow Wackwalla, we completed our preparations for the trip to Colombo by stage, and thence by rail to Kandy. The latter may be remembered by my readers as the place of retreat selected by one Harlow Case, who some years ago stole the wife of the collector at Sandusky, together with thirty-five thousand dollars. The retributive justice which overtook the offender, the death of his companion, and the fleeing from Ceylon of the broken-hearted victim of remorse, formed a few years ago the basis of a touching romance. The incidents of the trip will be reserved for another chapter.

## XVII.

FURTHER OF CEYLON—TRIP TO COLOMBO AND KANDY—THE ANCIENT AND MODERN CAPITALS—SOMETHING MORE OF THE NATIVES—RAILROADING IN THE TROPICS—SOME DISADVANTAGES OF A RESIDENCE.

POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON, *December 6, 1881.*

AFTER partaking of a hurried breakfast at the hotel, composed of toast, eggs, and other home-like delicacies, we took our seats in the royal mail coach, bound for Colombo, a distance of seventy miles. There were seven passengers, who, together with the driver, trumpeter, and mail man, filled our complement of ten. The horses are a cross between the Australian and Arabian breeds, and, all being stallions, are apparently as vicious as they are restless. Each animal is held firmly by an attendant until the driver gives the word. Then they spring forward in unison, and for miles carry us onward at the height of their speed, the wheels spinning, the dust flying, the trumpeter blowing his shrill blasts of warning to pedestrians, and the miles passing behind us like the shadows of a swift-flying cloud. The first six miles were covered in thirty minutes, and as we drew up to the station, our horses covered with foam and ourselves exhilarated by the rapid motion and pure morning breeze, we felt that traveling in Ceylon had its manifold pleasures. Along the road over which we passed is a continuous succession of villages, so close together that the intervening spaces are scarcely discernible. These villages are inhabited almost wholly by natives, who might be called half-civilized. By

contact with and under the influence of foreigners much of their original rough surfaces and sharp corners have been smoothed, and they present the aspect of a people in the transition state between barbarous savagery and qualified civilization.

Schools are abundant, and are liberally patronized. A peep into a native school in Ceylon brings to view a scene at once novel and picturesque. Imagine if you can a low thatched hut, where the light struggles in through the numerous apertures in the wall and falls upon a collection of naked imps, of both sexes, who are barren of adornment except the circlets of gold which cover their fingers, arms, and toes. I understand they are bright pupils, quick and eager to learn and possessed of retentive memories. It is the ambition of most Cingalese to obtain a knowledge of the English language, as thus the avenues of lucrative and honorable employment are open to them. The native who has mastered the English language, secured the rudiments of an education and entered the service of the government or a commercial establishment, considers himself several degrees removed above his less fortunate fellows, and puts on a degree of airs that is positively amusing.

Among the varied sights in these villages is that of young crocodiles, three or four feet long, who parade the streets as freely as the children. They are harmless and are never disturbed by the natives, who have some sort of a belief that the spirits of their ancestors have transmigrated into these slimy reptiles. I have no special antipathy to a crocodile, but if my soul is to enter any kind of a beast after my mortal part is done with it, I would prefer that it should exercise more discrimination than to select either a crocodile or a Chinaman.

There are no people in the world whom I have en-



countered that are wholly without commendatory features, except the Chinese, and we see much in the temperaments and habits of the Cingalese to admire. They are universally cleanly in their persons and houses, and even the streets of their villages are kept free from the accumulations of garbage and other filth, that too often distinguish other and more civilized places. This is probably owing greatly to the presence of the pesky little crocodiles, which are said to be omniverous in their habits. They will eat any thing from a camp-kettle to a puppy, but they never disturb the little pickaninnies who roam through the highways in reckless abandon.



The Coccoanut Palm of Ceylon.

The road over which we passed lies in the west part of the island, and certainly sustains its reputation for being the finest highway in the world. For miles upon miles it passes through

a dense grove of the different varieties of the palm, varied at times by a coffee, pepper, or nutmeg plantation. Many of the latter are thousands of acres in extent, and are, even under the prevailing superficial system of cultivation, the source of immense revenue. I have previously given a brief and incomplete account of the growing of coffee and nutmeg. If I were to undertake a description of the pepper fruits, it would prove an endless task, as there are said by naturalists to be no less than six hundred varieties. The common black pepper is the dried, unripe fruit of the *piper nigrum*, a kind of vine, on which the growing fruit looks a little like small grapes. To the taste these are excessively acrid, combining to a great extent the qualities of Indian turnip and persimmon. No one cares about experimenting upon it more than once. The bread fruit is a peculiar production of the tropics, which fully sustains its suggestive name. The tree grows to the height of about forty or fifty feet and is perhaps a foot in diameter, and, like the cocoanut palm, almost every part of the product is utilized in some way. The fruit is larger than the cocoanut, and the seeds are large, nut-like bodies, which, when roasted, are said to be as fine as the best chestnuts. The fleshy pulp is, however, the valuable part of the fruit. It is as white as snow and of the consistence of new bread, and when baked becomes excellent food, tasting not unlike the genuine wheaten bread. A cloth is made from the fiber of the inner bark, the wood is used for making boats and building houses. The male ament, or non-productive pod, is useful for tinder, the leaves are useful for towels and to wrap provisions in, while the juice is used in the manufacture of a kind of cement for filling up the cracks of water vessels.

During our trip up the country we secured our first view of a case of what is known as the "white leprosy."

The peculiar appearance of a native, as black as midnight by nature, covered with white spots looking like drops of whitewash, is very peculiar. The white leprosy is dry, and consequently not so hideous in its appearance as the more common variety, which exudes the most sickening suppuration.

Fishing is the occupation of a large proportion of the Cingalese on the sea-shore. The nets are prodigious affairs, stretching out for a mile in a semicircle, and the drawing is the occasion of a grand holiday, and the women and children assist in the process of dragging the net. An almost incredible amount and variety of fish is the result, and, as fish composes a large part of the diet of the natives of these sections, their happiness and physical content rises in due proportion to the extent of the haul.

Among our passengers in the stage was an educated native, from whom I derived much information concerning the country and its people. He told me the missionaries had done some good, but the trouble is, that the natives, as soon as they derive a material benefit from the education given and the influence extended, return to the Buddhist faith. He unhesitatingly admitted that the English dominion of the island had proven a blessing to the people, infusing energy into the natives and creating in their sluggish minds an ambition for better things than mere existence. Of course, this influence is apparent in its effects through only a limited part of the island. Ceylon, it must be remembered, is a small continent in extent, being nearly three hundred miles long and three-fourths as wide. But a portion of the country has felt the touch of civilization, and in the impenetrable jungles of the interior the inhabitants continue to exist in the condition of primitive barbarism. These people are known as Veddas,

and by some authors are spoken of as a different race from the Cingalese. The native of whom I have spoken entertained us with much information and incidents typifying the lives of the people. In passing along he pointed to a range of hills that stretched across the distant landscape, and told us the country there was infested with nearly every kind of wild animal and reptile known to the tropics. We were wholly willing to accept his statement without investigating the truth of it.

One incident occurred during our ride which shows that the natives are not lacking in frankness, and wit as well. A boy of about sixteen entered the coach, and finding that he could talk some English, I engaged in conversation with him. He was filled with the ambition peculiar to boys the world over, and looked upon the future through glasses of the rosiest hue. He said he had already saved enough money to buy a little piece of land, and was now laying by a store to purchase him a wife. "Why," said I, "let me sell you mine." He looked quizzically for a moment at the robust partner of my joys and sorrows, and exclaimed, with all the apparent innocence imaginable: "No, I thank you! I have one mother." Just where the laugh came in I was not left in doubt by the other passengers. Mrs. Converse was seriously disgusted by the boy's evident lack of appreciation, but consoled herself with the philosophical reflection that he was only a heathen any way.

All the way up the coast we met hundreds of bullock-carts, the animals being of the same variety as the sacred cow that I mentioned in a letter from Singapore, and also the same that the people of the States gaze upon with such awe beneath the tents of Barnum or some other caterer to the public desire for humbuggery. The only difference I can see is, that these beasts of burden in Ceylon are all



males. They are a prime necessity to the natives, as they do not suffer from the heat, and can draw a heavily loaded cart twenty miles a day. A smaller variety are hitched in shafts, and will travel much faster. These latter are pleasure vehicles, and some of them are gorgeous in their finish, exhibiting the universal fondness of the savages for bright colors and garish display.

The stage ride was concluded at a distance of twenty-four miles from the objective point of our journey, and we entered the cars for the short run to Colombo. It was our first view of a railroad since leaving Japan, and we felt like greeting the train as an old and half-forgotten friend. A railroad ride in the tropics presents features of attractiveness that are not elsewhere found. The novelty of rattling through palm groves, interspersed with coffee, nutmeg, and indigo plantations, is one that leads the traveler through channels of thought differing from the experiences of home, and causes him to express renewed wonderment at the stupendous enterprise of man when led forward by the demands of civilization and commerce.

Colombo is the modern capital of Ceylon and the seat of government. The town, within the walls, is regularly laid out in European style with one-storied houses, faced with verandas. It possesses some fine public buildings, and is, upon the whole, a handsome and flourishing place of perhaps fifty thousand inhabitants. It labors under the disadvantage of an inferior harbor, not being accessible to vessels of the heaviest tonnage. It is said to be very healthy, but the water supply is limited. Outside the walls the appearance of the city does not differ greatly from the suburban parts of other tropical towns. The huts of the natives are grouped together in a fantastical disregard for symmetry, and it is difficult to determine just where the town ends and the country begins. We



only remained one day, during which we were quartered at the British-India Hotel, and were much annoyed, as usual, by the native peddlers. In this case, however, they were mainly women, who offered for sale their own manufacture of lace and edgings. I learned nothing of the process of manufacture, but the product evinces a skill of which civilization would not be ashamed.

During our stay at Colombo we visited a neighboring village occupied exclusively by a distinct caste of Hindoos. They are very black, with long, straight hair and rather regular features. Most of the adults wear heavy gold ornaments pendent from each side of the nose. The children, in full dress, are clothed in a belt around the waist, from which hangs a plate, perhaps four inches square, fulfilling the same purpose as the fig-leaf aprons devised by our fore-parents in the Garden of Eden. They are a curious people, very reticent and exclusive in their habits, mingling but little with either the natives or the Europeans.

Our guide took us to a temple, and he was evidently proud of the privilege of showing it, but we were disgusted. The miserable structure would not make a fit stable for the temples of Japan. The guide was exceedingly anxious to have us extend our trip six miles further, where he promised our thirst for attractive novelties should be thoroughly satisfied. But his intentions were too transparent, and we declined thus to minister to his desire to collect an extra and exorbitant fee. There is an indefinable something about the occupation of guide and driver, the world over, from the pertinacious hackman of New York to the meek-eyed chief engineer of a Ceylon bullock cart, that makes them inseparable from the most unblushing rascality. In the language of the venerable S. J. Tilden, "reform is needed." We instituted the necessary reformation on our Cingalese guide by telling him as

plainly as the English language would permit that his scheme wouldn't work, and that he would consult the safety of his shiny hide by returning us at once to the hotel. With many protestations and wordy demurrers, he complied, assuring us that we had sacrificed the grandest opportunity of our lives. Perhaps we did, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that he mourned most over the loss of an extra fee.

Colombo is the great coffee mart of the island, and during our brief stay we saw perhaps not less than two thousand bullock carts arrive from the interior with loads of the berry.

The following morning, at an early hour, when the residents of Ohio were preparing to rest their weary heads upon their pillows, and court the drowsy god, we entered the train for Kandy, a distance of seventy-five miles over the mountains. The road is a marvel of civil engineering, rising in many places as much as one hundred and six feet to the mile. For a short distance before striking the mountains, the road skirts the sea-shore, where we saw multitudes of the water-buffalo, a curious animal, of a dark blue color, with long horns resting upon the shoulders and back. They are about the size of an ordinary ox, and would weigh perhaps fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred pounds.

The town of Kandy, or Candy, is located in the interior of the island, and surrounded by hills and mountains, varying in height from two hundred to two thousand feet. The town stands upon the border of an artificial lake, and at a distance of perhaps three miles is the river Mahavilly Ganga, a mountain stream, which at this point is navigable only for small boats. The population is about three thousand. Kandy is one of the places occupied by the British in 1815, when they "possessed" the entire island. The

impression made upon the visitor is one of wonderment—speculation upon what ever induced any body to build a town there. It has no trade except that which comes to it as a kind of preliminary depot for the products of the country, preparatory to the transportation to the coast. The town is situated about fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, in the midst of as fine scenery as can be found in the tropics. It has but one “natural production,” and that is Buddhist temples. No wealthy resident’s house is considered complete without one, and they are filled with the usual variety of gods—big gods and little gods, old gods and young gods, black gods and white gods, and gods of every conceivable color, size, and shape; in fact, the only variety of gods which we failed to see was a handsome god. It is strange, to us at least, why, if these unregenerate heathen must worship inanimate representations, they do not, occasionally at least, select something that is handsome. Without exception, the titular deities of the Buddhists are hideous caricatures, calculated to frighten all the faith out of the beholder.

We stopped at the Queen’s Hotel, and, after dining, procured a carriage for a drive through the town and vicinity. We went out eight or ten miles, over, around, and under the hills, and past coffee and cocoa plantations almost without number. We could not but respect the taste of Case, the Sandusky embezzler, who sought refuge for himself and companion in this earthly clysium. There certainly is not a spot upon earth combining more of the beautiful in nature than the little town of Kandy. Shut out from the bewildering hurly-burly of the busy world, surrounded by every thing that makes life a pleasure, existence is but a pleasant dream. We could not but envy the luxurious ease and comforting absence of care among the residents.

In Kandy we saw women at work cleaning the streets, in very unbecoming undress, but wearing heavy gold jewelry, bracelets encircling the arms and legs, rings covering the toes and fingers, and ornaments of the same precious metal pendent from their ears and noses. The value of the jewelry worn by each could not have been less than several hundred dollars. The feminine taste for jewelry seems to be world-wide, and nowhere is it indulged in more recklessly than by the barbarians of the tropics.

Of course, we had to visit the temples, but we confined our attention to one in particular, a heterogeneous pile which contains the very sacred tooth of the venerated Buddha. It is a large stone building, with a dome-shaped roof. In this dome is a smaller one, some six feet high and about four in diameter. This latter is of pure gold, and contains, it is said, the venerated molar of the great Buddha. We endeavored to get a look at the tooth, but could not prevail upon the attendant to exhibit it, he excusing himself by saying that the country would be deluged with rain if our profane eyes were allowed to rest upon the sacred relic. It would seem that the venerated head of the Church must have been displeased with our visit, as when we emerged from the temple the rain was pouring down in sheets of dampness. In front of the temple is the artificial lake before spoken of. It covers an area of about fifty acres, and upon a small island in the center is a prison where the ancient kings incarcerated their wives when they became obstreperous, or for any other reason they wearied of their presence. Tradition says that the lake was utilized by the kings mainly as a convenience for strangling their wives, or any other subject who incurred their royal displeasure.

During our stay in Kandy the natives indulged in a festival of some kind, the exact nature or purport of

which we were unable to learn. It possessed all the features of hideous noise that usually attend the festivals of the barbarians. The streets were filled with naked natives, hideously painted, who marched and countermarched to the discordant music of native drums and the scarcely less nerve-torturing sounds of their own voices. They were divided into several parties, led each by one who was denominated "The Tiger." When these parties encountered each other they followed the example of more civilized people, and fought like devils or volunteer firemen.

The tombs of the ancient kings are located at Kandy, this having been the capital of the kingdom. They are sepulchered beneath a stone canopy-like structure, some fifty feet high and thirty in diameter. There is nothing particularly attractive about the mausoleum, but I suppose that under the protection of that tooth of the great Buddha they rest content.

Occasionally some incident occurs in our travels that reminds us forcibly of home. At Kandy our ears were greeted with the soul-stirring music of "Yankee Doodle," rendered upon a piano, and upon a sign-board we read, "Coats' Spool Thread" and "Windsor Soap." The universal Yankee has penetrated the jungles of Ceylon and established a trade for his wares in the very shadow of the tooth of Buddha.

Elsewhere I have spoken of the hotels of Ceylon and praised their good qualities. Well, the hostelry at Point de Galle is an excellent hotel, and those at Colombo and Kandy good of their kind, but unfortunately the variety is not of the most choice. The landlords are the most unblushing scoundrels outside of Washington City. Knavery with them is reduced to a science that would put to shame a mail route expeditor. If the traveler hopes or expects to escape extortion he must prepare a written contract, as



elaborate as a warranty deed, and as binding as a cognovit note, and even then the chances are that he will be victimized. If a Christian can settle a hotel bill in Colombo or Kandy without sacrificing some of his meek and lowly spirit he has explored a depth of humility which I have never reached. I have a valuable assistant on such occasions in my versatile companion. In fact, she does most of the vigorous negotiations, and I sit back in mute admiration while she lays down the law to the heathen. The voluble determination of Mrs. C. does much to bring about an adjustment, and the landlord succumbs as gracefully as possible.

On Saturday we left Kandy by rail, and spent Sunday at the little village of Kalatura, on the sea-shore, preparatory to resuming the stage for Point de Galle. We stopped at what is known in tropical parlance as a "rest house." Fancy a small one-story building, in the midst of a dense palm grove, with a tile roof and floor, open sides, the bedsteads with "teeters," covered with netting, and you have an idea of our surroundings on that beautiful Sunday morning. Songsters of the most brilliant plumage and finest voices filled the trees; the native attendants lolled about in the complete abandon of unrestrained laziness, and again we felt that it was good to be alive. We were interested listeners to the stories told by a party of elephant hunters who had just returned from a chase in the interior, a distance of some eighty miles. They were apparently disappointed in not having secured but nine.

We saw several specimens of the Vedda tribes that inhabit the interior of the island. They are remarkable for their fine physical development, the women in this regard being scarcely inferior to the sterner sex. They are coal black, with skins as smooth and glistening as polished ebony. They are said to be peaceful, unless

aroused by oppression, when they become a terror to their enemies. While nominally under the control of the local British Government, they are practically independent, having their own tribal governments, and intent only upon securing the greatest pleasure from existence in a land • where their opportunities are unlimited.

One of the sights of Ceylon, and at the same time one of its curses, is the white ants. These tiny creatures build their nests on the surface of the earth, rising sometimes to the height of six or eight feet. There is absolutely nothing which they will not eat through except stone, metal, or glass. They are the pest of the natives, and the annoyance is one that can not readily be overcome. They penetrate everywhere, and nothing is safe from their ravages.

I have spoken elsewhere of the natural distaste of the natives for physical or mental exertion. There is an exception to this rule in the universal thirst for gold, not, however, as with us, for purposes of exchange, but for ornament. A native Cingalese will scheme, steal, and even work for gold with which to ornament the different parts of his anatomy. The metal is found here, though not in lavish abundance. Some writers claim that Ceylon was the place to which vessels were dispatched to procure gold and precious stones for the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. It may be so, but if any one were to ask me whether it is, I would be compelled to admit that I don't know. There are many precious stones, of great variety, to be found in Ceylon, but my impression is that they are largely of an inferior quality.

In going back to Galle we passed over the same road traveled in going up, and found in every mile new beauties that had been overlooked.

After mature consideration, and after seeing much of the island, its people and their manner of living, I am

constrained to say that I would not live here the balance of my days for all the wealth of India. In tropical luxuriance and the munificence of bountiful nature, Ceylon is unsurpassed. The trouble is, nature has done too much—rather overdid the thing, as it were. Notwithstanding the luxurious ease of the people, there is too much activity in the island to suit me. The mosquitoes will eat you up, the ants will build winter-quarters in your flesh and destroy your clothing, the deadly cobra will make itself entirely too numerous, the lizards will share your couch at night, and if you escape these agencies, you will be tortured by peddlers and beggars until death will be looked upon as a kind surcease from trouble. Looking through your chamber, shaking the bedclothes, etc., in the search for snakes and other disagreeable intruders is a nightly duty which must not be neglected. Such investigations, unlike the search of the women who always look for a man under the bed before retiring, is usually productive of results.

Our trip through the island has cost about one hundred dollars, and we consider the investment a judicious one. The sights, the scenery, the experiences have impressed themselves indelibly upon our minds, and in after years will provide food for the pleasantest reflections.

As to Christianity, all the real good the teachings of the missionaries do is purely commercial. In China it costs thirty thousand dollars to save one soul, a Chinese soul at that, and it may be a question whether the immortal part of a Chinaman would not be dear at a thousandth part of the money. In Ceylon, salvation is not so costly, but still I am inclined to the opinion that the investment does not pay a heavy rate of interest. The native will hasten to the missionary, and renounce Buddha if his family is sick and needs care and attention,

but as soon as they recover and require no further assistance he will return to his idols. Good is done in that the missions educate the heathen, but religion among the barbarians is wholly a matter of trade. They seem to keep a variety of religions in reserve, which they can put on and take off like garments, as the occasion may demand. An enlightened citizen of Europe or the States who will come here and live among the natives, making him or herself one of them, suffering all the inconveniences of life in the tropics, should have great confidence in a reward in the hereafter. They will never get it on earth. Take the average barbarian, like the Chinaman, and an effort to save him from the middle of the bottomless pit of perdition is flying squarely in the face of a just Providence.

So far, we have enjoyed the best of health and spirits. We find one cause of complaint, however, in the neglect of our friends at home. We are now nearly one hundred days out, and not a line or a paper have we received. We have not heard a word from America, even indirectly, as the newspapers here ignore its existence.

We sail hence to-morrow for Calcutta, from which point my next will be dated.

## XVIII.

CEYLON TO CALCUTTA—A NOVEL BUT LUXURIOUS BATH—MADRAS AND THE NATIVE HINDOOS—THE IMMORALITY OF FOREIGNERS IN THE ORIENT—ONE REASON WHY THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONS ARE NOT MORE SUCCESSFUL—THE MOUTHS OF THE GANGES—ARRIVAL AT CALCUTTA.

CALCUTTA, INDIA, *December 20, 1881.*

IN one regard the Orient does not differ from other parts of the world. I refer to the *penchant* of steamers and other popular modes of conveyance for disregarding their advertised time. For instance, we completed our preparations for sailing from Galle on the 7th, but were detained until the 9th. Point de Galle is the place where steamers from all parts of the world concentrate, and it thus becomes a distributing point for passengers. Our delay was occasioned by the non-arrival of three steamers, one from China, one from Australia, and one from England, from each of which we secured a number of passengers for Madras and Calcutta. The delay was relieved, however, of its tediousness by a pleasant acquaintance which we formed in the person of Louis T. Leonourus, an officer in the military service of the king of Siam, and an intimate friend of the Siamese potentate, having been his companion in boyhood and his "chum" at school. From Mr. L. we learned much of Siam and its people. We were led through his vivid pictures of the country and customs to regret that our programme did not include a visit to that nation. The kingdom of Siam is one not usually visited by tourists, although I am informed that it



is by no means deficient in attractions. The government and the people are kindly disposed toward foreigners, and are eager to adopt the manners, modes, and ideas of more advanced nations. The king is said to be a thorough English scholar, imbued with a progressiveness which promises much for the future of his country.

I accepted while at Galle the invitation of Mr. Leonorus to accompany him to a native bath-house, and indulge in the luxury of a purely Oriental bath. The distance was but a few steps from the walls of the city, and we found the bath house located in the midst of a coconut grove. Entering, we found several girls in waiting. Just think of that, ye modest and coy Americans! Beautiful maidens as attendants in a gentleman's bath! My first feelings were of well-defined diffidence, but finally I reached a conclusion similar to that arrived at in the presence of the disrobing Japanese woman—I could stand it if they could. Modesty is, after all, a matter largely of education, and it may not be necessary for me to say that in that regard the education of the Cingalese has been sadly neglected. The bather, however, does not appear in the bath entirely in the purity of nature. He is provided with a square piece of muslin, which is utilized in a manner best understood by the mothers of small children. Otherwise the body has no covering. Stepping from the dressing-room into the bath, you are taken in charge by a couple of young women, who, with little ceremony, apply finely scented soap to your body, followed by an application of highly perfumed cosmetics. Then their deft and shapely hands pour water over you, washing you as thoroughly as a mother would an infant. After an hour of washing, drying, and perfuming, you are returned to your dressing-room, thoroughly rejuvenated in body, though perhaps a little demoralized and bewildered in mind. I could not

help but congratulate myself that our vessel had been delayed. The luxury of a bath in Ceylon is ample recompense for any ordinary delay.

On the 9th we were summoned on board our steamer, the *Pekin*, and soon were steaming from the harbor, bidding farewell to the beautiful island, its pleasant scenes, beautiful drives, and that delicious sense of rest which is nowhere so thoroughly enjoyed as in the spicy groves of Ceylon. Barrin' the heat, the snakes, the mosquitoes, the rascally landlords, and a few minor inconveniences, life among the Cingalese would be a continuous dream of luxury.

We passed up the eastern shore of Ceylon, in sight of land, until, when we had left the north-east point of the island, the southern point of South-eastern India appeared in view, bearing a few points to the larboard.

In steaming up the coast of India to Madras and Calcutta we passed the port of Pondicherry, one of the remnants of French rule in the East. No stoppage was made, as the town is of no great commercial importance. It is situated on a flat sandy plain, near the sea, is regularly laid out, and is the center of a considerable trade with other points on the Coromandel coast, and also with the local ports of the East.

We arrived at Madras on the 12th, and anchored about two miles from the shore. Madras has absolutely no harbor whatever, and there is said to be no other place in the world where the surf beats with such violence upon the sandy beach. A few days before our arrival the granite breakwater had been swept away by a typhoon, and a ship lay on the bottom, in our vicinity, with her masts projecting above the surface—a warning to sailors of a fate that frequently befalls vessels in that vicinity. Travelers have told of the tremendous surf at Madras, but no words can

give an adequate idea of the height and vicious force of the waves which continually beat upon the shore. We were so thoroughly discouraged by the outlook that all idea of going ashore was dismissed. The prospect of furnishing a perhaps unpalatable lunch for the fishes of the Sea of Bengal was just a little too brilliant. Consequently, we amused ourselves during the stay by the scenes presented in our immediate surroundings. One of the most amusing of these was caused by the efforts of the passengers to transfer themselves from the steamer to the small boat by which they were transported to the shore. As they passed down the ladder from the vessel the boat would recede, only to come sweeping forward again, and the would-be voyager must watch his chance or his efforts will result in a salt water bath. It reminded me of the inebriated individual who sought to retire to his couch, but was bewildered by the persistency of the bed in avoiding his approach, and finally had to carefully calculate and wait until it came round, and jump for it.

Our vessel was surrounded by a myriad of native boats, who eagerly sought for passengers or freight to transfer to the shore. Each boat is rowed by ten natives, and the officers of our vessel had great difficulty in keeping them from coming on board. They swarmed over the sides like rats, and the quartermaster was kept busy driving them back. For this purpose he was armed with a vicious-looking whip, and he applied it to their most exposed parts without mercy. The sight of the officer skipping from point to point, driving the poor devils back, and their activity in climbing again to the deck as soon as his back was turned, was very amusing. They can climb like cats and swim equal to a fish. The voices of the thousands in the boats surrounding our vessel produced a veritable pandemonium, each boatman vociferating at the

top of his voice, and wildly gesticulating, but for what purpose was a mystery. The boats are about eighteen feet long, five wide, and six deep, and are constructed of bamboo withes, instead of spikes and nails, to prevent leakage, and of materials so light that no amount of water will cause them to sink. The danger of passing through the surf is solely in the boat overturning, and so expert are the natives that jeopardy from this is reduced to the lowest possible point. With the writer, however, such things are different. I am a firm believer in that first law of nature, self-preservation. So firmly is the theory implanted in my mental composition that I turn with instinctive dismay from danger of any kind. I may not be really any more afraid than other people, but the anticipation of accident is to me worse than encountering it, just as some persons in passing along an icy street suffer ten times more from the fear of falling than they would by really going down.

The city of Madras, as viewed from our anchorage, had more the appearance of an European or American city than any we have seen. It stretches for several miles along the beach, and contains numerous structures of fine appearance. Large gardens or parks appear at intervals, and provide the shade that in this tropical climate is an absolute necessity. A visit to the city would doubtless have added much to the pleasures of our tour. The territory in which Madras is situated was the first acquisition made by the British on the continent of India, being obtained by a grant in 1639. The fort then established was besieged first in 1702, and again by the French in 1744, to whom it was surrendered after a bombardment of three days. Afterward it was restored to the English, and was again besieged by the French in 1758-9. The population is estimated at four hundred thousand.

We left Madras at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the second day, and once more our steamer was headed for Calcutta, eight hundred and seventy miles distant, after taking on board a number of passengers and a large amount of indigo and cotton, the latter seemingly of poor quality. Some one brought on board a paper of December 14th, from which we learned that Postmaster-general James had resigned. This little scrap of unimportant information was welcomed with enthusiasm as being the first we had received since the 20th day of September, on which date we sailed from San Francisco. We had almost concluded that some violent agitation of mundane affairs had lopped off the other hemisphere and that America had ceased to exist as a part of this planet. This little newspaper, which wandered into our hands on board a steamer in the Sea of Bengal, gave us a welcome assurance that other Americans besides ourselves continued to live. I hope none of my readers will ever experience the extreme anxiety that results from three months of complete isolation from home, particularly at a time when they know that stirring events are in progress.

The good fortune which has ever attended us in our travels continued through the often tempestuous Sea of Bengal. The water was as smooth as a mirror, and at night the stars shone with a brilliancy unknown outside the tropics. They seem to stand out from the firmament, and glitter and twinkle through the pure atmosphere like celestial lamps. The "Southern Cross" is visible about 4 o'clock in the morning, but it would have required a much more interesting view than it provides to arouse us from our slumbers at an hour when sleep is the sweetest. The routine on shipboard became a little monotonous. We had coffee brought to our room before we rose, breakfast at 9, lunch at 1, dinner at 6, and tea at 9. On the



table we had American ham and butter. This is no exception to the rule throughout the East, as these two articles of American production are in universal demand. Who knows but in our wanderings in the Orient we have unconsciously aided in consuming the product of a ponderous Ohio porker? We have frequently found pleasure in the conceit, and fancied that the flavor of Buckeye corn could be distinguished in the meat. We do not plead guilty to the charge of homesickness, but still our thoughts will wander back over the thousands of miles and linger fondly with the friends and familiar scenes of home.

In one of my letters, perhaps that written during the voyage from Hong Kong to Singapore, I had occasion to speak of the disagreeable traits that distinguish English officials, and their universal indulgence in practices that in America would exclude them from good society. On the trip from Galle to this place our passenger list was composed largely of English *attachés* of the British Government of India. Bluster, brag, and ignorance are inseparable from these official barnacles, and they omit no opportunity to exhibit their peculiarities in these regards. It is, however, their extreme immorality and disgusting personal habits that give decent people the greatest distaste for their companionship. The licentious habits of the foreigners, particularly the English, is a burning disgrace throughout the East. So universal is this species of debauchery that the half-breed children compose a limited per cent of the population. There is no surmise, no exaggeration about this. I mean just what I say, and speak from observation. Some of the ministers of the English Church whom we met on shipboard are a disgrace to the name, and a sad reflection upon the Christian Church. This, of course, does not include all, as there are exceptions to all general rules. We had on board the vessel

from Hong Kong to Ceylon a solemn-visaged parson, who, bedecked with surplice and all the other paraphernalia of his profession, conducted religious services with much unction; yet in one hour after that "holy man of God" was beastly drunk, reeling through the cabin and disgusting every decent person on board with his maudlin conduct. In a conversation afterward I told him in plain language that we in America would not tolerate such actions. He expressed surprise, and seemed to think he had been guilty of nothing inconsistent with his position as a minister. I can not see how the missionaries can accomplish much good among the natives when such immorality as that I have spoken of is persistently flaunted before them. If the Christian religion is to progress and secure a firm footing among the people of the Orient it must present some practical, tangible good—exhibit a better rule of life and the good flowing from it. There is little to hope for so long as the teachings of the missionaries are met by practices on the part of those to whom the natives naturally look for an exemplification of its beneficence that would disgrace the harem of a Fiji Islander. Do not understand me as speaking of the missionaries. I believe that, as an almost universal rule, they are faithful and conscientious workers, who aim to teach by example as well as precept. I speak of the masses of the foreigners whom business has drawn to the Orient, and particularly of the British officials, not even excepting my own countrymen. Drunkenness and debauchery among these is the rule, and sobriety and virtue the exception among the male portion. They need missionaries more than the natives. Speaking of the ministers of the English Church, I have not seen many in the East for whose religion I would give a pinch of stale snuff. In all the English churches that we have seen in our travels, there

is much more attention paid to the mummerly of the ritual than to the practical features of religion, and other evidences given that their pretenses are more conspicuous than their practices.

I have not the least doubt that some of my good friends will take serious issue with me on the points I have named, but I beg them to remember that I am here, and daily receive ocular evidence of the truth of what I have been saying. It may be that I am too frank and outspoken regarding these evils, but I speak of them as they are. For the existence of the pernicious practices, the people are at fault, but I would be to blame if I sought to hide their offenses when seclusion would but encourage them, or to excuse their shortcomings when excuses can not legitimately be found.

On the 18th we entered the mouth of the Hoogly, about one hundred miles below Calcutta, which at its entrance is so wide that the shores can not be seen. The Hoogly is one of the numerous outlets of the great Ganges. The Ganges, at a distance of perhaps two hundred miles from the bay, divides into innumerable streams, which reach the sea by different channels. Of these the Hoogly is the most western and the largest. The principal outlet is about two hundred miles east of the Hoogly, and retains the name of the Ganges. The passage up to Calcutta by large steamers must be made upon the flood tide, which, much to my surprise, runs at the rate of about two miles an hour. In the typhoon season the river is said to be extremely dangerous. Even under ordinary circumstances the least mistake on the part of the pilot would result in the loss of a vessel. The appearance was to me not unlike the Mississippi below New Orleans. After a few miles low shores appeared on either hand. These are subject at all seasons to complete inundation,

and for this reason have never been cultivated. It would be difficult to conceive any thing more desolate than these wastes of jungle and accumulated *débris* which stretch for miles on either shore. They are strewn with the bodies of animals, and often of humans, which are left undisturbed to rot in the burning sun or be carried out to sea by the next inundation. The channel changes by the shifting alluvia almost weekly, and the pilot must know by the appearance of the water where the vessel can pass with safety. They receive a princely compensation, being paid ten thousand dollars each per year. Before reaching Calcutta, the river shrinks to the width of the Mississippi, and the barren shores give way to the most luxuriant vegetation.

The decrease in the temperature is very noticeable when compared with Ceylon. On the morning after our arrival, the mercury was down to sixty-five degrees, with a cool, bracing breeze that is very suggestive of comfort. The sun now rises several degrees to the south of us, and we begin to realize that we have left the equator, with its extreme and enervating heat, behind. Some writers speak of the extreme torridity of Calcutta, but we have experienced none of it so far. We almost fail to remember, however, that it is now midwinter. I suppose, therefore, that the heat here six months hence must be intense. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we set foot upon the soil of India in the great city of Calcutta. As I have an opportunity to mail this letter to-day, I must defer my impressions of the city, its people, and appearance until my next.

## XIX.

IN THE INDIAN METROPOLIS—THE IMPRESSION OF ENGLAND UPON ITS  
ARCHITECTURE—VISIT TO THE BOTANICAL AND ZOÖLOGICAL GAR-  
DENS—THE NATIVE CITY—PALACE OF THE KING OF OUDE—THE  
TEMPLES—CASTE—A PLEASANT EVENING.

CALCUTTA, INDIA, *December 21, 1881.*

OUR first impression of this metropolis of the East Indies was one of disappointment. From the hour when I, as a boy, conned with open-eyed wonder the florid descriptions of travels in the East Indies, I have been led to look upon Calcutta, "The City of Palaces," as the one spot where the beautiful in nature and the magnificent in art harmoniously blended. The government buildings in Calcutta are substantial, numerous, and extensive, but the style of architecture lacks that grandeur which would satisfy the eye and sustain its reputation for beauty. The dwellings of the foreign representatives have no pretentious display of either architectural taste or skill; they present a curious and somewhat incongruous combination of English solidity and Oriental ornamentation. There is that peculiarity about our British cousins which no extent of residence abroad can disturb in the slightest degree. It is best expressed by the word "solid." This is carried into every condition and amidst all surroundings. It is exhibited in the boots they wear, in the food they eat, the machinery they construct, and the houses they build. Beauty, convenience, and often utility, are sacrificed to the universal idea of solidity, as if they were engaged in a



constant contest with the elements of destruction. The result is the production of conveniences and necessities that are cumbersome, and, as we Yankees would say, "unhandy." There is a variety in the architecture of the native dwellings that certainly relieves them from any appearance of monotony. The palatial houses of the wealthy Baboos are models of light and airy but stately beauty. There is between these and the miserable huts of the lower caste of natives a hiatus that becomes noticeable at a glance. In India there does not seem to be any middle classes. All are either immensely rich or miserably poor. There has been adopted by the government and the wealthier classes a kind of stucco in the ornamentation of buildings that, however beautiful it may be when first completed, turns in time to a dingy yellow, suggestive of uncleanness.

The appearance of the city on approaching by the river is very fine, but, like many others, a closer inspection brings to light some points that mar its symmetrical beauty. I do not wish to be understood as desecring the recognized attractiveness of the East Indian metropolis when I say that it does not wholly meet the ideal which I had formed. It stretches along the river about seven miles, and has an average width of about two miles and a half. The quay is handsome and substantial in appearance, extending for perhaps three miles along the front of the city, and is provided with twenty-five or thirty landing-places, or "ghauts," as they are called here. The river is over a mile in width, and is at all times filled with shipping from every part of the world. The suburbs are disfigured by countless numbers of extensive brick-yards. In response to an expression of wonderment regarding the disposition made of such a vast quantity of material, I was told that sand for building purposes was very difficult to obtain, and that

the bricks were pulverized after being burned, to provide this very necessary commodity. Here, as elsewhere in the Orient, the European population is confined to certain parts of the city, the foreign section being on the east side of the Hoogly, and the native city on the west—the two being connected by the finest pontoon bridge in the world. In Calcutta, however, such isolation is voluntary, and not, as in Chinese and Japanese cities, the result of governmental decree.

Our first experience of sight-seeing in Calcutta was a visit to the Botanical Gardens, a pleasant drive of about six miles. It would be useless for me to attempt a description of this beautiful spot, where art has vied with nature in the production and display of floral beauties. The strangest and most attractive sight was the celebrated banyan tree, and an hour was pleasantly and profitably devoted to an examination of it. Every schoolboy has read of the peculiar tree, and wonderingly studied every detail of the engraving which embellished his geography. In this instance the reality exceeds previous impressions. This particular tree is quite large at the main stem, and although not to exceed fifty feet in height, it covers an area of fully an acre and a half, and can protect with its shade not less than two thousand people. About thirty feet from the ground it sends out long lateral branches. From these, branches extend downward and take root in the earth, growing until in this tree they form trunks fully two feet in diameter. This is continued without limit, the perpendicular branches growing smaller as they approach the circumference, until the last, just taking root in the soil, is no thicker than a pipe-stem. To a person standing beneath its shade the tree has the appearance of a grove, or a hall where the roof is supported by numerous columns.

In going to and returning from the Botanical Gardens we passed through the native part of the city, where were seen thousands of the Simon-pure Hindoos of all the different castes. All are nearly black in skin, and of a similar somberness in habits. One feeling is universal among natives of every caste. All despise the English, with a most unholy hatred. Even the educated classes, who have grown wealthy through generations of successful trade with foreigners, keep hidden away in the recesses of their hearts a spark of treachery, which a breath of hope for success would kindle into a flame of attempted revolution. This can only be accounted for by the inherent savagery of the Hindoo nature—a people with whom idolatry, superstition, and the worst varieties of fanaticism flourish with a luxuriance almost unknown elsewhere—a people who encourage, under the specious guise of an idolatrous religion, every species of outrage against nature. They complain that the English are hard masters. That may be, to a limited extent, but they are not so burdensome as would be their own unrestrained *penchant* for brutality. The people who butchered the women and little children at Cawnpore and Futteghur should be slow to criticize the necessary repressive measures of the government that brought to the country the first ray of enlightenment that ever penetrated the benighted land. English rule in India has proven to the natives and to the world an unalloyed blessing.

Our visit was made to include the Zoölogical Gardens, which are said to be the most extensive and best supplied with the wonders of the animal kingdom in the world. They cover some ten acres, and are well shaded with tropical trees and plants. As may well be supposed, the variety of beasts, birds, and reptiles is infinite. The specimens of tropical animals are much finer than those seen in the States. We gazed with positive awe upon a mag-

nificent specimen of the Bengal tiger, which seemed to be more than twice as large and ferocious as any we had before seen. The chameleon, that wonderful variety of the genus lizard, which has the faculty of changing its color quicker than a postmaster can his politics, was one among the many curious reptiles seen. This quality is simply one of its means of defense, as when in danger it makes its color correspond to the grass, or rock, or earth, as the case may be, for the purpose of escaping observation. This, at least, is the opinion of some naturalists, though others assert that the changes are independent of any definite purpose, and beyond the control of the creature. The collection of elephants would turn Barnum or Forepaugh green with envy. None of their huge dimensions are ever seen in America. Now, some persons, more venturesome, I think, than wise, would have sought these animals in their native jungles, where the tigers, elephants, lions, and similar creatures render the experiences of visitors devoid of monotony. With me it was different. I was fully satisfied to study them where they were under the restraint of man. As a matter of fact, there is nothing which, according to my ideas, lends more enchantment to a bloodthirsty tiger or other similar beast than the iron bars which securely restrain his predisposition to mischief. It certainly is much more pleasant to visit the Zoological Gardens of Calcutta and study the animals collectively, beneath the umbrageous trees, than to seek them in detail, where they are found all too soon for the comfort or safety of the venturesome interloper.

The means of conveyance in Calcutta are not as rapid or comfortable as in some cities we have been. Our carriage was drawn by a couple of measly little ponies, which more than once I was tempted to place in my pocket and walk off with. I would readily exchange them for the

tireless coolies who, but a few weeks since, rattled us through the streets of Yeddo and Yokohama.

We had a fine view of the palace of the king of Oude—from the outside, no one being permitted to enter except on one specified day in each year. This sprig of Indian royalty was deposed by the British after the suppression of the mutiny of 1857, and, retaining his high-sounding titles and retainers to the number of about one thousand, is compelled to live at Calcutta under the surveillance of the British. He has an elegant palace, located on the banks of the Hoogly, where he imitates, so far as his great wealth and pension of one hundred thousand dollars per year will permit, the magnificence of Oriental royalty. His residence, with the grounds surrounding, is a miniature kingdom, and here the deposed potentate plays king, surrounded by all the luxurious magnificence which money will procure. We would have liked much to inspect his palace, but of course were unable to do so. When next I make the circumnavigatory tour I want to be an ex-President or something else that will give me prestige among the people of the East, and serve as an open sesame to the many places of interest that are sedulously sealed against the uninfluential private citizen.

The citadel of Calcutta, or, as it is better known, Fort William, is perhaps the largest and most complete fortification in the world, requiring no less than ten thousand men to fully garrison it. In company with a gentleman whose acquaintance we formed on shipboard, we visited the fortress, and spent a pleasant hour examining its many points of attraction.

In India, as elsewhere in the East, gods are the principal product. It has been estimated that in India there are no less than three hundred and forty million, or nearly two gods to every man, woman, and child in the country.



Just in what manner this conclusion was reached I am unable to say. It is not likely that any one, even blessed with a phenomenal fondness for statistics, ever counted them. All that I know is that they are very abundant, and will compare favorably in hideousness with those of China and Japan. The temples of Calcutta are divided between the Buddhists and Brahmins, with a predominance of the latter. From one of these, Khali Ghaut, by some process of etymological jugglery, the city derives its name. The temple is located in the midst of an inferior suburb, and is attractive mainly by contrast with its surroundings. There are really three structures, disconnected, and with floors about eight feet above the level of the street. The principal edifice is a square building, surmounted by a dome, which extends beyond the walls and is supported by outside columns. It has no windows, and the light is admitted through small doors on three sides. Of the other two buildings, one is circular and the other oblong. The circular edifice is the hall of sacrifice, from which all but Brahmin priests are rigidly excluded. The square building contains the shrine of the goddess Kali, and no profane feet are permitted to cross the threshold. The oblong building is devoted to the use of the worshippers, from which they pay their devotions to the divinity on the right hand, and witness the sacrifices on the left. Formerly, it is said, the sacrifices were human, but now they are confined to bullocks and goats. Kali is the Brahmin goddess of evil, from which is supposed to emanate all the trials, tribulations, and sufferings of the people. By those who have enjoyed the privilege of looking upon the figure it is described as being a combination of every thing that is hideous and *outré*. It is of human proportions but scarcely of human shape. It is black, and has three immense, glaring red eyes, a broad golden

or brass tongue, tipped with black, which projects from a distended mouth down to the waist, and is dripping with blood. The arms are greatly exaggerated. The left hand holds the representation of a giant's head, while in the right is grasped the sword, covered with blood, with which the head is supposed to have been severed.

In Calcutta there is a diversity of religion found, perhaps, nowhere on earth to an equal extent. While the Brahmin idolatry predominates, every theory of belief known to the civilized and uncivilized world exists. The followers of Buddha, Mahomet, Brahma, and Christ vie with each other in their devotions, and mingle daily and hourly in pleasant business communications, while the innumerable devotees of minor isms follow undisturbed the bent of their inclinations.

There is not that peace and quietude to be found in Calcutta at night that is usually considered conducive to refreshing slumber. About midnight, after we had fallen into a profound sleep, we were suddenly aroused by a continued succession of the most startling sounds which ear ever experienced. Cries almost human, mingled with short yelps and prolonged howls, and for a moment caused our hearts to throb violently with the apprehension that, perhaps, the wild animals of the Indian jungles had united in a raid upon humanity, and were determined to drive us from the country. Inquiry reassured us, however, and we found that the noises proceeded from the troops of jackals that roam undisturbed through the streets of the city at night, and make themselves useful by acting as scavengers. They are never molested, and in return never disturb the people or live domestic animals. At daylight they are succeeded in their duties as scavengers by crows, kites, and adjutants. The crows and the kites are exceedingly noisy, and most inveterate thieves as well. They are not content

with such offal as they may find in the streets, but will penetrate the houses, and carry off any thing of an edible character that they can reach. The adjutant is a species of stork, very dignified, standing for hours upon one foot, as silent and motionless as a statue. They are nearly as tall as a man, and are a feature of Calcutta that the traveler can not overlook, even if he desires to. They are to be met with every few steps in the suburbs, and are amusing in their solemn dignity.

Bordering on the river below the Government House is the fashionable drive of Calcutta, and the scene there presented in the cool of the evening, is probably not equaled elsewhere on earth for novelty. The crowd which throngs the drive is thoroughly cosmopolitan, as are also the vehicles. Alongside the gay European turnout, with its liveried coachman and outriders, moves the unpretending gharry or the native bullock cart. The scene is one of kaleidoscopic variety, such as can be seen, perhaps, only in India.

The eastern part of the city is known as Chowringee, where are the residences of the European merchants and those connected with the civil or military service. The dwellings, while extensive and substantial, do not reach my conception of palaces, and I can not but think the term, when applied to the dwellings of the wealthy residents of Calcutta, is a ridiculous misnomer. The grounds are elegant, and kind nature is greatly assisted by careful and artistic cultivation. The dwellings are isolated, and their extensive and tasteful surroundings present features of rare attractiveness.

The water supply of the city is drawn from immense tanks, some two hundred feet square, and sunk to a level with the ground. They are also used by the natives to wash their clothes in and as gigantic bath tubs. It may

be that I am over-sensitive about such things, but after witnessing these operations I acquired a prejudice against the water in Calcutta.

The manner of sprinkling the streets is one that might be called primitively Oriental. The waterman, instead of providing himself with a sprinkling cart, carries on his shoulder a goat skin filled with water, and distributes the aqueous fluid much as did an old-time farmer the grain in sowing.

A strange fact I noticed among the European residents of India. Although the English possession of the country dates back about two hundred years, the visitor finds very few Europeans who were born in India, and a European child whose parents were natives of India is a rarity. The reason of this is that but few European residents come to this country with the intention of remaining permanently, and, although their sojourn may be extended into many years, they usually return to spend their latter days in Europe. All, or nearly all, the children of Europeans are sent home to be educated, and many of them never see India again.

The devices for escaping the effects of the extreme heat are multifarious. In the hot season all the business is crowded into the early hours of the morning, and during the heat of the day but little activity is seen. An effective device is the *punka*, to which Americans are not entire strangers. It is simply a large fan, or, if the room to be cooled is large enough, a series of fans, each suspended from the ceiling, and all connected by a cord, and swung back and forth by a coolie stationed in the anteroom. The same means are adopted to agitate the stagnant atmosphere in the churches and public halls, and during the extremely hot weather they are used in the chambers. It may be that America borrowed the idea of India, but I have

frequently seen this scheme for securing cool air in operation at home. There they are used largely to economize labor, by increasing the size of the indispensable fan and placing its operation in the hands of one person. Here, however, the punkas are an absolute necessity, as in some parts of India the temperature in the shade rises to one hundred and thirty degrees during the day, and does not fall below one hundred degrees at night. To one not acquainted with the geographical position of India, it may be surprising to learn that the heat increases as the traveler progresses northward. The reason for this is found in the fact that a large part of the country is a comparatively narrow peninsula, and other portions are contiguous to the sea. These sections receive the benefit of the breezes that blow from the Bay of Bengal, or the Arabian Sea. In Northern India, however, there are no sea breezes, and the blistering heat of the sun is felt in all its intensity.

Among the natives of India there are positively no social relations, nor can there be so long as the weaker sex is looked upon and treated as inferior beings, creatures created to minister to the physical wants of man. Another influence that has a tendency to destroy all social feelings is *caste*. This word is often used in America to distinguish the petty and largely imaginary differences that separate the different grades of society, but the American who has never visited India or otherwise studied the peculiarities of the Hindoos, can have no idea of its full force and extent. In America it is but an ill defined idea, a silly conceit, but here it is an immutable law. According to the *Laws of Menu*, a work supposed to have been compiled a thousand years before the Christian era, Hindoo society is divided into four principal classes: 1. The *Brahmins*, who are said to have emanated from the



head or mouth of Brahma, the Creator. They are the chief of all human beings, the leaders and instructors of men. A Brahmin must be treated with the most profound respect, even by kings; his life and person are protected by the severest laws in the world, and by promises of endless punishment in the life to come. 2. The second class, the *Kshatriyas*, who sprang from the shoulders and arms of Brahma, are the military class. 3. The third class, the *Vaishyas*, sprang from the thighs or loins of Brahma, and are the mercantile class, or the men of business. 4. The fourth class, the *Sudras*, sprang from the feet of Brahma. They are the servile class, and act as servants for the other classes. They do not aspire to any dignities or privileges; they can not acquire property nor knowledge by reading. These are the laws of caste as originally laid down in the decrees of Brahminism, but the lower three classes have been subdivided until I much doubt whether the lines of demarkation are in all cases clearly drawn. The punishment for transgressing the laws of caste are very severe. Any person eating or drinking with persons of a lower caste becomes an outcast, and it is only after suffering the severest penances that he is restored. All Europeans are looked upon as inferior to the lowest caste of Hindoos, and although a resident European or a traveler may be invited to the residence of a wealthy native and be sumptuously entertained, the host will neither eat nor drink in his presence. A Brahmin will not eat meat, and should he be guilty of even tasting it, he loses his caste and suffers eternal punishment in the next world. It sometimes occurs that a high caste Brahmin is employed in a subordinate capacity by one of the mercantile class. In such cases the low caste master must pay marked respect to the high caste servant, and dare not pass him without performing the most servile obeisance.

Each caste is represented by a distinguishing mark on the forehead, which is renewed every morning. All this is ridiculously absurd to a foreigner, but it is a serious matter with the natives. This question of caste is the most serious obstruction which the missionaries encounter in India. The natives will willingly sacrifice their lives to maintain their caste, and as Christianity involves the casting aside of all such absurdities, it is not strange that the Hindoos have an aversion for it. Notwithstanding the persistent efforts of the Christian world, the progress of Christianity in India is discouragingly slow.

The pleasantest incident of our travels, so far, occurred in Calcutta. During the last day on shipboard I was approached by a gentleman who introduced himself as Mr. McIntyre, and asked me if I was not an American. In reply to my affirmative answer he explained that he was connected with an American house in Calcutta—C. C. Bancroft & Co.—and that one of the firm, Mr. Cobb, had married an American lady of my name, a Miss Converse, of Boston. Had I been suddenly transported through the intervening twelve thousand miles and dropped in the midst of friends in America, my surprised delight could scarcely have been greater. In the father of Mrs. Cobb I recognized one of my warmest personal friends, now residing in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Cobb came down to the vessel and formed our acquaintance, and in the evening the lady sent her private carriage, with liveried servants and all the paraphernalia of wealth and social position, to our hotel, with a pressing invitation to dine with her. We gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity so kindly extended, and a more pleasant evening we never enjoyed. Despite the Oriental surroundings, we imagined ourselves back again in our own country. We talked long, earnestly, and unrestrainedly of home, and many were the compari-

sons drawn between other nations and America, always resulting favorably to the latter. It seemed like a renewal of life to commune again with congenial spirits, and to hear God thanked for his blessings, where the thankfulness came from the heart. Mrs. Cobb is one of those frank, genial, open-hearted ladies whom it is always a pleasure to meet, and whose pleasant characteristics stamp her at once as an American. We finally bade our friends good-night, and parted from them with much regret, leaving behind our blessing upon the happy family. Mr. McIntyre is one of the household, and, in accordance with his invitation, we were ready at six o'clock the following morning for a drive through the city. The excursion was rendered doubly pleasant by our companion's thorough knowledge of the points most worthy of observation. We passed through Fort William, and, inspected many of the most attractive features of the city. To Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Cobb and wife are we indebted for much of the pleasure derived from our brief sojourn in the metropolis of India.

The weather at Calcutta, although in the midst of Winter, reminded us of July at home. The mornings are cool and pleasant, and a Summer overcoat is not oppressive. This evening, December 21st, we leave for the holy city of Benares; thence to Cawnpore, Lucknow, and other places, arriving at Bombay about the 19th of January, from which point we sail in the steamer *Rome* for the Red Sea, Suez, and Egypt. We expect to reach Egypt about the 1st of February, and we are now told that we can not land on account of the cholera. We are, however, so anxious to make the "Nile trip" that our present intention is to enter quarantine, and take the chances.

## XX.

CALCUTTA TO BENARES—THE “HOLY CITY” OF THE BRAHMINS—ITS GORGEOUS TEMPLES AND DIRTY DEVOTEES—THE BEASTLY HABITS OF THE NATIVE FANATICS—THE BRAHMIN’S CHANCE FOR THE FUTURE PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

BENARES, INDIA, *December 22, 1881.*

WE left Calcutta last evening, going to the great East India station at six o’clock. There is an amount of formality and “red tape” about securing passage on an East Indian train that is excessively annoying to persons who have been used to traveling without restraint or the observance of superfluous forms. The bills I gave in payment for tickets I was required to indorse like a bank check, although it was not four hours since I drew them from the bank. This is probably to avoid counterfeits, but if they are indorsed by every one through whose hands they pass they would soon resemble more a hotel register than a bank note. Perhaps, however, my indorsement will be held sufficient, and those bills, with my signature written across the back, will pass unquestioned as long as they last. Well, if it will do them any good, they are welcome to it, but really I did not know my credit was so good. Our baggage I got a receipt for instead of a check. It is more than strange that the English, with all their boasted enterprise and progressiveness, have never yet adopted the check system for baggage. Perhaps, however, the reason is found in their detestation of “Yankee inventions.” The coach we occupied accommodated only four

persons. Each one had a berth, but were compelled to provide their own bedding. What a wretched travesty upon a sleeping-car. I could not but contrast the accommodations with the luxurious elegance of the Pullman and Wagner coaches, that are looked upon as a necessity of travel in America.

The distance from Calcutta to Benares is about four hundred miles. But little opportunity was afforded for viewing the country before the next morning. The land is very flat, and produces rice, mustard, sugar, millet, castor beans, and extensively the mango. It is now the dry season, and as no rain has fallen for four months, the land is parched and baked until it presents an appearance of wearying desolation, and every thing raised at this time is the result of irrigation. The population in that part of the route which we were permitted by daylight to view is numerous. They live in the most miserable mud huts which the imagination can possibly picture. Cattle, goats, and human beings live together, forming an inelegant illustration of the "happy family." My sympathies are largely with the cattle and goats. Any beasts that are compelled to affiliate with the native low caste Hindoos are fit objects for commiseration. The women gather the excrement of the animals, which, after being formed by the hands into cakes, is plastered upon the sides of the dwellings to dry. It is then used as fuel. Now, fancy, if you please, the same hands kneading the dough to make bread for your dinner. I do not know whether their hands are washed, but a suspicion lingers in my mind that they are not. Hunger, however, is not controlled by fastidiousness, and we did eat bread, and good bread, too, made by these Hindoos.

As we approached the Ganges, the scene suddenly changed, like the shifting colors of a kaleidoscope. The incomplete vegetation gave place to a luxuriance which



would almost have shamed the tropical landscape of Ceylon. We passed many opium fields, and learned much of the manner of cultivating the poppy and securing the opium of commerce. The process is exceedingly simple. An attendant passes through the fields in the morning when the dew is still on the plants, and strikes each with a kind of many-bladed knife. A milky juice exudes, which dries in the sun and turns black. This is gathered in the evening by being scraped off, and we have opium in its purity, ready for the market as soon as it is reduced to the proper consistency. This is secured by dividing it into small portions, each of which is wrapped carefully in a mango leaf. It is then rolled in the hand until the leaf becomes a part of the mass. Then it is in the shape of a hard, dry ball.

We also saw numerous indigo fields, and learned something of the process by which this azure-tinted necessity is prepared for use. The plant grows to the height of about two feet, and the bluing matter is obtained by the fermentation of the juices expressed. The coloring matter dissolves in the water, forming a yellow solution, which is drawn off. This solution, by continued exposure to the air and frequent agitation, gradually deposits indigo as a blue precipitate, which is dried and becomes the indigo as it is known to commerce.

Benares, the city from which I now write, is the "*sanctum sanctorum*" of the Brahmins—the "Holy of Holies." We are staying at Clark's Hotel, a neat and well provided hostelry, where we find many of the comforts of more civilized countries.

Benares is indeed a wonderful place, and the eye starts with surprise and delight as the gilded domes of mosques and marble walls of temples burst first upon the view. The city presents a frontage on the river of about four

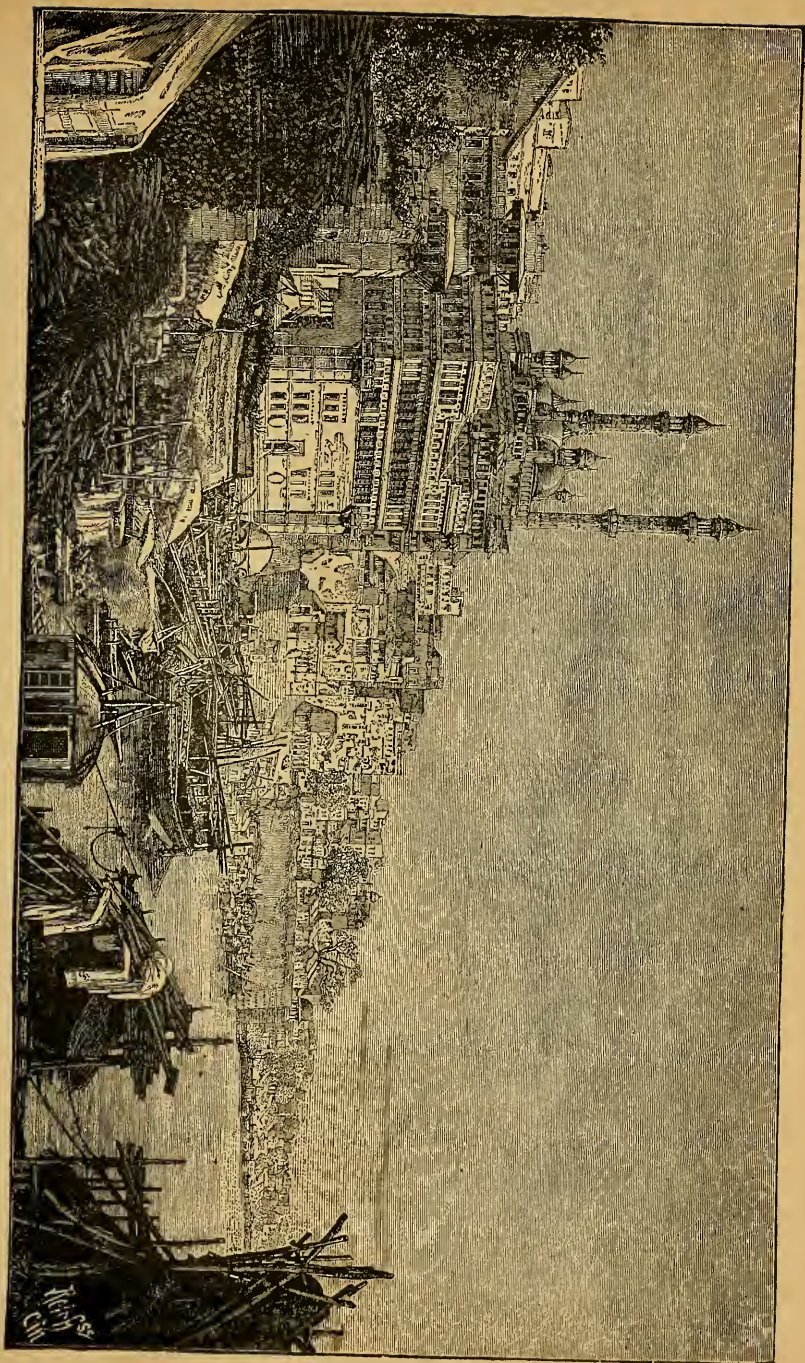
miles, and as many of the finest edifices are on its banks, from which steps of shining white marble lead down to the water, the picture is one of entrancing beauty, which no pen can fitly describe.

The morning after our arrival, being called early, we procured a carriage, with a Mohammedan guide, and set out to view the wonders of this wonderful city. The place is one very difficult to describe, for the reason that every step divulges fresh and unthought-of novelties, and no two of them are alike.

Although the Brahmin religion predominates at Benares, as elsewhere in India, this city, or rather its suburb of Sarnath, is credited by tradition with being the birth-place and scene of the early work of Buddha. Here, some twenty-four hundred years ago, after having become, as is claimed by his followers, the incarnation of God, he began his teachings and builded the foundation of a religion which to-day has more followers than any other. Buddhism has met with an experience not unlike that of Christianity. Here where the belief first assumed shape and where its founder was born and reared, the religion has but a weak hold, while in Japan, Ceylon, and China it is the unswerving faith of millions, just as the darkness of unbelief has settled as a pall over the land where our Savior gave birth to that divine faith that has spread throughout the earth and blessed the children of men.

The site of the city of Sarnath lies to the north of Benares several miles, and is to-day a vast ruin. Of the origin of the city and its destruction positively nothing is known, and nothing more substantial than tradition gives it as the birthplace of the great Buddha. The site is a vast plain, dotted over with mounds of brick and rubbish, some of them more than a hundred feet high. In some places walls remain, and are deep cut in unknown hiero-

EMPEHOR ARUNGZEBERS MOSQUE, BENARES.







glyphics. The desolation reminds me much of Layard's description of Nineveh. When and by whom was this vast city peopled? Whose were the millions of busy feet that once thronged its streets, and why was it deserted and given over to the howling jackals? These were the queries that thronged my mind as we turned our backs upon the city of the dead and forgotten past to wander amid the temples, mosques, and palaces of the busy present.

There are in Benares no less than two thousand four hundred temples. Now, my skeptical reader, I did not count them, but I suppose some statistical fiend did, and I am content to take his word for it. It is a city of temples—and a city of ruins, unlike any we have seen in our travels. The temples are built of stone and marble, and many of the houses of mud, not adobe, as in Mexico, but really mud, which is first formed into walls while plastic, and then allowed to dry. The streets are narrow, and in some places we had to leave our carriage and go on foot through narrow lanes to reach the temples which we desired to visit. One redeeming feature is the hundreds of acres in parks, which grow the mango and tamarind, providing a grateful shade and a welcome variation to the tourist. In Benares many sights remind the visitor of the Biblical stories of Abraham. At the wells gather the native women, and carry away the water in jars balanced on the head.

Many of the Brahmin temples are devoted to the worship of animals, as are the Buddhist shrines in Japan. Among those we visited was the "monkey temple." We had procured a lot of coppers to give the priests and to buy food for the monkeys. The former accepted the donations without a grimace of gratitude, and the latter capered nimbly up and fearlessly ate from our hands. The aroma was not as delicate or as pleasing to the olfac-



tories as the perfume of new-mown hay. On the contrary, the smell was bewildering, overpowering and crushing, causing an involuntary closing of the nostrils and a hurried though dignified movement toward the open air. The stench does not arise wholly from the animals, but is due largely to the filthiness of the people who worship there. Barren women visit this temple and offer a sacrifice of a he-goat that the gods may look kindly upon them and cause them to become mothers. The blood of the animals offered at these sacrifices is allowed to remain where it is spilled, and as it decomposes adds its mite to the all-pervading stench.

Next, we paid our respects to the "Temple of the Bulls," where these animals roam around at will, and also go out in the market and eat what they wish. The animals are sacred, and not only are not disturbed, but are welcomed to their food with all the devoutness for which the idolaters are distinguished. I patted some of them gently with my hand. To have struck one would have so enraged the people that my death alone would have appeased them. The liquid excrement is preserved and drank by the devotees. This is not, as many of my readers would perhaps be glad to believe, an exaggeration, but an absolute, undeniable fact. The more I think of these people the more fully am I convinced that it is useless to attempt to teach them that which they do not want to believe. The Almighty doubtless created such creatures for some divine purpose, but what that purpose is is beyond the grasp of human ken.

We met in the streets great caravans of elephants, camels, donkeys, and bullocks, together with vast crowds of native pilgrims, many of whom had come a distance of five hundred miles. These deluded creatures prostrate themselves every few steps during the whole distance to

the Holy City. The faithful on the way are compelled to feed them. The prime object of a Brahmin's life is to die at Benares. They are taught to believe that their souls at once enter the most ecstatic bliss of heaven when they leave the body at this place. My own opinion, based upon observation, is that not one-tenth enough of them die here or elsewhere. The Ganges, the "holy river" of Brahminism, receives the bodies of all those who can not afford to be burned.

We varied what gave promise of monotony by visiting a "cloth-of-gold" manufactory. The gold is beaten upon an anvil until a thread of pure metal of almost inconceivable fineness is produced. It is then woven, the warp being of the finest silk and the woof of this gold thread. The splendor and richness of the production can scarcely be imagined. The price, of course, is only within the reach of a king. One piece which we examined was quoted at four hundred and ninety dollars per yard. All the work is done by hand. Upon due consideration, we have decided not to include a few yards of it in our mementos of travel in India. It is sold largely to the wealthy Baboos, who use it to decorate their elephants.

We passed through the "Old King's Palace," and found much to admire and a little to envy in its luxurious fittings. These Oriental kings are fond of the good things of life, but they have to die like common people, which must be a source of infinite regret to them. The occupant of this palace dropped off about a year ago. We were courteously treated by the attendants, and given the privilege of a thorough inspection of the premises.

Visiting Benares without seeing the car of Juggernaut would be like a play with the leading character omitted. Where is the man or woman, who, when children, did not have his or her soul horrified by the picture of an im-

mense temple on wheels, drawn by a multitude, and crushing beneath its ponderous weight scores of hapless idolaters? This barbarous custom has been prohibited by the English Government, and the devotees content themselves by prostrating their bodies before the car as it is drawn through the streets, carefully getting out of the way before the wheels reach them. The Juggernaut is a ponderous concern, about twenty-five feet high, with heavy, cumbrous wheels. The number of festivals celebrated annually in honor of Juggernaut are twelve. He has many temples in various parts of the country, the one at Puri, on the western coast of the Bay of Bengal, being the largest and esteemed the most holy. A writer describes the principal edifice as rising to a height of one hundred and eighty-four feet. The food is placed at stated intervals before the idols. The people throughout India and other idolatrous countries are taught that the appetite of these gods is satisfied by smelling and seeing the food at a distance. This is a remarkably convenient arrangement, as the priests always appropriate the food after the contributors have gone away. The car festival celebrated at Puri is attended by vast multitudes of the faithful, and the exercises are of a disgustingly obscene character, the address delivered by a priest from the car as it is drawn through the street being replete with expressions that would shame the cheek of a pariah.

The great "Gold Temple" is included in the wonders which we have surveyed at Benares. The contrast between the glittering spires, covered with pure gold, and the inside, which "smells to heaven" with a combination of all the horrible filth and stinks imaginable, is very great. The principal object of worshipers is a stone bull, which is at least an improvement over the live animals that are sacredly preserved in others. It says a great deal

for the devotion of the Hindoos to their religion, that in this temple there is a reservoir about three feet square and a foot and a half in depth, placed there to receive the offerings of devotees, and that it has been known to be filled by one distinguished visitor with gold, often with rupees, and almost daily with coppers.

We are surfeited with temples, but could not resist the temptation to visit the "Burning Temple," where the bodies of the devout are cremated every morning. It is located on the banks of the Ganges, and there are brought some fifty or more bodies a day. As we approached the spot our ears were greeted with the most unearthly, nerve-rasping sound which we ever heard dignified with the name of music. The corpses are brought to the scene wrapped in sheets and laid on the ground. Wood is then piled on, and the nearest relative applies the torch, and, after walking two or three times around the pile, stalks calmly and unconcernedly away. After the burning is complete the ashes are thrown into the Ganges, and the spirit of the cremated, according to the theory of the believers, enters at once into the glories of Paradise. The process of cremation is partial or complete, according to the ability of the deceased to pay. Complete incineration costs five dollars, and in cases where this amount of money is not paid, the body, partially consumed, is thrown into the Ganges. At the same place where these partially consumed, festering remains were being cast into the stream, we saw thousands of pilgrims bathing and drinking of the water. Women were also carrying it away in jars, to be transported hundreds of miles into the country. The guide informed us that a peculiarity of the water of the Ganges is that it remains pure, while other water becomes stagnant and stale.

Although the resident population of the city is less

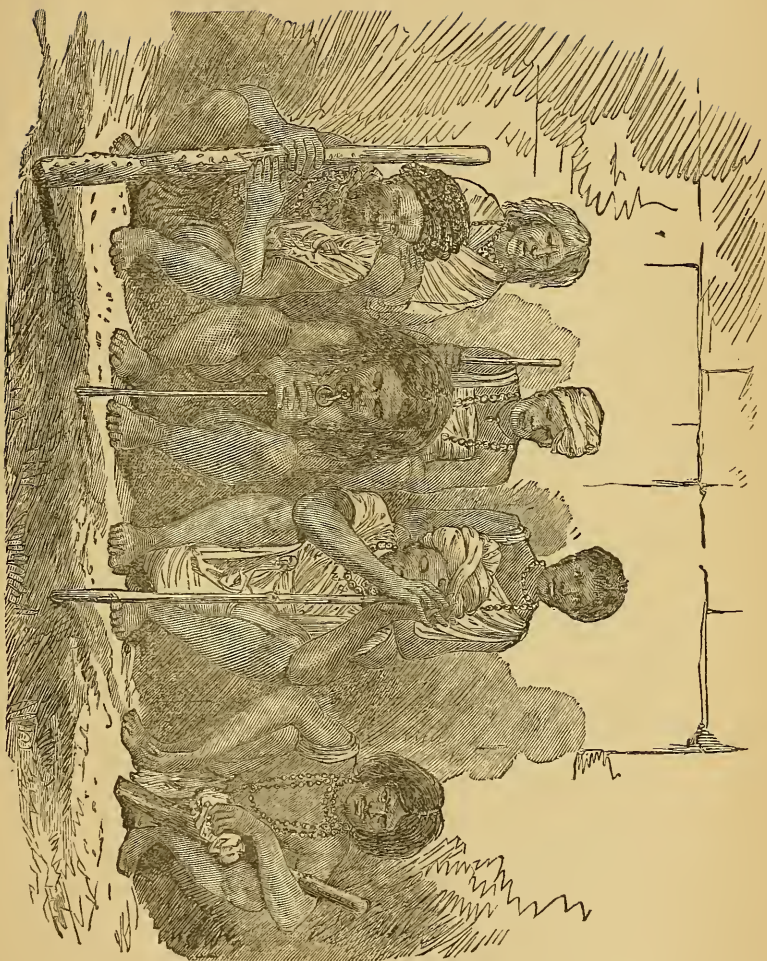
than two hundred thousand, it is estimated that at the present time the number of pilgrims here is not less than a million and a half. It is impossible for any person who has not viewed the sights we have looked upon to conceive even a tithe of the misery, filth, and degradation among them. Filthiness seems to be a part of the Brahmin religion, as much as cleanliness is a portion of the Mohammedan faith. If such is the case, they are at least entitled to the credit of being consistent with their teachings. A more disgusting mass of dirt and rags never presented itself to my eye than can to-day be seen crowding the streets of this holy city of Benares, always excepting China. But the traveler in India comes here to see the sights, and he is supposed to enjoy all of them.

We procured a boat and went up and down the river for a distance of a mile or more. Thus we secured much the best view of the more attractive features of the city, as most of the temples are located on the banks of the stream, with stone or marble steps, frequently as many as a hundred in number, leading to the water. Up and down these, ebbs and flows a mass of ragged and begrimed fanatics, each eager to bathe in the holy water of the Ganges. If the process was one-half as effective in cleansing their physical systems as they claim it is in purifying their immortal souls the practice would be more commendable.

The Brahmins, I am informed, are believers in the transmigration of souls, and the monkeys, bulls, and other animals which they worship are revered as the re-embodied souls of their ancestors. To us such a theory is the very climax of absurdity, but, in considering the fanaticism of these heathen, it must be remembered that the tenets of their peculiar religion have been instilled into the race during nearly three thousand years;



HINDOO FAKIRS.





that the doctrine has become a part of their moral, mental, and physical being; that intelligent investigation is with them impossible; that not even a faint glimmer of the enlightenment that guides the thoughts and beliefs of the educated people of the world has ever dawned upon them. They are but the children of nature, debased by a system of religion which has nothing elevating or ennobling in it. When these things are remembered, we should cease to feel surprise at the slow progress of Christianity in India. Education may exist without Christianity, as with that class of people who look with distrust upon a religion whose teachings and traditions can not be made to conform to the recognized laws of human reason and scientific research; but Christianity can never progress without education. If the idolaters of India and China are to be converted to Christianity, they must first be rescued from the intellectual darkness that rests upon them as a seemingly impenetrable pall. This idea is in conformity with the experience of missionaries here in India. The child that is taken when young and educated in the mission schools, where the advanced theories of temporal and of spiritual life go hand in hand, becomes a good and consistent Christian, while conversions among adults are extremely rare, and never reliable. The idea that the Almighty will condemn to eternal punishment these people, whose ideas of religion are the result of more than a score of centuries of teaching; who conform strictly and doubtless conscientiously to the theories that have prevailed among their ancestors for these thousands of years, is revolting to me, however earnestly the advocates of such a doctrine may defend it. I have no theory to advance concerning what disposition will be made of them, but the idea that a just God will visit eternal punishment upon a people who sinned in igno-

rance, is one that my conception of the Almighty will not sustain.

Near to the "Gold Temple" I have spoken of is the celebrated "Well of Knowledge," supposed to be the residence of the god Siva. Although he is said to possess, or to have possessed, other human senses, that of smell must be foreign to him, for any thing more fearful than the stench that arises from this sacred well can not be imagined. Daily offerings of Ganges water and flowers from hundreds of Hindoos have accumulated in this sink, and the effects of the decomposition is more easily imagined than described. And yet thousands of natives will deny themselves many things necessary to their comfort to enable them to visit the holy place, and wash with the water from the well, and even drink it.

At Benares—which is to the Brahmins a place as holy as the Mecca of Mahommedanism, and at all seasons is thronged by pilgrims, whose numbers largely increase on the occasion of certain *fête* days—the traveler can study more thoroughly than elsewhere the peculiarities, not only of the Hindoo character, but their personal habits and costumes. The prevailing style of dress among the lower castes is, with the men, two pieces of wide cotton cloth, one end of which is wrapped about the waist and allowed to fall as low as the knees. The other end is thrown loosely over the shoulder. The head is usually covered by a turban, or a cloth of some bright color, wrapped about the head to resemble one. While this is the prevailing style of dress, loose trowsers are frequently seen, though never extending below the calf of the leg. The dress of the women is much more elaborate, though at the same time of the utmost simplicity. They have a single piece of cloth, of considerable width and indefinite length, sometimes plain, but frequently of bright colors. One end of

this is wrapped around the waist and allowed to fall to the feet. The other end passes around the upper part of the body and over the head, falling to the rear something after the manner of a Spanish mantilla. This style of dress is one not likely to be adopted by the society ladies of America, but its hygienic properties should commend it. The women of India are free from the pulmonary and hepatic complaints that make life a burden and death a relief to their suffering sisters of more civilized lands. Those terrible diseases peculiar to the sex, which are the rule rather than the exception in Europe and America, are almost wholly unknown in India. There is not a corset factory in the country, and heavy skirts, bearing indefinite pounds upon the waists and hips, and causing untold misery and frequently complete destruction of all that makes life a pleasure, are curses of civilization that have not yet been introduced among the native Hindoos. These poor benighted creatures, who in their blind fanaticism fall down to worship before false gods, may, in the course of divine events, suffer untold and unending punishment. This we are taught by the ultra-orthodox faith to believe. But perhaps even then they may find comfort in the reflection that during life they were preserved from the many evils that follow closest upon the footsteps of civilization.

The brief description which I have given of the Hindoo dress refers to the lower and middle classes only. The wealthier classes indulge in elaborate costumes of the finest muslins, silks, and richest brocades, trimmed in gold or silver lace, and often sparkling with the brilliancy of precious stones. The desire for jewelry is universal, and is not confined to any class or caste. With the wealthy, this fondness for display finds expression in costly gems and gold lace, while the common people adorn their



ears and noses with rings, and their arms and ankles with bracelets, almost without number, but of comparatively little value.

During our stay in the Holy City, I conceived the idea of paying my respects to the rajah, and with that object in view addressed "His Serene Highness" a note requesting the privilege of an interview, representing myself as an unassuming representative of the great Yankee nation, but possessed of all the curiosity concerning other people that distinguish my countrymen. Unfortunately, the rajah was not at home, as his secretary announced in a reply to my communication, written in as elegant English as one might expect from a cultured American. I was requested to call at any time after the royal gentleman's return, and given the assurance that I would be cordially welcomed. I was sorry for the rajah, and sincerely trust he appreciated the honor which I was willing to confer on him. It is perhaps not often that Americans are so condescending, and my departure from the usual course needs to be commended.

I am fully and painfully aware that in this hurried sketch of our brief stay in Benares I have not even approximated justice to the numberless attractions of the city. Justice could not be done in less than an almost limitless series of letters. The traveler could remain in the city for two years, and every day and every hour find something new and startling, either in the history, the surroundings, or the current events. During our sojourn we have busied ourselves in examining the most salient points of attraction, not one-tenth of which I have had time or space to describe, and we feel, as we are preparing to continue our journey, that much that is interesting has been unavoidably neglected.

## XXI.

LUCKNOW, THE REAL "CITY OF PALACES"—ITS CONNECTION WITH THE INDIAN MUTINY—VISIT TO THE AMERICAN MISSION.

LUCKNOW, *December 24, 1881.*

THIS city, credited with a population of between two and three hundred thousand, is the former capital of the kingdom of Oude, whose ruler, as I have said, is a nominal prisoner of state at Calcutta. It is one hundred and fifty miles north-west of Benares, from which place it is reached by railroad. The first view of the city presents a confusion of towers, domes, minarets, and umbrageous foliage which attracts the eye and gives promise of scenes of wonderful beauty. Usually the first appearance of an Oriental city is deceptive, and a closer inspection develops much of wretched misery. Lucknow, while not wholly an exception to this rule, comes nearer escaping the usual criticism than any place we have seen. The city is about twenty-five miles in circumference, and seems more to the visitor like a succession of villages than a continuous town. This is caused by the numerous and extensive parks. This place is as strongly Mohammedan as Benares is Brahmin. In point of bigotry and fanaticism there is not much difference between the two, but it is a relief to escape from the dingy, filthy temples and idolatry of the former city to the nearer approach to decency and genuine worship of God found here.

The kings of Oude were a luxurious set of fellows, who believed in the creature comforts of this life as well

as the spiritual enjoyment of the one to come. We first visited the palace of the king who has his present involuntary residence at Calcutta. The building is in the form of a square, with elegant and tasteful fountains and gardens in the center. We wandered through the magnificent marble halls and penetrated the luxurious chambers of Oriental royalty, furnished with a lavish elegance nowhere surpassed, if equaled, and looked out from its balconies upon the splendid grounds, stretching away to a background of other palaces and mosques, with glittering marble walls of pearly whiteness, and gilded domes and minarets which reflected the rays of the sun in dazzling brilliancy. The scene brought to mind the enchanting pages of the "Arabian Nights." This palace is just one mile and a half square. Adjoining it is a tomb built by the king for one of his wives, of pure white marble, with a dome as large as that of the capitol at Washington. At the corners are tall and shapely minarets. Under the dome rests the sarcophagus containing the body. An iron railing surrounds it, which was formerly encased in gold, but the precious metal was torn away when the city was sacked during the mutiny. The walls were formerly inlaid with precious stones, but these also were carried away. The tomb, of equal elegance, which the king built for himself, stands near to that of his wife.

During the long continued dynasty, each king built for himself a palace, and this makes of Lucknow, perhaps more fully than any other place in India, a city of palaces. While all are or have been elegant, there are degrees of elegance, of which the one I have briefly spoken of is the finest. We included in our peregrinations the private mosque of the latest king, where is his silver throne. This, like the railing surrounding his wife's sarcophagus, was once covered with gold, but the more precious casing

disappeared at the same time. When Blucher, that grim old Prussian soldier, was taken up into the dome of St. Paul's at London, and given a view of the city, he exclaimed: "What a city to plunder!" This was brought forcibly to my mind, and I thought what a city to plunder Lucknow must have been. The exquisite ornamentation of this mosque is even now beyond description.

The "Gold Umbrella Temple" is one of the features of the city. It received its name from a gigantic gold umbrella, twenty feet in diameter, which formerly graced its dome. We wandered at leisure through its spacious halls, and next visited the "Holy of Holy Mosque," where rest the remains of one of the numerous kings and his wives. The building has one central dome, and at each corner a minaret one hundred and seventy feet high. On occasions the edifice is lighted up by no less than ten thousand candles, and presents such a scene of brilliancy as can be seen nowhere else on earth. The floor is laid in blocks of variegated marble, and there is also a copy in marble, four feet by six, of the great mosque at Mecca, where is deposited the body of Mahomet.

Next upon our necessarily incomplete programme was the English Residency, the name given in India to the residence and head-quarters of the British governor. Here it was that, during the mutiny, the women and children were imprisoned in a subterranean vault for one hundred and seventy-five days, and here it was the gallant Lawrence lost his life. The building, which was formerly a king's palace, is now in ruins. The rebels destroyed it with shot and shell, and but a part of the walls now stand. A church which had been built by the English near by suffered the same fate.

We passed by the English cemetery, where rest many of the victims of the mutiny, to the elephant grounds,

where the government has a corral of forty-five elephants, and sixty-five camels. So much larger and finer are these specimens than those we see in the States that we could almost think they belong to a different species. I walked over the grounds and mingled freely with the docile animals. Many were lying down and being scrubbed by their attendants. They seemed to enjoy their bath almost as much as I did mine in Ceylon. All were very tame. I dropped a small piece of money and was amused to see one quickly pick it up and pass it to his keeper. This trick they have undoubtedly been taught, as every Hindoo we have yet seen is a pertinacious beggar.

Hill's Hotel, where we are quartered here, has a bit of history connected with it. It was at one time, like pretty much every other pretentious building in Lucknow, a king's palace. The section of royalty that formerly occupied the place seems to have had the reputation of being a grim joker, who was jealous of his fame in that regard. While dining one day with his ministers, one of them presumed to make an attempt to reply to a witty sally of his majesty. The king flew into a towering rage, and commanded that the presumptuous fellow's head should be cut off at once. This, of course, was done, and to-day we dined in the same room. Thanks to the civilizing effect of the presence of the scarlet-coated British soldiers, we had no fear for the safety of our precious caputs.

Among the hundreds of mosques and palaces in the city many are now used by the English as quarters for soldiers and storehouses for ordnance. The conquerors of India have little veneration for their predecessors.

Lucknow is indissolubly connected in every person's mind with the great Indian mutiny. Here were enacted some of the most stirring events of that unfortunate period. Who does not remember the starving, beleaguered





HINDOO MOHAMMEDANS.



garrison and the heroic Jessie Brown, whose thrilling cry, "Dinna ye hear the slogan? 'Tis Campbell and his men!" nerved her faltering companions to renewed efforts for defense? [I am sorry to say that history, that ruthless iconoclast which so mercilessly despoils our most cherished idols, shows that there is not a word of truth in the story. This, however, does not detract in the least from the heroism of the beleaguered little garrison and the women and children they so bravely and successfully defended.] The native contingent in Oude were among the first to join the mutiny. Regiment after regiment either disbanded or joined the main body of the mutineers. These gathered in large force at Lucknow, and closely invested the Residency. Sir Henry Lawrence was in command of a small force of English and loyal native soldiers. He was prompt to act. The extensive range of buildings formerly occupied by the resident, his suite, and guard were placed in a state of defense; guns were mounted at all commanding points, a store of provisions laid in, and the native troops were apparently as much interested as the Europeans in holding out against the insurgents. Throughout the month of June, 1857, Sir Henry not only repulsed every assault, but inflicted severe chastisement upon the enemy whenever he ventured to appear. Toward the close of the month, however, supplies began to run short, owing to the number of women and children who had taken refuge with the garrison. It therefore became necessary to make a sortie in the direction of the hostile camp. On the 2d of July this was done, and resulted in the complete rout of the insurgents. The loyal native troops fought bravely, but, strangely enough, after the victory was won, they turned their guns upon the English and killed no less than sixty-five men and twelve officers, among the latter Sir Henry Lawrence himself. The remainder re-

treated safely, where they were closely besieged until the 25th of September, when they were relieved by the timely arrival of a force under General Havelock. But General Havelock's relief was only temporary, as the force was still unable to cope with the insurgent army, fifty thousand in number, encumbered, as they were, by nearly a thousand women and children and wounded. The gallant little band held out against their joint enemies, the mutineers and hunger, for two months, when they were relieved by a force under Sir Colin Campbell. As I write, the scene of these stirring events is before my eyes, and I raise my hat in respect to the bravery of the English soldiers who defended the helpless women and children until starvation, worse even than the heartless Sepoys, reduced them in every thing but courage.

The *Secundar Bagh*, which was formerly a pleasure garden, is now a large walled enclosure, and is chiefly interesting by reason of its being the scene of one of the most terrible but just retributions of the mutiny of 1857. During the siege of the handful of English soldiery in the Residency this enclosure was occupied by a picked force of two thousand Sepoys, men who had been trained to be soldiers by English officers. The walls were loop-holed for musketry, and every preparation made for a desperate defense in case of an attack by a relieving force of British. When the advance of Sir Colin Campbell reached Lucknow, a brigade composed of the Ninety-third Highlanders, part of the Fourth Punjaub (loyal native) and a detachment of the Fifty-third Foot stormed the Secundar. The defenders fought like the tigers of their native jungles, but the hardy Scots and lion-hearted Englishmen, nerved by a desperation which made every man a hero and led him forward to deeds of unequalled valor, proved more than equals for their opponents, and of the two thousand



Sepoys within that inclosure not one escaped. Quarter was neither asked nor expected. It was a bloody, a fearful retribution, but found more than justification in the eyes of civilized humanity in a remembrance of the hundreds of women and little children who had been causelessly and mercilessly put to death by the treacherous Sepoys.

This is Christmas eve, and among the teeming millions surrounding us there is not one to wish us a "merry Christmas." Although the heat here has little of the enervating intensity of the tropics, it requires an effort for us to keep comfortably cool, while doubtless our friends in Ohio are shivering beneath heavy wraps. This morning the mercury indicated fifty-eight in the shade, and, as this is mid-winter, it must be excessively warm in the Summer. While I can not agree with Colonel Sellers, Mark Twain's hero, that warmth is purely a matter of imagination, yet it is certainly a question largely of education. The natives of the tropics are veritable human salamanders, and in a few years I expect we should become as lazy and shiftless as they are.

On Christmas morning we were awakened by the British band playing "God Save the Queen," and with all my heart I responded, "God bless her!" So soon as we realized that this was the joyful anniversary, we united in a heartfelt "Merry Christmas" to our friends at home, which we hope sped through the intervening ten thousand miles and found a response in breasts as grateful as ours for the continued blessings of a kind Providence.

To-day we met a native gentleman and wife, residents of the "up country," who are fine English scholars, and regaled us with many interesting stories of life in the midst of wild elephants, tigers, etc. Their descriptions of tiger hunts were very entertaining, but did not arouse



within us a spark of ambition to indulge in the pastime. According to my mind, if there is any one thing in the vast catalogue of nature in which distance lends enchantment to the view it is a beastly tiger. If they wait for me to hunt them they will enjoy an indefinite immunity from disturbance. The beasts we see in menageries at home are poor measly things compared with the genuine Indian animal. From the latter, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

This (Christmas) morning I ordered our guide to take me to Rev. Ram Chunder Bose, a native convert to Christianity whom many of my readers will doubtless remember as the gentleman who a year ago delivered an address in the Methodist Church at Bucyrus. He did not recognize me at first, but after I had removed my Indian helmet, the recognition was complete. The reverend gentleman was profuse in his welcome. He also lives in a king's palace. He at once accompanied us to the American mission, where we had a pleasant chat with the ladies, and spent an hour quite pleasantly.

In the afternoon we went with brother Bose to the Sunday-school. He had about one hundred scholars, from the four different castes, and their appearance was not such as gave me great confidence in their material or spiritual progress. I was accorded the privilege of questioning them, and through the interpreter they answered quite readily. Chunder Bose is undoubtedly an earnest, faithful worker in the cause of Christianity, but his ideas of the progress of the work, though not rose-tinted, and mine differ. He thinks that within five hundred years India will become Christianized. I place the figures at five thousand. Mr. Badly, of Iowa, has charge of the missions here, and I had a long and pleasant talk with him. We are much indebted to him for numerous kindnesses.

## XXII.

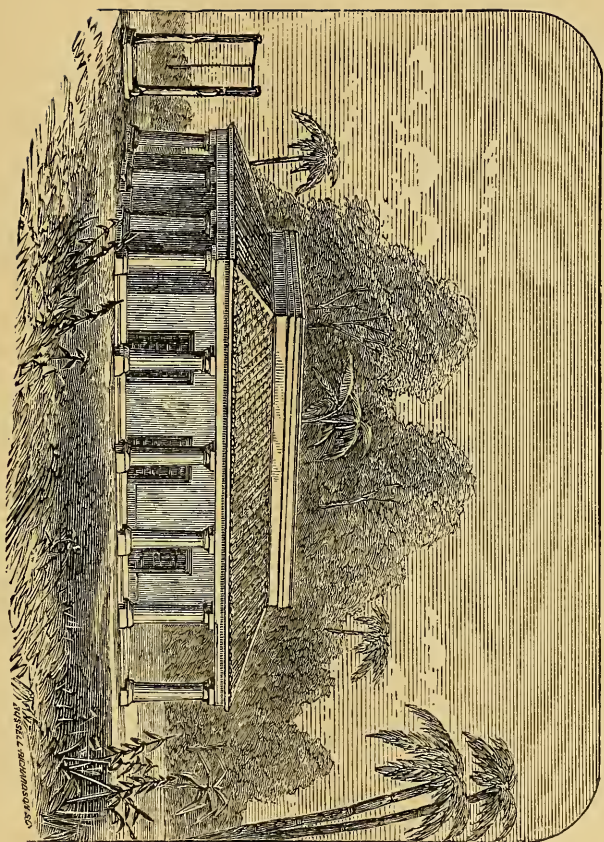
FROM LUCKNOW TO CAWNPORE—THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE OF 1857—AGRA, "THE CITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL"—THE GREAT TAJ MAHAL—ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD—A TOMB THAT WAS SEVENTEEN YEARS IN BUILDING, OCCUPYING THE LABOR OF TWENTY THOUSAND MEN, AND COSTING EIGHTEEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

AGRA, INDIA, *December 30, 1881.*

OUR departure from Lucknow was attended with feelings of unfeigned regret. The necessity for pushing forward on our journey compelled us to limit the pleasures enjoyed in wandering through its beautiful parks, admiring its numerous palaces, and speculating among its ruins. As I said in my last, Lucknow is a collection of cities, being separated by immense plats, the parks or hunting grounds of former kings, often three miles in extent. I suppose these spaces are really a part of the city, and should be so considered, but the impression created is that of a series of cities, connected in interests but separated in fact. We spent Christmas evening very pleasantly in the company of a native lady and gentleman, who spoke English. They added much to our information concerning India and its people, their religion, social habits, and customs. They asked us to remain a day longer and enjoy the novelty of an elephant ride. They possess a drove of a hundred, and promised us our pick of the lot. We would have been much pleased to accede to their request, but were admonished that time flies, and that there is still before us a large part of our programme.

The day following Christmas, we went to Cawnpore, distant from Lucknow about forty-five miles, where we arrived at 10 A. M., breakfasted, procured a carriage and drove to view the sights.

Cawnpore is interesting to the tourist mainly by reason of its intimate connection with the mutiny of 1857. Here it was that the infamous Nana Sahib, that incarnation of treachery and brutality, massacred the entire garrison, including the helpless women and children. The outbreak occurred at Cawnpore on the night of the 6th of June, when the native contingent deserted in a body, and the next afternoon the residence of every foreigner was fired. On the 8th the attack upon the garrison commenced, and was kept up until the 13th, with constantly increasing vigor. On the 12th the barracks, where the women and children had found shelter, were burned, and these poor creatures were compelled to seek protection in the trenches. Such were the circumstances when Nana Sahib, who was in command, sent a note to the commander of the garrison, proposing honorable terms of capitulation. It was agreed that the besieged should give up the government money, the guns, and ammunition, and that the insurgents should provide boats to convey them to Allahabad unmolested. This agreement was drawn up in writing, signed and sealed and ratified by Nana Sahib with a solemn oath. The garrison numbered, including upwards of three hundred women and children, nine hundred persons. On the 27th the surrendered garrison were escorted to the river, a distance of over a mile, by the entire rebel army, where, when they were in the act of embarking, the firing of a gun gave the signal, and the sepoy opened fire upon the helpless prisoners. All the men were killed except four, two of whom are yet living. The occupants of one boat escaped temporarily, after making a vigorous



HOUSE OF MASSACRE, CAWNPORE.



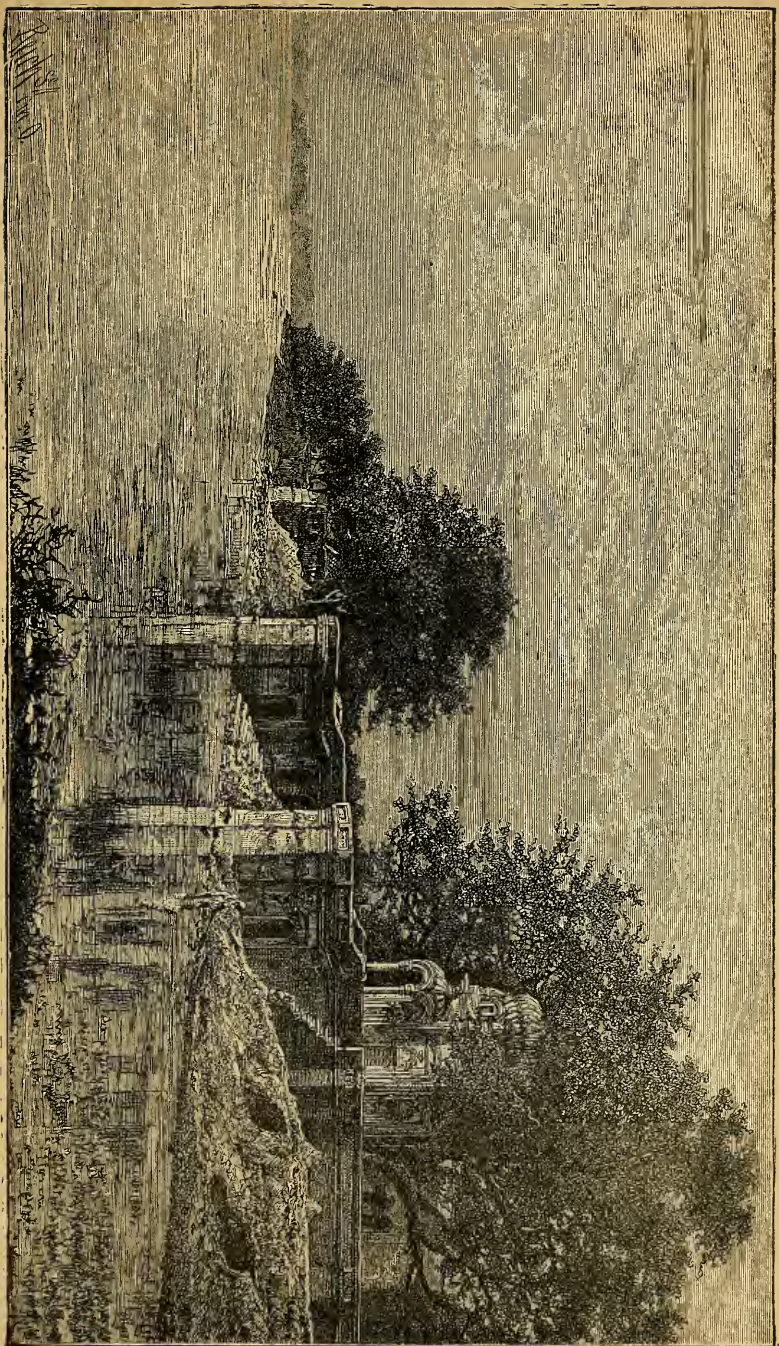


defense with their side-arms, which they had been allowed to retain. They were, however, captured the next day and brought back to the Nana's camp, where the men were shot to death with some ceremony. All the women and children were taken to the insurgent camp and confined in a large building, and on the 15th of July orders were issued to put every one to death. They were directed to come out of the rooms in which they were confined. Upon their refusal the troops brought muskets, and after firing a great many shots through the windows and doors, rushed in with swords and bayonets. Some of the helpless creatures, in their agony, fell down at the feet of their murderers and plead for mercy in the most pitiful manner. The fearful deed was done, most deliberately and completely, in the midst of the dreadful shrieks and cries of the victims. There were between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty souls, the wives, daughters, and children of the British garrison. The next morning, on opening the doors of the vast slaughter house, it was found that a few had escaped the assassins, and they were ordered to be sacrificed. Terrorized, they rushed from the building and plunged headlong into an adjacent well. The dead bodies of the victims of the preceding evening were then ordered to be thrown into the same excavation. On the 20th of July, General Havelock, after encountering a desperate resistance, recovered Cawnpore, but, alas, they arrived in time only to avenge their murdered countrymen—too late to save them! The floor of the building in which the massacre took place was still two inches deep in blood. Portions of dresses, children's frocks, ladies' underclothing, boys' trowsers, ladies' round hats, all thickly clotted with blood, lay strewed about. Leaves of Bibles, and a book entitled "Preparation for Death," were scattered in all directions, mixed up with broken

daguerreotypes, combs, and bunches of long hair torn out by the roots. The wooden pillars in the shed were hacked with sword cuts, in which stuck tresses of female hair. The well in the same compound was a still more dreadful spectacle. Nearly two hundred women and children had been thrown into it. Arms and legs were protruding from the mouth of the well when first discovered. It was promptly covered up, and is now one large grave. Terrible was the retribution visited by the British upon those engaged in the massacre. Hundreds were captured and summarily put to death. General Neil, the commandant, adopted a curious plan to increase the punishment of the natives. To a high caste Brahmin, the touch of blood is eternal damnation. When such were captured they were first compelled to work at cleaning up the horrifying evidence of the massacre, and then hanged.

I have thus given, largely from memory, a brief sketch of the massacre of Cawnpore, which aroused the horror and indignation of the civilized world, for the reason that the events of twenty-five years ago are not within the remembrance of many of my readers and have perhaps passed from the memory of others; and also because the scene where these horrors were enacted, horrors which give to travel in India to every English-speaking tourist an additional interest, was passed over by us. We visited the landing at the river where the massacre was first inaugurated, and the spot, now marked by a tasteful memorial, where the women and children were so heartlessly put to death. The scene of the massacre of the women and children is now one of the most beautiful spots in all India, it having been transformed into an elegant park or garden by the British authorities. In the midst of this garden is an inclosure, surrounded by marble walls, and in the center of this, immediately over the fatal

SLAUGHTER GATE, CAWNPORE.







well, stands the marble statue of an angel, holding in its hands palm leaves, the symbol of victory obtained through martyrdom. The pedestal upon which stands the angel bears an inscription in the following words:

*"Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people—chiefly women and children—who, near this spot, were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel, Nana Dhoondopunt, of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857."*

As we stood and gazed upon this tasteful memorial or allowed our eyes to wander over the floral beauties of the garden, our minds reverted to a different scene, but a little more than twenty-four years ago, when the helpless women and innocent children, within a few steps of where we stood, were butchered with a horrid brutality that could find its conception only in the minds of blood-thirsty savages. Beneath our feet almost was the well down which their mutilated bodies were thrown, and where, in one common grave, rest the hapless victims of a fiendish treachery, awaiting the call which shall summon all to arise. Mingled with these sad thoughts was the essentially human consolation found in the knowledge of the terrible retribution visited upon the authors of the tragedy by the British authorities. Even at this late day the Christian blood tingles with resentment, and something akin to a malediction against the whole Hindoo race springs unbidden to the lips. I have had the pleasure of perusing the narrative of W. J. Shepherd, one of the four survivors of the massacre, a neat volume, printed at Lucknow, in which the author graphically portrays the scenes attending the slaughter, in which were sacrificed his wife, two children, a brother and a sister-in-law. Mr. Shepherd escaped from the trenches before the surrender, by disguising himself as a Hindoo, and remained in Cawnpore



until after the arrival of the relieving force under General Havelock. The horrors he describes are almost beyond human conception, and they have a tendency to confirm the reader's mind in thankfulness to a just Providence that provided an eternal punishment for the willfully perverse of his creatures.

My guide, a native who during the mutiny remained loyal to the British cause, and was present in Cawnpore during the massacre, says the English troops arrived in eighty minutes after the butchery was complete. Either his memory or his veracity is certainly at fault, as history records that it was about five days.

Previous to the outbreak of twenty-five years ago, Cawnpore was a large city, numbering at one time, it is said, more than a million inhabitants, and, like Lucknow, is a combination of country and city, or perhaps more properly speaking, presenting the appearance of a collection of villages. The whole now contains but a little more than one hundred thousand people. The parks are innumerable, and of varied degrees of pleasantness. There is little of interest connected with the place beyond being the scene of the massacre which I have incompletely detailed. We remained but one day, and left on the next morning for the city from which I now write.

We are having very pleasant weather here, the mercury ranging from sixty degrees in the morning to eighty at noon. After much experience and a deal of calm and careful consideration, we have reached the solemn conclusion that traveling and sight-seeing is hard work. Not only the mind but the physical system is kept upon a constant strain, and nothing seems sweeter or more enjoyable than the rest we secure at night. In cities like Benares and Lucknow, where our experiences were but a series of surprises, the mind becomes bewildered to a great

extent, and difficulty in placing upon paper a connected account of the scenes and incidents is the natural result. For this reason, added to my limited experience as a writer, I beg my readers to excuse the appearance of sameness and other shortcomings which I fear tend to mar my productions. My letters are usually prepared amid surroundings not conducive to mental placidity, and amid scenes of novelty that tend to distract the writer's attention.

Our hotel at Cawnpore was a one-story building, with deep surrounding verandas. In the center is the dining-room, and adjoining it the sleeping apartments. Each is supplied with a bath room and earth closet. The waiters at the tables were Hindoos, with white turbans and gowns, and bare feet. They are as noiseless as cats in their movements, and one can not disabuse his mind of the Thugs and their bow-strings, as one of them slips up behind his chair. The caste among the natives is of no inconsiderable inconvenience to travelers. For instance, the one who waits upon you at table would under no consideration move your luggage, and the Indian baggage-smasher would much rather hurl himself into the Ganges than drive your carriage, and so through the whole category.

While seated in the hotel at Cawnpore, enjoying the novelty and, so far as possible, the cooling breezes, we were amused by a number of jugglers and singers, the latter of whom, possibly in the way of compliment to our nationality, rendered "John Brown;" at least that was undoubtedly the air, but the words, being Hindoo, were left wholly to our imagination. The jugglers of India have a world-wide celebrity, and truly they are a "slick" and dextrous lot of fellows. One of the party of which I am speaking produced an earthen pot, partially filled with earth, and directly before our eyes and within a half-dozen feet of the points of our noses, caused a shrub to

sprout, grow, and bloom, within two minutes. Life is too short and explicable novelties in India too numerous to justify even speculation as to how the trick was performed.

If any of my readers contemplate stocking a menagerie, they will be interested in the prices which prevail here in India, the land from which most of the supplies are derived. Tame elephants cost from four hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars; camels, twenty-five to thirty dollars; tigers, about three hundred dollars; and other animals a less amount. In this country the people talk as calmly and unconcernedly about elephant and tiger hunting as the boys at home do of a quest for rabbits or quail.

Speaking of hotels reminds me that in this regard I have been disappointed in India. I find the hotels much better than we expected. They are well kept, well provided, and universally clean. The charges are not exorbitant, being usually about two dollars per day for accommodations similar to those to be obtained in America for the same price. For our Christmas dinner at Lucknow we had dishes not dissimilar to those we would have enjoyed at home, except that our turkey, roast pork, beef, etc., was made more relishable by a dessert of luscious, fresh strawberries.

During our brief sojourn in Cawnpore, we visited the bungalow of Dr. McGrew, one of the Methodist missionaries. He and his good wife have a school of about one thousand pupils, drawn from all the different castes, the poor, the rich, and the very rich. They tell us they are hopeful of spiritual benefit, and agree with me that the work is a great promoter of trade and commerce. I have no cause for dispute with the well-meant efforts of these faithful workers in the cause of the Master, but it is seed sown on stony ground.

We visited the Hindoo suttee ground, a place where

formerly the living widow was sacrificed upon the funeral pyre of the deceased husband. This practice, like many others of the most barbarous customs of the natives, has been forbidden by the English authorities, and now, if it is thought that the spirit of the dead husband can not enter Paradise without being accompanied by that of his wife, she sends a proxy, in the form of a lay figure. Whether this satisfies the gods, I have not learned.

In coming from Cawnpore to Agra we left behind us the Ganges. The route is over the great East Indian Railway to Toondla Junction, and thence by a branch. This city is located on the river Jumna, a branch of the Ganges. The country *en route* is diversified in fertility, many of the hills being barren, except when subject to irrigation, but the lowlands partake of the luxurious fertility that distinguishes the valley of the Ganges. In India, as elsewhere throughout the Orient, agriculture is in a condition as primitive almost as in the days of Cain. The farming implements in vogue in America a century since would be a thousand years ahead of the time in India. The trip to Agra from Cawnpore is varied by a continuous succession of caravans, composed of elephants and camels, and the picture of one of these, bivouacked for the night, is at once novel and entertaining.

We arrived here at midnight, and the next hour was crowded with more disagreeable experiences than we hope are in store for us during any similar length of time. There is here only one English hotel, and it was full. Just what to do we did not know. Like the Son of man, we had nowhere to lay our heads, but unlike him, we were in a strange land. I can inform any one curious enough to inquire, that there is not even a little bit of amusement in being in a strange country, where you can not speak an intelligible word, at the dead hour of midnight, with as

clear an idea of the most feasible route to the North Pole as you have of the direction to a place to sleep. We told our driver what we wanted, but we might as well have poured our distressed tale into the unsympathetic ear of an idol. The latter would have comprehended its meaning fully as well. Finally, just as we were about to be overwhelmed with despair, the idea seemed to penetrate the sensibilities of our *chaperon* that perhaps we wanted to go to bed, and he took us to a native hotel. In the language of the boys, "It is a daisy." Even here only one room was vacant, but that was quite sufficient, having an area of about thirty by forty feet. The furniture was the most attractive feature of the apartment. It consisted wholly of one miserable table, such as might be purchased of an American dealer for ten cents, with a chance of being paid for taking it away if the customer complained of the price. The writer at once entered upon the delivery of a lecture well suited to the occasion. The words were probably as obscure to the thick-headed Hindoo attendant as would have been a sentence of Hebrew. The meaning, however, was undoubtedly more clear, as the first few vigorously expressed paragraphs caused him to bring a cot and a sheet. Another emphatically enunciated sentence, and a comforter was produced; one more, a rag of doubtful purity, rolled up, and about the size of a goose-egg, for a pillow, and another brought forth a towel which possessed the merit of not having been in continuous use more than a week. My final elocutionary effort caused the now thoroughly aroused waiter to provide some water and a glass. I did not feel my physical strength equal to the effort necessary to secure a mirror, and my respected companion, perhaps for the first time in her life, was compelled to make her toilet before an imaginary looking-glass. She experienced, in consequence, a nearer approach to



discouragement than I ever before observed. Some women will face an Apache Indian without a tremor, will positively enjoy an earthquake, and be unabashed by a howling mob of Japanese, but should circumstances require them to dress without a mirror there is liable to be trouble. Notwithstanding our untoward surroundings, we settled down upon our couch as cozily as a pair of doves, and slept well. Fatigue is a great sedative. I believe I could have slept on the single table, and I am certain Mrs. C. would have been wholly content if there had been nothing more in the room than a mirror.

At breakfast we were again besieged by the Hindoo troubadours, who rendered "We won't go home till morning" very acceptably. I invested two annas (five cents) in the entertainment, and felt well repaid for the pleasant reminder of "God's country." These gave place to the usual galaxy of pertinacious peddlers of curiosities. We have, ever since leaving home, been suffering from the "curiosity fever," but experience, that great teacher, has taught us much, and we can now view with equanimity the array of objects which three months since we would have given much to possess.

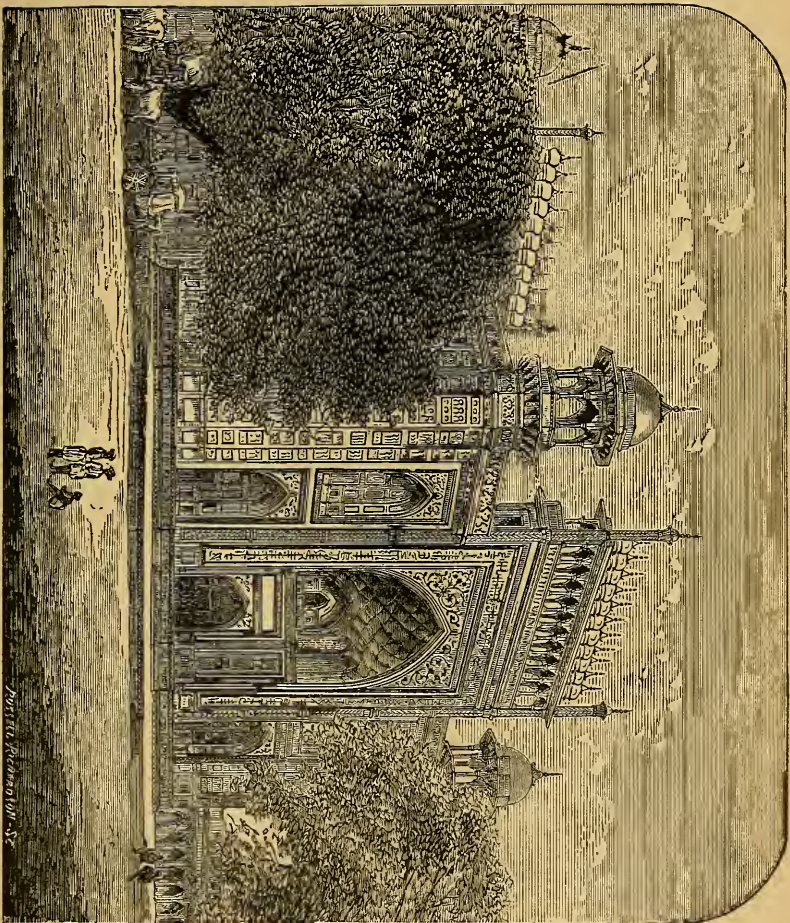
We are now distant from Calcutta about eight hundred and fifty miles. The fact that this city is but four hundred and fifty feet above the sea will serve to indicate the extent of the vast plain which composes the western part of India. The current of the Jumna, which is a tributary of the Ganges, at this point is very slow, and so continues until the water reaches the Ganges and finally falls into the Bay of Bengal.

After breakfast we procured a carriage and guide, and went to visit that wonder of all wonders, the Taj-Mahal. All writers upon India agree that this structure is wholly unsurpassed. Bayard Taylor, that prince of tourists, ac-

knowledge his inability to do the edifice descriptive justice. It is, then, with much temerity that I approach the subject.

The Taj-Mahal stands on the bank of the river Jumna, about four miles south-east of the city of Agra, and is reached by a pleasant drive. On the way we pass the remains of villas of the Mogul nobles, once a scene of luxurious loveliness, but now unsightly heaps of rubbish, with scarcely a vestige of their ancient magnificence. The Taj, which has aroused the enthusiastic admiration of all travelers, and is universally pronounced the most magnificent structure in the world, is but a tomb, a monument erected by Shah Jehan to his wife Banoo, or, with her title, Banoo Begum. The grounds surrounding the edifice are about one hundred acres in extent and are inclosed by a lofty wall. We entered the grounds by a massive archway of red sandstone eighty feet high, of itself a monument to the architectural skill of the builders. The grounds are tastefully laid out in walks bordered by flowers and trees, and, unlike most of the former glory of India, the whole is carefully guarded and kept in repair by the English. From the gate a straight, smooth walk, bordered with rows of Italian cypress trees and a series of elegant crystal fountains, leads to the north end of the Taj. Looking through the vista thus formed, the eye rests upon the tomb, which forms the background of the picture. The platform upon which the structure rests is four hundred feet square, composed of highly polished and dazzling white marble. The building rises from an elevation of about forty feet above the ground, and is also, in every part, inside and out, of the purest white marble, carved with extracts from the Koran and representations of the lotus flower, and inlaid with pearl and precious stones, such as agate, cornelian and sardonyx. The effect when

GATE OF THE TAJ MAHAL.



W. & A. G. S.





the rays of the sun rest upon it can be better imagined by the reader than described by me. The view leaves nothing to the imagination of the beholder, but completely fills his most gorgeous conception of glorious magnificence. The building is a square structure of about one hundred and fifty feet on each side. This square form is reduced to an octagonal figure by having the corners cut down, thus showing four principal and four smaller fronts. There is a central dome and at each corner a pure white marble minaret. On each of the four principal sides of the building is a niche, extending nearly to the apex. Each of these niches is an exquisite exhibition of tasteful carving and mosaic of precious stones. The central dome is surmounted by a golden crescent. Four domes of lesser dimensions crown the façades. On each of the four principal sides is an arch, through which the visitor may gain the interior. Entering the arch opposite the main entrance to the grounds, the visitor passes down a slight incline, and enters a chamber directly under the central dome. The sarcophagus of Banoo Begum rests here. The light from the doors is, by a process showing that the Indian Mohammedans understood some of the principles of optics, concentrated upon the tomb. Near by is the sarcophagus of the Shah Jehan himself, of smaller dimensions, though scarcely less elaborate ornamentation, than that of his wife. These sarcophagi are of the purest white marble, covered with delicate tracing of sculptured vines and texts from the Koran, traced by inlaid precious stones, sapphires, rubies, topaz, garnets, emeralds, jasper, malachite, cornelian, agate, bloodstone, etc. Above this is the principal floor of the edifice, beneath the dome, and you look up a height of two hundred and sixty-two feet to its vaulted roof. On the mosaic floor of this rotunda is a second sarcophagus or centotaph, similar in dimensions to



the one below, which contains the remains of the queen, but perhaps more elaborately ornamented. In passing through this structure, the visitor is impressed not so much by its immensity as by its delicate and exquisite beauty and harmony. The railing surrounding the tombs is about six feet high, and is composed of immense blocks of marble two inches thick, cut out in delicate tracery or filagree that rivals in exquisite beauty fine lace. Understand me, that this ornamentation is not simply traced on the surface but is cut clear through the block, giving, as I have said, the appearance of a curtain of lace. It is said, and doubtless truthfully, that the entire Koran, or Mohammedan Bible, is given in the mosaic throughout the building.

No description that I can give, and none that I have ever read, conveys any adequate idea of the Taj-Mahal. The visitor is so bewildered by the magnificent appearance and entire harmony of every detail that any attempt to express in words the sentiments of admiration which he feels is liable to lead to an impression of exaggeration on the mind of the reader. Tradition says that the original idea of the Shah was to erect for himself a similar monument on the opposite side of the river, and connect the two with a silver bridge. This project would probably have been carried out had not death intervened.

The labor in the construction of the Taj-Mahal was all forced except the work of foreign artists, and it required the service of twenty thousand men seventeen years in building. These laborers were paid nothing but their food, and yet the structure cost eighteen millions of dollars. It is the reality of the fairy dream of Aladdin.

On each side of the Taj stands a red sandstone mosque, which, though of magnificent proportions and attractive architecture, sink into insignificance by reason of the com-

parison with the principal structure. We passed out again through the arched gateway, and turned to look down the avenue for the last time. The view is one that is indelibly photographed upon my brain, and never can I hope to see its equal. From a boy I had read of the great Taj-Mahal, and looked forward to a visit with all the enthusiasm of youth, hoping for much, but fearing disappointment. The most roseate dream of magnificence fell far short of the reality. We feel that we have seen the world, for nothing else prepared by human hands can equal it. The mosques of which I have spoken are of exquisite beauty, and if alone would be a feature of the visit.

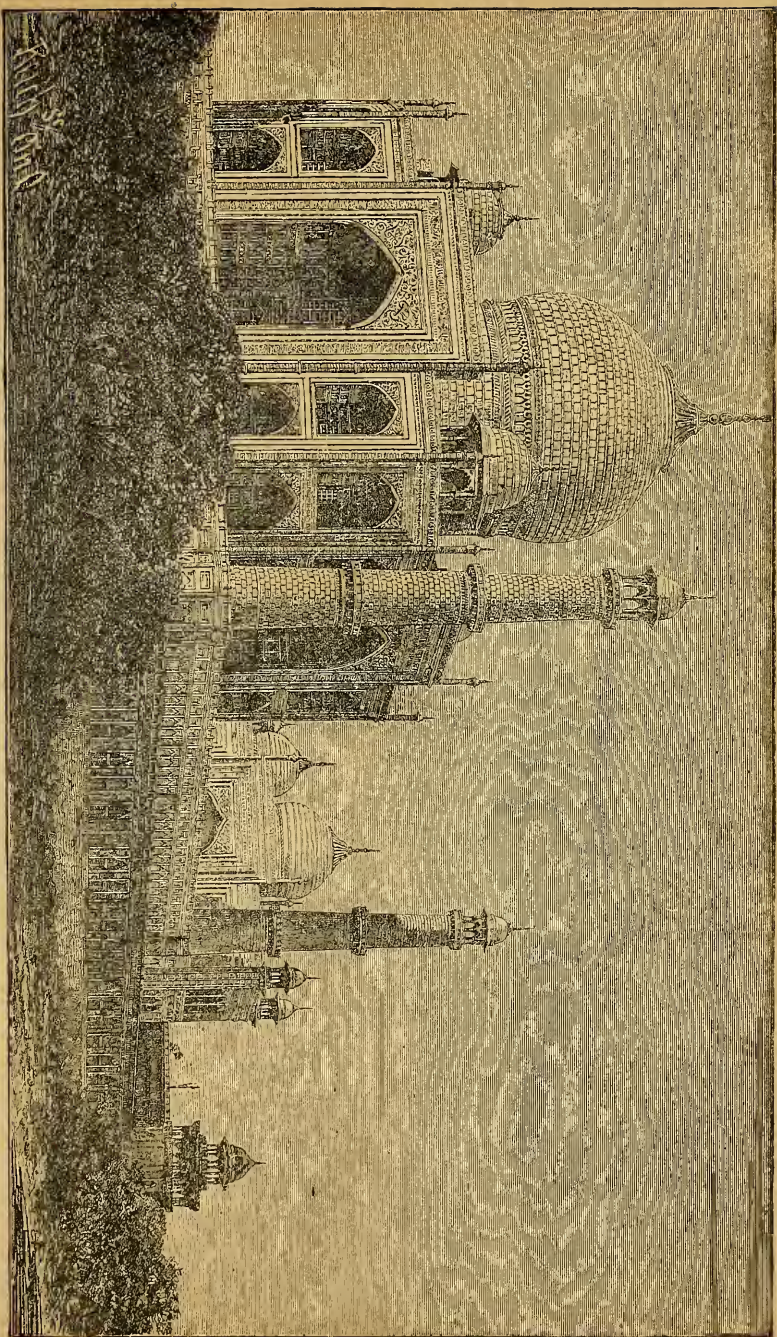
We much regret that circumstances prevented us securing a view of the magnificent architectural monument by moonlight, a scene that surpasses even the most extravagant mental conception, when the massive structure of the purest white marble seems to melt away and mingle with the fleecy clouds above. Most of my readers have doubtless looked with varied interest and appreciation upon photographs and engravings of the tomb, but they can thus secure but an indefinite idea of the building as it really appears. The surroundings, a beautiful grove of tropical trees and plants, interspersed with tasteful fountains, is a fit setting to the priceless gem that rests like a brilliant diamond in a cluster of rubies, sapphires, and emeralds.

The Taj-Mahal is by no means the only attraction to be found at Agra. Among the many others is the fort, built of red sandstone, and covering an area of about eight hundred and fifty acres. Within this is the famous Pearl Mosque, built of alabaster, where the Mohammedan kings and their courts worshiped. The sides of the vestibule of the inner hall are composed of marble lacework

similar to that in the great Taj. Behind this screen the concubines of the king were hidden from the public gaze while participating in the worship. We thoroughly inspected the fort, which contains several palaces, and also prisons where the wives and other offenders against the king were frequently confined. We penetrated the depths of sub-cellars, where, in a vault, is a beam from which he caused those who were so unfortunate as to incur the royal enmity to be hung. The victims, after being strangled, were precipitated into a deep well which communicated with the river, and were washed away by the current. We went through cell after cell whose walls were four feet thick. What horrors, what blood-curdling stories of misery, crime, and death these silent walls could tell! One palace in the fort contains the throne, which, tradition says, cracked and poured forth blood, when a conquering usurper occupied it. The guide shows the fissure and the blood stains, and views with unfeigned disgust the slightest evidence of incredulity upon the part of the visitor. There also are the pearl-marble chairs, which, like the throne, are cracked and crumbling with decay.

Although the visitor to Agra, after a view of the Taj Mahal, the fort, and the Pearl Mosque, feels himself surfeited with the magnificence of architecture, he should not neglect the tomb of the great Akbar, at Secundra. This wise and good ruler was a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth; was born in 1542, ascended the throne at the age of fourteen and died in 1604, after a reign of forty-eight years. The tomb of Akbar stands on a terrace in the center of an inclosure of about one hundred acres. The high wall surrounding is of red sandstone. There are four gates, some of which are more than a hundred feet high, forming an alcove entrance. The tomb itself is five stories in height, each story receding from the line of





TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.





the one below, forming a terrace. The building covers an area of four acres, and is built of red sandstone, except the fifth story, which is of polished white marble covered with tracery work and carvings of extracts from the Koran cut deep in the walls. We descended a long passage way to the crypt, and there, in a pure marble sarcophagus, rest the remains of the great Hindoo king. At the apex of this building was formerly set the great Kohinoor diamond, the same which now graces the jewels of the Queen of England. Here, in the full rays of the tropical sun, it shone with a brilliancy that could doubtless be seen at a great distance. The exteriors of the different stories have pavilions, resting upon marble columns which terminate above in graceful gilded spires.

Agra, when it was the capital of the Mogul Empire, was undoubtedly the most magnificent city in the world. The kings were possessed of unlimited wealth and power, combined with an appreciative love for the beautiful which found its best and most appropriate expression in the architectural grandeur of which only a small part remains. Like all Indian cities which we have seen, Agra is interspersed with extensive parks, which relieve the eye and serve as a grateful oasis to the weary tourist. It is a vast picture, where unrivaled magnificence is interspersed with gigantic moss-grown ruins and wretchedness.

We are, as I write, preparing for the continuance of our journey to Delhi, the once capital of the Moguls.

## XXIII.

DELHI—THE OLD CITIES AND THE NEW—THE ANCIENT RUINS—  
KOOTUB MINAR—THE JUMPING WELL—THE MOSQUE OF JUMNA  
MUSJID—THE IMPERIAL PALACE—THE PEACOCK THRONE—DELHI  
IN THE MUTINY—SOCIAL LIFE OF THE HINDOOS.

DELHI, INDIA *January 2, 1882.*

THIS is the most northern point which our tour in India will reach. We are now nearly a thousand miles north of Calcutta, yet but five hundred feet above the level of the sea. We are stopping at the United Service Hotel, kept by a native Hindoo of the high caste. So soon as possible after arriving, we procured a guide and carriage for a tour of the city, or rather succession of cities, that constitute what is known as Delhi. We were accompanied on our tour of observation by an English couple. We first went to Old Delhi, which is now but a vast ruin. The date of the Mohammedan rule in India and the foundation of the great Mogul Empire, the richest and most magnificent, perhaps, that ever existed on earth, is fixed at the year 1398. Previous to that there had been several Mussulman invasions, but of only partial success. The first (A. D. 715) resulted in an occupation of but few years. In the eleventh century Sultan Mahmoud advanced into India, and conquered that vast country now known as the Punjaub, in the north-west, and finally succeeded in overcoming the whole northern part of Hindoostan. In 1398 Tamerlane invaded the country, seized Delhi, and established the great Mogul Empire, which continued

until overthrown by the British in 1803. It appears that Agra was the capital only during the reign of Akbar, and that Delhi was the seat of government during the remainder of the four hundred years that the kingdom existed. A peculiarity is found in the history of this ancient capital that accounts for the appearance of a vast succession of ruins. It seems that each change of dynasty (and there were several) resulted in the at least partial destruction of the city, and it was rebuilt in a different location. Thus the Delhi of to-day is the last one of the shifting cities. It dates from the reign of Humayoon, the father of Akbar, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Consequently, it is by no means an ancient city, its building being contemporaneous with the discovery of America. It has at present a population of about two hundred thousand; is located on the river Jumna, one hundred and twelve miles north-west of Agra, and four hundred and twenty-five north-west of Benares. It has an extensive trade with Afghanistan and the northern provinces of India, and extensive manufactories of cotton and other textile fabrics, and jewelry. The primitive mode of manufacture prevailing causes surprise at the magnificent results attained. All the cities of Delhi, including the ancient ruins, cover an area of fully forty miles square. These ruins are to the tourist the most interesting feature. One can not move a rod in any direction without passing over or through the *débris* of some vast temple, mosque, or palace. The tomb of Humayoon, the father of Akbar, while not so magnificent as the Taj-Mahal, surpasses it in extent, and is probably the grandest monument ever erected to a king. It is but one of numerous tombs, all of which are approached through massive arches that form a part of the great wall. We noted the tomb of Akbar's daughter. Her body rests under a vast marble dome,

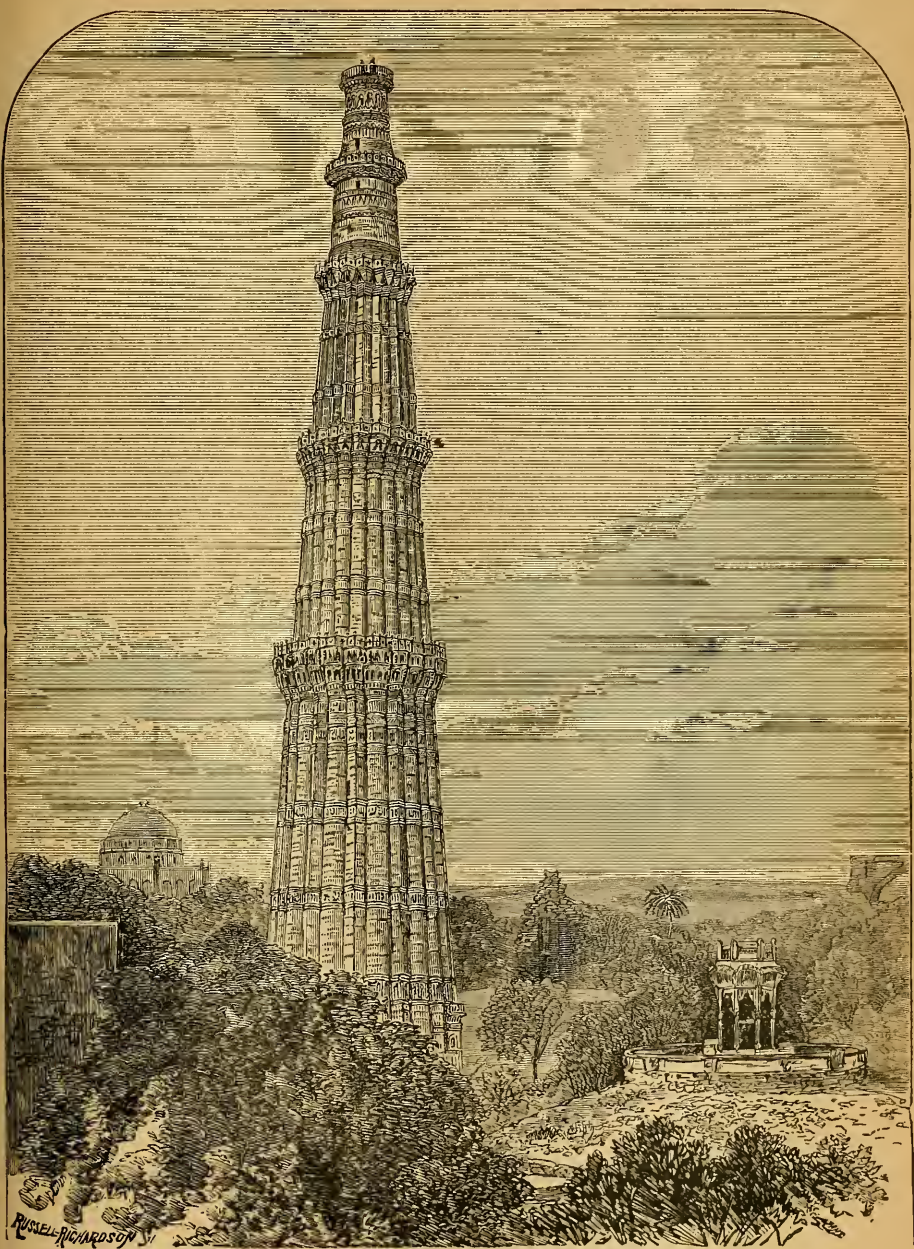
and the railing surrounding the tomb is of elegantly carved marble fretwork, similar to that described at Agra. She requested that grass should forever grow on her tomb, and to this day it is kept green.

The descriptions which I have attempted to give of the tombs at Agra, and one here, will do, in a general way, for all of the numerous mausoleums. They vary only in size and elegance. They are from one hundred feet square to an area of three acres, and from fifty feet to a hundred or more in height. Each is surmounted by a bulb-shaped dome. The entrances to the grounds are universally massive arches of red sandstone. The gateways under these arches are thirty or forty feet in height. The visitor passes up from the entrance through a long walk, many of them half a mile in extent, to the tomb. All the mosques and tombs are built either of red sandstone or white marble, or both.

The oldest of the old cities of Delhi, which is thought to date from about 300 B. C., is distant from our hotel nearly twenty-five miles. There is not, there can not be, any drive in the world replete with greater interest, or more diversified by a continuity of objects and views of superior attractiveness to the antiquary. The reader, when feeling a sensation of surprise, and perhaps incredulity, regarding the distance, will please remember that the group of Delhis is no less than one hundred and sixty miles in circumference.

After reaching the ruins of the oldest city, and in fact for miles before the point is reached, the attention is attracted by a massive turret, whose shapely elevation forms a towering background to the picture before you. As you approach, its dimensions increase until when you stand at the base the sensation of wonder becomes merged in one of awe. It is known as the Kootub Minar, and





THE KOOTUB MINAR.





being forty-seven feet in diameter at the base, towers to the height of two hundred and eighty-six. It tapers from the base upward, and is composed of five stories, the base of each having a projecting gallery or balustrade. The height of each story is graduated in proportion to the reduced circumference, so that while the lower is nearly a hundred feet high the upper is but a little more than twenty. The first, second, and third stories are built of red sandstone, the fourth of marble with a broad belt of red stone, and the fifth is of pure marble. The entire column is fluted, though the fluting varies in the different stories. A winding stairway in the inside leads to the top. Under the balustrade of each story are gigantic carvings, composed largely of texts from the Koran. There is a difference of opinion among writers in regard to its antiquity. Concerning by whom or for what purpose it was erected, all are agreed that nothing is known. An Arabic inscription indicates that it was completed towards the close of the thirteenth century, but when it was commenced is a profound mystery. Near to this massive pile are the remains of a once beautiful temple, where hundreds of the supporting columns are yet standing, all carved in bold relief, and no two alike. The gateway leading to it I judge to be about fifty feet high.

Not far from the Kootub Minar is an ancient pillar of pure iron, a cylinder sixteen inches in diameter. Its top extends twenty feet above the surface, and an excavation to the depth of twenty-six feet has failed to discover the lower end of it. Nothing is known of who constructed it or for what purpose it was built. Bayard Taylor assigns its construction to one century before Christ, while Seward places the date at A. D. 319. Where such eminent authorities disagree I will not presume to express an opinion. As a matter of fact, I have none to express.

We visited the tomb of one king who had formerly been the slave of his predecessor. It is in an excellent state of preservation. The floor is of marble, and was formerly inlaid with precious stones. All have, however, been picked out, and the stone now presents something the appearance of a honeycomb. The entire area of these ruins, miles in extent, is but a repetition of such as I have endeavored to describe, and any attempt to note them in detail would fill a volume.

In the midst of this desolation is a well about forty feet in diameter, walled up and with steps leading to the water below, a distance of over eighty feet. This is utilized by the beggars, who haunt the visitor at every step, as a means to extort money. It is called the "jumping well," and for a few pence these wretched mendicants will plunge from the surface to the water below, like so many frogs, returning by a flight of steps. I watched the feat with interest for some time, in the vain hope that some of the wretches would be drowned, but when my hopes developed no substantial basis, I turned away to objects more worthy of attention. These natives live in the midst of the ruins in all the squalor which poverty and an innate love of wretchedness can produce. Their habitations are mud huts, where throng thousands of natives, priests, men, women, and children, and all are beggars of the most pertinacious type.

We returned finally to our hotel, wearied, worn, and bewildered by the multiplicity of sights which we had witnessed—sights that, like thousands of others in India, are of themselves well worth a trip around the world to see.

Having disposed of old Delhi to our at least partial satisfaction, we next turned our investigations to the present city. One of the finest edifices in the new city is the mosque of Jumna Musjid. It stands in the center of

a rocky terrace, and is reached by long stone staircases on three sides. The dimensions are not so great as others we have seen, being but two hundred by one hundred and twenty feet, but its elevated position and surroundings make it one of the most prominent features of the city. It is surmounted by three shapely marble cupolas with gilded spires. At each end of the building is a minaret, built of alternating courses of black and white marble. The effect is singularly grand and imposing. The floor of the mosque is a peculiar and striking mosaic. Each slab of white marble is about three and a half feet by eighteen inches, and is surrounded by a black marble border of the same material.

There are a number of what are claimed to be relics of Mohammed in the mosque, one a hair from his beard and the other a pair of slippers. These are carefully preserved in a glass case. The hair looks just like a thread from the hirsute appendage of any man, and the slippers indicate that the Holy Prophet was not as careful of his footwear as he might have been. They are woefully dilapidated. Strange as it may appear, I was not a bit impressed by the presence of these sacred mementos of the great head of the Mussulman Church.

The imperial palace at Delhi is located within the walls of the citadel. It was built, like the Taj-Mahal, by the Shah Jehan, and is in a complete state of preservation. It vies in magnificence with the other monuments of the Mogul dynasty. It is composed mainly of two audience chambers, a greater and a lesser. Each of these chambers is open in front, and so placed that the great ruler, while seated upon his throne, could view the assemblage that perhaps often filled the apartment and the grounds in front. In both of these chambers is a marble throne. The smaller room is noted as the location of the "Peacock

Throne," celebrated in history as the finest and most costly bauble of royalty. It is, or rather was, for it has been despoiled, six feet long and four feet wide, composed of solid gold, inlaid with precious stones, and surmounted by a gold canopy, resting on twelve columns of the same precious metal. Around the canopy hung a fringe of pearls. On each side of the throne proper stood umbrellas, the Mogul symbol of royalty, formed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold thread and pearls, and with handles of solid gold, eight feet long, studded with diamonds. The back of the throne was a representation of the expanded tail of a peacock, the natural colors of which were imitated by sapphires, rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and other brilliant gems. For this throne the Shah Jehah expended the sum of nearly thirty millions of dollars.

This famous throne was despoiled by the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, on the occasion of one of those periodical invasions the precise dates of which have become uncertain. The walls and other parts of the chamber were furnished with equal magnificence, but nearly every thing of value that was transportable was carried away during the sacking of the city at different times by the Persians and the English. Among other rich loot taken from the imperial palace at Delhi was the solid silver plates which composed the roof of this same room. The filigree work which adorns the cornices and capitals of the chamber is formed of white marble inlaid with pure gold. In each angle of the room is engraved in Arabic the lines which have been made immortal by Moore in "*Lalla Rookh*,"

"If there be an Elysium on earth  
It is this! It is this!"

I can only say that I agree fully with the artist in his estimate of his own production.



Adjoining this smaller audience chamber, as I have said, is the larger room devoted to the receptions accorded to the nobles and ministers of his court. The walls are of the purest marble, and were inlaid with precious stones. These valuables were all taken away at the time the city was destroyed. The holes in the marble where they were imbedded still remain.

Human life to these Mogul kings was but a toy, to be played with, enjoyed or sacrificed as the humor of the sovereign suggested. Religious persecution was carried to an extent scarcely equaled in the darkest history of the world. In the space of an acre, shown by the guide, one king had no less than one hundred thousand persons executed because they would not forswear their religion and become followers of Mohammed. As I walked over the ground and thought of the horrors that it had witnessed, I could no longer wonder at the downfall of the kingdom. Great had been the sins of the people and terrible was the retribution.

Delhi, as the capital of the nominal Mogul Empire, was the scene of some of the most notable events of the mutiny of 1857. The outbreak occurred here on the 27th of May, and was caused directly by the advent of a body of mutineers who arrived from Meerut, where they had murdered every European resident, and succeeded in passing the gates before they could be closed against them. They were soon joined by the sepoy's stationed here, in murdering the European inhabitants. No mercy was shown to age or sex. Delicate women were stripped of their clothing, turned naked into the streets, beaten with bamboos, pelted with filth and abandoned to the lust of the blood-stained barbarians until death came to their relief. It is said that at first the king refused to join the movement, but he was soon borne along by the irresistible current.

He proclaimed himself, with much parade and circumstance, king of all India, but it is a notable fact that he never wielded power outside the walls of the city, and very little in it, as the insurgents were never any thing more than a half organized mob, who were dispersed readily at any time by one-tenth their number of disciplined English soldiery. Guns were mounted and defiance thrown by the insurgents at Delhi to the British nation. The British force approached on the 30th of May, and from that day until the final assault and reduction of the city on the 20th of September, the contests were continuous. The king and his family were captured. The former, being upwards of ninety years of age, and scarcely responsible for his acts, was spared, but his two sons and grandson were led out and summarily shot. Thus went down in a sea of blood the last remnant of the Moguls, and the great empire, rivaling Babylon in magnificence and crime, passed into history and tradition.

There are features of attractiveness in the Delhi of to-day that have no direct connection with the ancient magnificence of the Mogul dynasties, or the bitter recollections of the more recent mutiny and its attendant horrors. The Queen's Gardens, in the heart of the city, a park which has been laid out by the English authorities since the suppression of the outbreak of 1857, is a beautiful place, kept in complete condition by the government.

The principal street of Delhi, the Chandee Chowk, is still an attractive thoroughfare, though possessing few of the features of the Strand, in London, or New York's Broadway. From early in the morning until evening, it is thronged with elephants, camels, bullocks, and other beasts of burden, arriving with grain and other productions of the surrounding plains, and returning with the articles of merchandise received in exchange. After night-

fall the scene changes, and the busy mart of trade is transformed into a pleasure ground, where gayly dressed natives mingle with European residents, officials, and travelers, and the Brahmin good-naturedly jostles his Mohammedan neighbor, and each pass with a look of pitying contempt the unobtrusive Christian.

During our brief stay in Delhi Mrs. Converse accepted an invitation to visit a Mohammedan harem. I wanted to go along, but was refused permission. That was really unkind. Ever since I was a boy and read of the beautiful hours of the Turkish seraglios and other blood-warming details which did not improve my limited stock of youthful morals, I have been anxious to study the internal economy of a harem. I have a fancy that my faculty of appreciation would be equal to the occasion. But there was no use calculating upon an impossibility, and so I will endeavor to be content, as in the past, with wondering whether the story of the curious Dudu, as told by Byron, really was an exaggeration. Mrs. C. reported little of her observations beyond a *resume* of the information gained concerning some features of social life among the Hindoos. In the harem which she visited, there were no less than three generations of females, the oldest of whom is the mistress, and at her death is succeeded by the next in age. In India, as some of my readers are aware, the children are married at a very early age, frequently as young as from two to five years. These marriages are, of course, arranged wholly by the parents, and are made the occasion of grand festivals, which last, among the wealthier natives, from two to five days. These extremely early marriages are not the rule, but are not by any means exceptional. In this tropical country the human fruit ripens at an early age, and it is not uncommon to see a Hindoo mother whose years do not exceed twelve. However young the

children may be when married, they do not live together until the age of puberty has arrived, which with boys in India is about twelve, and with girls from ten to eleven. The marriage festivities of the lower classes differ from those of the wealthy only in proportion to the difference in the ability of the parents to afford the expense. Among the lower classes, when the husband and wife have commenced to live together, it is the custom to paint on the door of the hut a rude figure of an elephant, which is interpreted to mean that the occupants are in the first year of their married life, and that the bride is privileged to receive calls. Many of these huts have I seen where the newly married girl was busying herself gathering the fresh excrement of cattle and with her shapely hands forming it into thin cakes to dry in the sun, preparatory to being used for fuel. Will my æsthetic lady readers mentally gaze upon the picture for a moment, and fancy themselves making a call upon a Hindoo bride of low caste and staying to tea? But I haven't the slightest doubt these benighted Hindoos are as happy and contented as are the queenly ladies of fashion in America, who bewilder the senses of the unthinking public, and deplete the pockets of their husbands by their elegant costumes of silks, velvets, and laces. Happiness is the result more of education than aught else. In the language of the street: "It's all owing to how a person is raised!"

From Delhi we move in a south-west direction to Jeypoor, in the province of Rajpootana; thence to the coast, near the Gulf of Cutch, and from thence by rail to Bombay.

We were reminded yesterday of the advent of a new year by the compliment of a serenade by a native brass band, who visited our hotel and rendered "Hail Columbia," and other American national airs, in a very acceptable manner.

We appreciated the compliment, and, as in duty bound, became duly afflicted with a mild attack of nostalgia, or home-sickness. Perhaps, few of my readers have ever found themselves wandering in strange lands, and listening to the familiar strains of America's national airs. To such I can say that no music ever sounded so sweet, and the breast swells with pride as the mind wanders back over the thousands of miles of intervening land and sea to that glorious land of the stars and stripes, that land chosen of God and blessed as no nation ever before was blessed. In all my wanderings, through lands in most parts of the habitable globe, I have drawn a mental picture of comparison, and each day found renewed reasons for thankfulness that I am an American. Nowhere are the people so prosperous and happy, nowhere are the breezes so pleasant, nowhere does the sun shine so bright, nowhere are the blessings of Providence so bountifully showered as in my own America.

Our guide in Delhi was a highly educated and accomplished native Hindoo, Budri Dhas, and I feel that I but imperfectly repay his many acts of kind consideration when I commend him to the attention of all tourists. He speaks English perfectly, and his knowledge of Delhi, its history and traditions, is thorough. He is a thorough Brahmin, with implicit confidence in the teachings of his religion, but at the same time holding liberal ideas of tolerance toward other beliefs. This toleration, however, does not extend to the Mohammedans. He hates the followers of the Prophet with a most unholy hatred, and never neglects an opportunity to anathematize them viciously, holding them, by some obscure process of reasoning, responsible for the evils that have befallen his country. I, of course, agreed with him. I always agree with a guide. And let me say to all persons contemplating travel, never



presume to differ with a guide, or for a moment dispute his most extravagant assertions. If you do you arouse his contempt, and the contempt of a guide is something terrible. Mental reservations are the tourist's only recourse. If a Hindoo chaperon tells you George Washington was a Brahmin and worshiped at the sacred shrine in Benares, don't dispute it. If he imparts the startling information that Christ became a follower of Mohammed before his crucifixion, and died in the faith, you will rise several degrees in his estimation if you express your gratification. Guides are an institution, and, as a class, are the monumental liars of the age. Budri Dhas, however, is the most intelligent, the most accommodating, and the nearest approach to reliable that I have met in my travels.

## XXIV.

THE TOUR OF INDIA CONTINUED—THE AUTHOR A GUEST OF ROYALTY—FROM JEYPOOR TO THE COAST—BOMBAY AND ITS SURROUNDINGS—THE “TOWER OF SILENCE”—HOW THE PARSEES DISPOSE OF THEIR DEAD—THE WONDERFUL TEMPLE ON ELEPHANTA ISLAND—A MODIFICATION OF PROGRAMME—EGYPT, THE HOLY LAND, TURKEY AND GREECE CUT OUT.

BOMBAY, INDIA, *January 5, 1882.*

OUR tour of India is ended. During the past twenty-four days our wanderings have been made to include the principal points of interest of this vast Oriental empire, though by no means have we seen the greater part of the country. This could not be done in less than a year, and even then the tourist would be compelled to neglect much that would prove interesting. Our time was limited, and we selected those parts which are richest in relics of the past and most prolific of impressions of the Hindoo present. Had it been possible, we would have been pleased to extend our trip to the Himalayas, that vast mountain range that stretches across the north-eastern frontier of India, and forms the boundary of Thibet. The means of conveyance are, however, very primitive, and the time and physical exertion necessary scarcely justified by the results.

After leaving Delhi, we went south-west to the city of Jeypoor, the capital of the province of Rajpootana. This province did not participate in the mutiny of 1857, and in consequence remains under the immediate control of the Rajah, though paying tribute to the English. All the

local laws and customs are purely Hindoo. As the country has never been invaded or the city overthrown, it remains as it has been for countless years, and is perhaps the best point in India to study the native character. The city is unlike any we have seen, and by some travelers is said to be the handsomest in India. The buildings are all of brick, plastered on the outside with a pinkish yellow composition. All are two stories high, and scarcely a building has an appearance different from the others. The streets are about one hundred feet wide, are lit with gas, and diversified with numerous squares, where fountains and other pleasing ornamentations are located. The city is quite large, and fully inclosed by an ancient wall. This latter was doubtless a thorough protection against arrows, catapults and similar primitive engines of war, but would not stand against the heavy artillery of the present day for twenty-four hours. The people of the province are, however, so quiet and peaceably disposed, so inclined to smoothly accept their position as a dependency of the English crown, that there is little probability the test will ever be made.

The people of Rajpootana are the most contented and pleasantly situated of any part of India we have seen. The traveler sees little of the squalor and wretchedness, the discontent and evident repression, which is so apparent elsewhere. The contrast is so glaring as to attract attention at once. At Jeypoor there are no foreign residents.

We went to the School of Arts, and the manager, a native, who spoke excellent English, paid us the kindest attention, exhibiting and explaining the methods of instruction with evident pleasure. In reply to the query of where he learned the English language, he said the school kept up by the government taught English as well as



RAJAH OF RAJPOOTANA.





native. I asked this gentleman concerning the missionary work. He replied that it was productive of good inasmuch and to the extent that it educates the children of the poor without any expense to the government. He also expressed the opinion that genuine conversions to Christianity are very rare; that a Hindoo remains a Hindoo at heart, though he may profess to be a Christian; if an apparent change to Christianity will tend to enhance his temporal welfare he may profess conversion, but so soon as he can no longer profit by the teachings of the missionaries the latent idolatry will reassert itself. This is undoubtedly true, and is sustained by the unanimous testimony which we have secured throughout the East. How long the American people can afford to contribute money to educate the subjects of Great Britain on this side of the earth, while thousands of home heathens are suffering from the lack of instruction, is a problem which they alone can solve. As I have previously said, my faith in the work of foreign missions is very limited. The trite aphorism, "every man should first clean his own dooryard," can be applied to the missionary work with much justice and equal practical benefit. I have a much kinder feeling for the missionary work in Japan than any other country we have been in. There is a simplicity and willingness to accept teaching in the Japanese character that is not found among the Hindoos. The latter are as firmly convinced that the beastly practices of Brahminism are the true and only religion as any Christian can be that Christ is the head of the only genuine faith. The Mohammedans are, if any difference is apparent, more bigoted and less tolerant than the Brahmins.

We only remained at Jeypoor one day, but it was a day of the pleasantest enjoyment, devoted to inspecting the peculiarities of a city that has probably remained

wholly unchanged in its features during the lapse of a thousand years. It was the first we visited that had experienced none of the iconoclastic influences of "civilization."

We stopped at a Dak Bungalow, or, as it would be called in America, a stage hotel, outside the wall. The traveler is only allowed to remain twenty-four hours, but we made the best possible use of our brief sojourn. This restriction is not, as I learned, owing to any feeling against foreigners, but because of the limited accommodations for travelers, rendering it necessary for visitors to give way to others. Every thing about the place was neat and clean, and the accommodations generally all that any one could ask or expect to receive.

The day of our stay was the occasion of a grand fête, not arranged, perhaps, in our honor, but in which, nevertheless, we played a somewhat prominent and wholly unexpected part. The Rajah appeared at 4 P. M. on the plaza, and the occasion was made one of gorgeous display. The streets were lined with elephants, camels, and bullock carts, decked in all the magnificence of holiday trappings. The Rajah, or king, sustains an English school at his individual expense, and the cause of all this royal display was a public recitation, or, as we would call it at home, an "examination," conducted in the central square or park of the city. This is an open space of about four acres, and around, covering an area of nearly forty acres, is a beautiful garden of fruits and flowers. At 5 P. M. we responded to an invitation and went to the gate, and were invited to enter. We accepted the invitation, and upon further request seated ourselves in chairs near the principal stand. In a few moments His Royal Highness appeared with his ministers of state and other dignitaries. He first greeted some officials and then politely salaamed

to us, and took a seat the sixth from ours. We were seated next to the minister of war. All the officials were dressed in their state robes. That of the Rajah was especially noticed for its elegance. He wore a silver turban, a loose robe trimmed with gold lace and jewels, white pantaloons, and on his ankles gold rings, which sparkled with settings of brilliant diamonds. He sat in the center of his officials and conferred the prizes upon the winners in the contest. All the proceedings were in English.

Outside the line of officials and *attachés* of the court was a solid phalanx of mounted lancers, and beyond them the dense masses of people stretched away until they filled the streets leading to the square. We were presented with a programme of the exercises, and Mrs. C. was made the recipient of a handsome bouquet, indirectly from the hands of the Rajah. These we will retain as souvenirs of our first, and perhaps last, intercourse with royalty.

The Rajah, I almost neglected to say, is a handsome man, and bears his royal honors with becoming dignity. The conversation which we had with the officials was carried on in pure English, as free from foreign accent as is spoken by natives of the States. The pupils all acquitted themselves creditably. One feature of the dramatic part of the entertainment was amusing. It was a representation of a jury trial, where the lawyers pleaded ably and vigorously, the judge delivered his charge with solemn dignity, and the jury imitated to perfection the assumption of owl-like wisdom that distinguishes the average jury in America.

After thanking the officials for the pleasure we had experienced in being permitted to attend the exhibition, we were returned to our hotel with a driver and footman to attend us.

It would have given us great pleasure to remain a day longer at Jeypoor to witness a novelty, being a fight between two elephants. The Rajah has a number of these animals, and two of them had become vicious. He was going to utilize their bad temper by providing an amusement for his people. Circumstances combined, however, to render our longer stay inexpedient. Consequently, we were off the next morning at six o'clock.

In India nobody except the tourist is in a hurry. Like the people of other countries, the predisposition to distaste for exertion finds its most pronounced expression in an abhorrence of early rising, which nothing but the most persistent and urgent demands will overcome. This was our experience at the hotel in Jeypoor. The amount of racket which I raised around that house at half-past four o'clock in the morning would have put to shame a howling dervish or an uxorious tom cat. My first foray was upon the quarters of the cook, whom I found enjoying a sleep so profound that my most vigorous efforts were scarcely sufficient to arouse him. Finally, however, I succeeded partially in bringing him to a realization of the unsatisfactory condition of affairs, and started next for the hut of the gharry driver, at the other end of the compound. After an amount of physical exertion to which I am not inured, I got him awake. He could not understand a word of English, and in order to bring my desires within the scope of his comprehension I ran vigorously up and down before him, imitating the sound of a locomotive with my voice and causing my arms to work like the driving rods of the same piece of machinery. What a picture I presented! It certainly was less dignified than novel. Having secured the driver, as I supposed, I returned to the bungalow only to find the cook fast asleep. This was exasperating in the extreme, and the pointed

nature of my remarks, expressed in the most vigorous English, seemed to penetrate his benighted mind, and breakfast was soon ready. Returning to the compound to see how the driver was getting along, I found him lamenting that the pole of the gharry was broken and he could not go. With my assistance, however, the difficulty was remedied, and soon, having partaken of breakfast, we were on our way to the depot, located some two miles from the hotel. This latter fact is one peculiar to India. With but one exception we found the depots at distances varying from one to three miles from the hotels. The reason I never heard explained.

Arriving at the depot, we found it as deserted as a last year's bird's-nest. It lacked but fifteen minutes of train time, and as the minutes flew by our uneasiness increased in proportion. At last an official made his appearance, to whom I explained, by holding up two fingers and saying "Bombay," the nature of our desires. Every thing was satisfactory, and soon we were seated in the train, moving at a reasonably rapid rate toward the sea-shore.

This road, running from Toondla Junction, on the East Indian Railway, to Ahmedabad, near the Gulf of Cutch, an inlet of the Arabian Sea, was built within the past few years by the Rajah of Rajpootana, wholly at his individual expense. It is a narrow gauge, but seems to answer the demands of a limited traffic very satisfactorily. In our route over the level plain we saw vast quantities of birds and game, such as storks, cranes, parrots, peacocks, monkeys, wolves, jackals, and a variety of two and four legged creatures whose names or species were unknown to us. There were also to be seen myriads of Indian buffalo, and numerous caravans of camels on their way north to Afghanistan, Persia, and the Caspian Sea. The country, most of



the way, is flat, and produces large crops of wheat, castor beans, mustard and tobacco.

This part of India, a few years since, suffered greatly from famine, the deaths being numbered by thousands. No person who becomes even cursorily acquainted with the customs, habits, and prejudices of the people can feel the least surprise. Wild game is everywhere plenty, but these people would rather starve than eat flesh. Everywhere in India the monkey is held sacred, and so absorbing is the bigotry of the natives that while they were suffering for a mouthful of food they would look complacently upon these pestiferous little animals feeding upon their crops. With the acquisition of this knowledge concerning the wastage of the crops and the omnipresence of game, the last vestige of our sympathy for the victims of famine in India departed. A people who will permit their religious prejudices to lead them into starvation are not entitled to the sympathies of any body.

In this connection, at the risk of being considered prolix, I am tempted to wander off into a perhaps not profound but certainly very reasonable disquisition upon the gracious charity that begins at home. But I forbear, simply reminding the contributors to the foreign mission fund that we really have not enough gospel at home to go around, and our first duty is to properly feed and instruct the heathen within the confines of our own country.

We saw men and women working on a new railroad. There does not seem to be any "weaker sex" in India, as the women of the lower caste labor in the fields, and perform similar tasks with as great regularity as the men. They mingle in the gangs, and I suppose exchange ribald jokes and stories. The railroad workers carried the dirt in baskets, just as was done by laborers two thousand years ago. These women, notwithstanding they were en-

gaged in such a menial occupation, wore jewelry, in the form of rings in the nose and ears, and bracelets on their arms and legs, to the value of hundreds of dollars. The inexorable duties of a Hindoo are—first, to worship his god, and second, to devote him or herself to the acquisition of jewelry with which to ornament the person. It may not be necessary for me to call attention to the fact that the latter failing is not confined by any means to this side of the earth. In more fully civilized countries than India it is followed with a zeal that almost entirely excludes the former from consideration.

We remained at the town of Ahmedabad, waiting for a train, about four hours, at the end of which time we were taken by a connecting line to Baroda, a few miles further on, at which point another change was made to the road for Bombay. This railroad skirts the shore of the Arabian Sea from that point to Bombay, a distance of about four hundred miles.

To-day, Thursday, January 5th, we arrived at Bombay. It is twenty-four days since we landed at Calcutta, and we have not lost an hour by lingering over novelties that surrounded us on every side. Although we think we have “done” India pretty thoroughly, yet there are myriads of novel scenes that we have not seen; all could not be included in a tour of less than a month, and we endeavor to satisfy ourselves by the reflection that our trip has included the most attractive.

Every species of labor throughout India is conducted in the most primitive manner. For instance, I do not suppose there is a pump in the entire empire. The wells are numerous and deep, and the water pure, but it is universally drawn to the surface in buckets—bullocks usually being the power employed. All brick are made by hand, and I doubt whether the idea that they could be manu-

factured in any other way ever dawned upon Hindoo mind. There are perhaps reasons for this, aside from the inability of the natives to appreciate the utility of labor-saving machinery. The first is found in the fact that native labor is cheaper than mechanical appliances, and this creates no demand for machinery. For instance, in the manufacture of brick, the purchase and operation of a machine that would turn out ten thousand per day would cost the manufacturer more than the hire of a sufficient number of natives to accomplish the same result. Another theory I have heard in explanation of the Hindoos being tardy about introducing labor-saving mechanism. India has an immense population to sustain—so dense that people who have never visited the country can form but little conception of it. This population must live in some way. They will not starve, at least not willingly, and the introduction of labor-saving machinery would lessen the demand for manual labor, and throw myriads of natives into lives of beggary or crime. A large proportion of them are already beggars or criminals, but it is contended that the numbers would be largely increased by the introduction of mechanical appliances for performing labor. Again, there are no farms in India, as we Americans understand the word. There are none to be seen in any part of the country which we visited that would not be classed as a "truck patch" in America. Consequently self-binding reapers, revolving clod-crushers, etc., could not be used to advantage. It is also doubtful if any better results could be obtained than under the present primitive system. Owing to the dense population and the necessity for utilizing each square foot of the land, every portion is farmed to its utmost capacity. The means adopted are very crude, but the result secured is greater than upon the American farms where labor-saving machinery is employed.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of cholera at different points in India, and particularly at Bombay, we retain our usual health, neither of us having been sick an hour since leaving home.

Our tour of 2,700 miles in India closes here, and a few days hence we bid farewell to the Orient. Since the construction of the Suez Canal this city has become the "gate of India," superseding Calcutta. It is the most European like, the most thoroughly cosmopolitan, of the cities we have visited. Like Singapore, the natives of every part of the world gather at Bombay and mingle in one busy, energetic struggle for that *ignis fatuus* of life—success. The city stands upon an island, a fact that escapes the first observation of the traveler. The total population is estimated at more than a million, composed largely of Europeans, with a sprinkling of Americans. Here, perhaps to a greater extent than elsewhere in the East, the natives compete with the Caucasians in commerce and trade, and many of the Hindoos and Parsees are immensely wealthy, the result of an enterprise and shrewdness that is comparatively unknown elsewhere. Many of the natives of Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, and other places, are possessed of great wealth, but it is not the result of successful trade.

The name Bombay is a corruption of the Portuguese *Buen Bahia*, meaning good harbor, a term that is not belied by the safe haven for vessels which the roadstead provides. The city is one of the oldest of the British possessions in the East. The natives are not only engaged largely in trade, but they have adopted to a great extent the customs of civilized countries. This is noticeable in the almost entire absence of the architectural features that distinguish in other places the residences of the Hindoos. In Bombay it is difficult to tell the homes of the wealthy

natives from those of Europeans. Many of these natives aspire to and secure positions under the government, several being members of the Legislative Council.

Outside of the Europeans, the wealth, commerce, and trade of Bombay is largely in the hands of the Parsees, a peculiar sect who were not native Hindoos originally. History assigns them to Persia. They are the disciples of Zoroaster, and are known as "fire-worshippers." The sect is still quite numerous in Persia, from whence those now resident in western India emigrated about the seventh century. The Parsees are universally well educated, wealthy, and singularly pure in their personal habits and family relations. With them the worship of idols is prohibited, though they venerate the sun and fire as the emblems of divine power. Celibacy they consider displeasing to God, but polygamy is not tolerated. They have their temples or houses of worship, but they are devoid of the tawdry ornamentation and beastly practices that distinguish the shrines of the Brahmins and Buddhists. Almost the only distinguishing feature of a Parsee place of worship is an altar, on which is kept burning a sacred fire, which is never allowed to become extinguished, and which is fed by spices and other aromatic woods. Their religion enjoins charity, hospitality, honesty, industry, and obedience to constituted authority; and forbids anger, hatred, envy, quarreling, and every species of licentiousness. As a consequence, the Parsees are universally good citizens, and would be an acquisition to any country.

Outside the city itself, which presents few novelties, there are but two sights in the vicinity of Bombay calculated to especially attract the attention of the traveler—the "Tower of Silence" or Parsee funeral pile, and the Elephantine Temple. The former is located about four miles from the city, on Malabar Hill, in the midst of a



dense grove of palms. The tower rises above the trees, and resembles nothing more than a huge gasometer or "stand-pipe" for water-works. We approached the spot in a carriage and mounted the steps leading to the tower, passing through an arched gateway and entering a pretty garden of plants and trees. The strict rules of the Parsees forbid entrance, but a combination of American ingenuity, "cheek," and British gold secured us the favor. The tower is roofless, and at the bottom is located a large grating, upon which the body of the deceased is placed, being pushed through a small door at the side. There it is allowed to remain until the flesh is all picked from the bones by the ever waiting vultures, a process which does not occupy more than twenty minutes. The osseous remains are then collected by the friends and passed through a chemical process which entirely destroys them. The mourners stay in the temple just inside the front gate, and engage in prayers while the deceased is being consumed by the vultures. No one is permitted to witness the horrid work of the birds, and not a word is spoken during the time the funeral cortege remains at the tower. All the mourners are dressed in pure white. While we were there, there was not the slightest offensive odor apparent. We saw hundreds of the vultures sitting on the apex of the tower or circling in the air over head, apparently well satisfied with their breakfast, which had just been served them. These funeral services occur only in the morning or evening.

We went to visit the celebrated cave of idols on Elephanta Island, some ten miles from the city. From the landing we ascended an easy flight of steps to a spacious plateau, more than a hundred feet above the level of the sea. This is shaded by groups of palm trees, as, in fact, is the entire island. The face of the middle of three

mountains is cut down perpendicularly, presenting a front of smooth, hard blue rock. Into this is cut a subterranean temple, wonderful as a work of art, accomplished ages ago, before gunpowder, dynamite, or nitro-glycerine had been dreamed of. The temple is about one hundred feet wide and three hundred deep, the vaulted roof being supported by pillars left by the workmen in their excavations. There are a great many of these, and all are about four feet in diameter and twenty-seven feet high. All are elaborately carved. Every detail of the four chambers into which it is divided is complete, and so thorough is the work done that it is difficult to realize that every thing is carved from the undisturbed rock. The floor is as smooth and level as it could be made.

Standing just within the entrance the visitor confronts the further wall, distant about three hundred feet. Here is a colossal image, or rather three images combined, representing Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. The first, as the creative power, has a calm, contemplative expression; the second, being the preservative power, rests supinely upon a bed of lotus flowers, and the third, being the goddess of destruction, holds in one hand a drawn sword and in the other a reptile. Each of these figures is about twice the size of the human form. Surrounding the group is a miscellaneous collection of minor deities. These stand in a recess, or niche, the ceiling of which is ornamented with a group of what might be called angels, but as the Brahmin theology does not recognize this winged subdivision of transformed souls, I can not tell what they are intended to represent. On each of the sides of this principal room is a varied collection of images and allegorical representations, the purport of which is far beyond my comprehension. The two smaller apartments are not completed. The entrance is so arranged that at certain hours of the

day the rays of the sun pour in and flood the temple with a brilliant light that exposes every niche and corner, producing an effect at once grand and weird.

This temple, were it erected as are others throughout India, would perhaps not be worthy special attention, but when it is remembered that it is all, including the images, cut from the solid, undisturbed native rock, it becomes one of the wonders of the world. Tradition rather than history assigns the excavation to the seventh century, while other not less trustworthy traditions speak of it as early as the fourth century. What a world of patient, persistent labor is represented in the work. Every part had to be done by hand, and with tools the most crude. It is the one temple that, unless disturbed by earthquakes, will endure forever. It is free from the destructive effects of the elements, though in some parts disfigured by human hands. History relates that the fanatical Portuguese endeavored to destroy it, and for the purpose fired cannon loaded with solid shot into it, but the effect was but to slightly disfigure it in some parts.

Our hotel accommodations here are excellent. We are located at the Hambleton. It is situated in the center of a four-acre tract or park, nicely shaded, and embellished with beds of flowers, and as comfortable a place for whiling away the hours as one would care to find. A veranda surrounds the house at both stories, and we were fortunate enough to secure that goal of all hotel guests, a corner room.

The English residents of Bombay are, as elsewhere in the East, regular patrons of the bar. They call their drinks "pegs," perhaps in imitation of the American saying so often heard in bar-rooms, "one more nail in my coffin," and it is nothing unusual to hear an Englishman boast of having absorbed ten "pegs" during the day. I

should think that each one would represent a score of nails in the coffin of the consumer, for certainly a more vile decoction was never compounded by human hands. It tastes as if distilled from a combination of pine boughs and old boots.

They have here what they call American coal oil. The people do not drink it, but I verily believe they would if it were labeled brandy or whisky. The oil might as well be drank, for certainly it is almost useless as a burning fluid. It is apparently oil that is considered unfit for use at home.

About the only accommodations we have found in India that were not either inferior in quality or exorbitant in price are the hotels. They are universally good, and their charges range from two dollars to two dollars and twenty-five cents per day. The eating houses are exorbitant in their charges and correspondingly deficient in excellence. The railroads are universally incomplete in their accommodations. Even the first-class carriages are poor affairs. Sleeping-cars are unknown, and the miserable box-like concerns, the designs of which are borrowed from England, are as wretched contrivances as can be imagined, being devised apparently by a studied effort to render the unhappy passenger uncomfortable. The charges are three, two, and one cent per mile. After speaking of the deficient accommodations of the first-class cars, I leave the reader to imagine the discomfort of those who patronize the third-class.

Much of our stay in Bombay has been devoted to regrets over the unfortunate state of affairs that will cause a change in our programme. The authorities of Egypt have notified the officials of India that, owing to the prevalence of the cholera in this country, no passengers from India will be permitted to land in Egypt. This decree is

inexorable, and as a consequence the most interesting part of our tour will have to be omitted. This omission will include the trip up the Nile, the tour through the Holy Land, the visit to Constantinople, and the sight-seeing among the classical scenes and ruins of ancient Greece. This is a serious, almost an overwhelming disappointment, but it must be endured with as much equanimity as possible. The Egyptians will, perhaps, be kind enough to allow us to look upon their country as we pass through the Suez canal, which is very considerate of them. As a consequence, we will sail directly from Bombay to some uncertain point in Italy. There we might remain until we had become fumigated and deodorized to an extent commensurate with the æsthetic tastes of the hypercritical Egyptians, but it would then be too late, by reason of the advanced season, to go up the Nile. The only satisfaction we can find will be in making a hurried tour of Europe and return home about the 20th of March, with the full determination to return next Winter and leisurely fill in the omitted part of our programme.



## XXV.

THE HINDOOS AS A PEOPLE—THEIR SOCIAL CUSTOMS—RELIGIOUS BELIEFS AND CEREMONIALS—SELF-INFLICTED TORTURES AND SACRIFICES.

BOMBAY, INDIA, *January 10, 1882.*

HAVING passed hurriedly through India, from Calcutta to Benares, Delhi, Jeypoor, and to this point, a necessarily incomplete tour, I have been impressed by many interesting views of the social and religious life of the natives. The inhabitants of India are apparently of various and greatly dissimilar races, differing materially in stature, complexion, manners, language, religion, and general character. The mountaineers of the North, like all residents of a hilly country, are large, muscular, and hardy, while the inhabitants of the plains are of inferior stature and muscular development. In complexion, they vary from a very dark olive, nearly approaching black, to a light, transparent brown, such as may be found in the south of France and in Spain. Among the children and adults below the age of twenty-five, the features are usually regular, and some rare types of physical beauty are found. The girls are fully developed women at the age of eleven, and frequently become mothers before they are twelve. It is an inexorable law of nature that the fruit which ripens earliest soonest decays, and a Hindoo woman of thirty retains none of the physical qualities that rendered her attractive twenty years previous. Old women in appearance are abundant in India; old women in years are rare. All classes of na-

tives, as I have before narrated, are very fond of ornaments, yet the dress is exceedingly simple. The children wear no clothing whatever until they are from five to eight years of age, but they are frequently decorated with ornaments and jewels of considerable value.

The Hindoos are almost universally strict vegetarians, and I do not remember ever to have seen one eat a mouthful of flesh. The use of animal food is denied them by their religion, unless, as it is said, the animal has first been sacrificed to one of the idols. It may be that such is the case, and the assertion is made by writers on India, much more capable than myself, but the consumption of animal food by the Hindoos, under any circumstances, never came within the scope of my observation. The reader will please understand that in this connection I refer only to the Brahmins, who compose nine-tenths of the people of India. The wife never eats with her husband, but waits upon him in the capacity of a servant and satisfies her craving upon such remnants as his appetite did not demand. At their meals they use neither tables, chairs, knives, forks, or spoons. They sit upon the floor, and carry the food to the mouth with the fingers of the right hand, it first having been dipped by the same useful members from a common pot or other receptacle. They take their drink from a cup, usually of brass, but are, for some reason, careful that the cup shall not touch their lips. The liquid is poured into the mouth.

The use of distilled or fermented liquors is rare. Formerly such stimulants were indulged in only by the lower castes, but I regret to say that this habit, together with other pernicious concomitants of civilization, is not so unusual as it used to be. I never, however, during the month spent in India, saw a native under the influence of liquor. I wish I could truthfully say as much for the

foreign population. The use of tobacco is almost universal. Every body smokes, and consumes the vilest varieties of the weed that can be obtained. The natives have a substitute for chewing-tobacco that is, if possible, more filthy than the weed itself. It is the betel nut, and its use, which is confined to neither sex, produces a discoloration of the lips and teeth that is positively hideous and disgusting.

Most of the native dwellings are simple rude huts, about eighteen feet in length and a little more than half as wide. The walls are built of mud, and the roof is usually thatched with straw or palm leaves. In the cities and larger villages, however, the necessity of protection from fire compels a more substantial covering, and tile is substituted. The cost of these mud huts varies from five to thirty dollars, according to the pecuniary condition of the builder. This looks like a pitifully meager sum to expend upon a dwelling, but it must be remembered that, notwithstanding the vast wealth and luxurious ease of the nabobs, India is distinctively a land of poverty, and the figures I have given often represent the savings of the wretched owner for years. Not more than one dwelling in a thousand is constructed of more substantial material than that I have named. Occasionally, in the cities, dwellings will be seen constructed of brick, and these are sometimes (but not often) as much as three stories in height, and always with flat roofs. All have a peculiarly prison-like appearance, for the reason that but few windows open upon the street. The houses are built around an inner court, of greater or less dimensions, and this court, among the wealthy classes, is usually embellished with flowering plants, trees, tasteful walks, and fountains. Most of the windows open upon this. In nothing is the Hindoo distaste for progress more fully exemplified than in

this peculiar construction of their dwellings. They are of the design of a thousand years ago, when every man's house was literally his castle, which he was frequently called upon to defend against his enemies. In some regards these houses are frequently what they appear—prisons; for within their walls the female members of the family are as zealously confined as criminals. Such is the jealousy of the husbands that they are seldom seen upon the streets, and never in public assemblages. This seclusion of the women is, however, peculiar to the higher class. Among the common people, women are literally beasts of burden, and work in the fields, carry produce to market, and perform many other duties which scarcely comport with the usually accepted theory of civilization, that they are the weaker sex.

In some of the best houses in the cities is a small room devoted wholly to religious purposes, where is erected an altar, upon which rest the family's collection of idols, formed usually of silver or brass. The paraphernalia of worship is somewhat elaborate, composed of a large and a small conch-shell, the former for sounding like a horn and the latter for ladling water whenever the worshiper fancies that his gods are in need of ablution. In addition to these there are one large and one small boat-shaped copper vessel, two or three brass plates, a bell, a drum, cymbals and a five-branched candlestick. The uses of these things are very obscure, but one would suppose that most of them were devoted to making a noise, that blessed refuge of all idolaters, who hope thus to frighten away the evil spirits. I do not know what may be the disposition of the spirits, but it seems to me that it would require the pertinacity of a demon to withstand the horrid din of a combination of these nerve-rasping instruments of auricular torture. Each member of the

family is expected to repair morning and evening to this sanctuary to offer up his petitions, and to propitiate in every way the gods. Attached to this apartment is a bath-room, where those who are unable to reach the holy waters of the Ganges can perform their soul-saving ablutions. The water used is usually from the holy river, and, as it is not at all times possible to secure a fresh supply, I am told that the same water is frequently utilized continuously by the different members of the family for months.

Should a foreigner ask a native Hindoo why certain duties are performed in so primitive a manner, the reply would be, "It is our custom." There is the secret of much of the lack of progress among the natives of India. For ages they have venerated these customs, and are unwilling to learn the more improved methods. Since my sojourn in the country, I heard an amusing anecdote of this indisposition among the natives to recognize the utility of improvements and avail themselves of them. A foreigner had taken a contract to build a part of a line of railroad, and in the grading employed a multitude of natives. Here the laborers engaged in such work carry the dirt in baskets balanced on their heads. The contractor, desiring to lighten the labor and facilitate the work, conceived the idea of providing wheelbarrows. He procured a supply and the natives apparently took kindly to the innovation and admitted that it was an improvement. Judge of the astonishment of the contractor when he returned a few hours later and found his laborers filling the barrows with earth and carrying them on their heads to the place of deposit.

With the exception of those sections which have long enjoyed the security of British protection, the rural population of India largely reside in villages, which are simply



a collection of rude huts, thrown together in the most promiscuous manner possible, without regard to convenience, ventilation, or any thing else that in civilized countries is considered essential. The whole is surrounded by a mud wall, that might possibly be an insurmountable obstacle to a sick jackal. The government is patriarchal in its nature. Each village has its head man, watchman, and tax gatherer, and there the poor creatures exist, happy perhaps in the knowledge that they are living just as their fathers did three thousand years ago. Every family belonging to the village has its own specific occupation or particular office, entailed for generations. The land cultivated is regarded as the property of the supreme government, for which a rent is paid in kind, amounting to nearly half of the crop. The lands seldom change occupants, and there are doubtless living in India to-day families whose progenitors occupied the same spot of ground a thousand years ago. Revolutions disturb them not in the least. The only change in their routine it produces is in the parties to whom their taxes are to be paid.

The writer who endeavors to speak of the religions of India in detail assumes a task whose discouraging dimensions he will appreciate as he progresses. The religious systems of the Brahmins are contained in a great number of books known as Shasters, and are as mythical, obscure, and absurd as the most fertile imagination could devise. Many of these books have been handed down from generation to generation for thousands of years. They are written, it is said, in Sanskrit, some with ink and a reed pen on paper of native manufacture, and others with the point of an iron stylus, on palm leaf. A palm leaf volume of ordinary size is about eighteen inches in length, two in width, and four in thickness. The style of binding adopted is very primitive. Through each leaf a

hole is pierced, and the leaves are filed upon a string much as the sport-loving urchin collects his Sunday afternoon catch of sunfish. This preserves the leaves from loss, and the work is as sacred to the Hindoo Brahmins as is the gilt-edged, gold-clasped Bible to the Christians. The number of these volumes is almost unlimited. One poem contains four hundred thousand lines, or sufficient of itself to fill ten books of a thousand pages each.

The subjects treated of in these books are numerous, and form not only the religious precepts, ceremonials, etc., of the Brahmins, but the rules governing the family relations, amusements, health, the healing art, music, astronomy, geography, etc. The earth, according to the teachings of the Shasters, which every true Brahmin believes to be of divine origin, is a circular plain, with a circumference of some four hundred millions of miles. It is borne on the backs of eight huge elephants, the elephants stand upon the back of an immense tortoise, and the tortoise rests upon a prodigious thousand-headed serpent. What supports the snake is not stated. Whenever this reptile becomes drowsy and nods, the equilibrium of mundane matters is disturbed, and we have earthquakes. On such occasions, the people rush out of their houses, beating drums, shouting, and by other equally hideous sounds seeking to arouse his drowsy snakeship. The Brahmin geography, as taught by the Shasters, is no less unique. They claim that the earth consists of seven concentric oceans and an equal number of continents; that they are arranged alternately around a common center. The first ocean, the one nearest the center, is composed of salt water; the second, of milk; the third, of the curds of milk; the fourth, of melted butter; the fifth, of juice of the sugar cane; the sixth, of wine; and the seventh, of fresh water. Beyond the seventh ocean, is a land of pure gold,

but inaccessible to man ; and far beyond that extends the land of darkness, containing places of torment for the wicked. The continent at the center of the earth is a circular plain two hundred and fifty thousand miles in diameter. From its center arises a mountain composed entirely of gold and precious stones, to the height of six hundred thousand miles. Unlike other mountains, it is the largest at the top, and is crowned by three summits, where are seated the three gods, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. Near these summits are located the inferior gods, one of whom is described as eight hundred miles in circumference and forty miles in height—a right smart chance of a god to be catalogued with the inferior deities. At the foot of this principal mountain are three smaller elevations, and on the top of each grows a mango tree, eight thousand eight hundred miles high. Such an arboreal giant as that must overshadow the big trees of California, with several feet to spare. These trees bear fruit several hundred feet in diameter, and as delicious as nectar. When it falls to the ground, juice exudes from it, whose spicy fragrance perfumes the air, and those who eat thereof diffuse a most agreeable odor many miles around. The rose-apple tree also grows on these mountains, the fruit of which is as large as an elephant, and so full of juice that at maturity it flows along in a stream, and whatever object it touches in its course is turned into pure gold.\*

This is but a specimen of the absurdities and extravagance that pervade every part of the Hindoo faith. There are comparatively intelligent Hindoos who recognize the ridiculous features of such teachings, but there are millions of natives who have implicit faith in every line of the Shasters.

Elsewhere I have spoken of the four castes into which

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\*Brainerd's "Life in India."

the Brahmins are divided. These, from various causes, have been subdivided into more than two hundred distinct classes. If one of the high caste violates the rules of his class, he can not receive an honorable dismissal and retire to one of the lower degrees. He becomes an out-cast, and is not recognized even by the inferior castes. These laws are immutable, and a person born in one of the lower castes can never aspire to rise. It is not looked upon as an offense for which the individual is responsible, but as a misfortune decreed by the gods. The difference between the higher and the lower castes is immeasurably great, but the lowest caste is far superior to the Pariahs, a race who are not regarded as having any caste whatever, and are, I believe, those who have forfeited their caste in the higher divisions. When walking the streets they must keep on the side opposite the sun, lest their filthy shadows fall on the consecrated Brahmin. These divisions would fill the soul of an American aristocrat with gladness, only that in India caste is not, as with Americans, dependent upon wealth. The high caste Brahmin will not touch nor allow himself to be touched by a countryman of lower caste, and will die before accepting necessary attentions from him. The reader may ask how they are able to distinguish the castes at a glance. All trouble in that regard is obviated by a red mark on the forehead, which is of different form for each caste, and is renewed every morning.

Some one has said that religion is the basis of all morals, and that neither nations nor individuals can aim at a greater purity than their religion requires. The Hindoo gods and goddesses are extremely vicious, and it could not be expected that their worshipers should rise above them. The grossness and pollution of these gods and the images chosen by the worshipers to represent them

are almost beyond the conception of civilized people. The attributes of the gods and goddesses are wholly horrible, and they are supposed to be in a constant state of displeasure, demanding appeasement. The images formed to represent these deities, and in which the god worshiped is supposed to abide after consecration, are often imitations of the most disgustingly obscene objects, and the Brahmins venerate them religiously. One of these gods is called Siva, and he is usually represented with eight arms and three eyes, one in the center of the forehead, and the body decorated by a serpent which is raising its head over his right shoulder. With one foot he is crushing an enemy; with one of his hands he is tossing a human victim on the points of a trident; in a third he holds a drum, in a fourth an ax, in a fifth a sword, and in a sixth a club, on which is a human head. What a cheerful, genial object that must be to worship! He is pleasant and innocent in appearance, however, compared with his wife, Kali, elsewhere described. She is represented as a woman of dark blue color, with four arms, in the act of trampling under her foot her prostrate and supplicating husband. In one hand she holds the bloody head of a giant, and in another an exterminating sword. Her long, disheveled hair reaches to her feet; her tongue protrudes from her distorted mouth, and her lips, eyebrows, and breast are stained with the blood of the victims of her fury, whom she is supposed to devour by thousands. Her ear ornaments are human carcasses. The girdle about her waist consists of the bloody hands of giants slain by her, and her necklace is composed of their skulls. This monster is one of the most popular objects of Hindoo worship. She calls forth the shouts, acclamations, and free-will offerings of thousands of infatuated worshippers, and her temples are constantly drenched with the



blood of victims; even human victims are occasionally sacrificed to her.\*

The following description of a festival in honor of the two deities I have described, is from the pen of Rev. Dr. Duff:

"An upright pole, twenty or thirty feet in height, is planted in the ground. Across the top of it, moving freely on a pivot, is placed horizontally another long pole. From one end of this transverse beam is a rope suspended, with two hooks affixed to it. To the other extremity is fastened another rope, which hangs loosely toward the ground. The devotee comes forward and prostrates himself in the dust. The hooks are then run through the fleshy parts of his back near the shoulders. A party holding the rope at the other end immediately begins to run around with considerable velocity. By this means the wretched dupe of superstition is hoisted aloft into the air and violently whirled round and round. This being regarded one of the holiest of acts, the longer he can endure the torture the greater the pleasure conveyed to the deity whom he serves, and consequently the brighter the prospect of future reward. The time usually occupied averages from ten minutes to half an hour; and as soon as one has ended another candidate is ready, aspiring to earn the like merit and distinction. On one tree from five to ten or fifteen may be swung in the course of a day. Of these swinging posts there are hundreds and thousands simultaneously in operation in the province of Bengal. They are always erected in the most conspicuous parts of the towns and villages, and are surrounded by vast crowds of noisy spectators. On the very streets of the native city of Calcutta many of these horrid swings are annually to be seen, and scores around the suburbs. It not unfre-

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\* Brainerd's "Life in India."

quently happens that from the extreme rapidity of the motion, the ligaments of the back give way, and the devotee is thrown to a distance and dashed to pieces. Instead of sympathy or compassion, a feeling of detestation and abhorrence is excited towards him. By the principles of their faith, he is adjudged to have been a desperate criminal in a former state of being; and he has now met with this violent death in the present birth as a righteous retribution, on account of egregious sins committed in a former.

“The evening of the same day is devoted to another practice almost equally cruel. It consists in the devotees throwing themselves down from a high wall, the second story of a house, or a temporary scaffolding, often twenty or thirty feet in height, upon iron spikes or knives that are thickly stuck in a large bag or mattress of straw. But these sharp instruments being fixed rather loosely and in a position sloping forward, the greater part of the thousands that fall upon them dextrously contrive to escape without serious damage. At night numbers of the devotees sit down in the open air and pierce the skin of their foreheads; and in it, as a socket, place a small rod of iron to which is suspended a lamp that is kept burning until the dawn of day, while the lamp-bearers rehearse the praises of their favorite deity. Before the temple bundles of thorns and other firewood are accumulated, among which the devotees roll themselves uncovered. The materials are next raised into a pile and set on fire. Then the devotees briskly dance over the blazing embers, and with their naked hands hurl them into the air and at each other. Some have their breasts, arms, and other parts stuck entirely full of pins about the thickness of small nails or packing needles. Others betake themselves to a vertical wheel, twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and

raised occasionally above the ground. They bind themselves to the outer rim in a sitting posture, so that when the wheel rolls round their heads point alternately to the zenith and the nadir. But it were endless to pursue the diversity of these self-inflicted cruelties into all their details. There is one, however, of so very singular a character that it must not be left unnoticed. Some of these deluded votaries enter into a vow. With one hand they cover their under lips with a layer of wet earth or mud; on this with the other hand they deposit some small grains, usually of mustard seed. They then stretch themselves flat on their backs, exposed to the dripping dews of night and the blazing sun by day. And their vow is that from that fixed position they will not stir—will neither move nor eat nor drink, nor turn till the seeds planted on the lips begin to germinate. This vegetable process usually takes place on the third or fourth day, after which, being released from their vow, they arise, as they dotingly imagine and believe, laden with a vast accession of holiness and supererogatory merit."

Thanks to the civilizing influence of the English, who have positively forbidden such inhumanities, festivals like that described by Dr. Duff are no longer observed in that part of India under her majesty's control. I have been assured, however, that in some parts, removed from British surveillance, all these horrid barbarities are still practiced.

## XXVI.

FAREWELL TO INDIA—SAIL FOR EGYPT—ON THE ARABIAN SEA—RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT SEA—ARRIVAL AT ADEN—THROUGH THE RED SEA—THE SUEZ CANAL—THE LAND OF PROMISE FORBIDDEN TO THE TOURISTS—ARRIVAL AT BRINDISI.

STEAMER "BOKARA,"  
BETWEEN BOMBAY AND EUROPE. }

WE left Bombay at 6 P. M. on the 12th, and bid adieu to India, its pleasures and pains, its wonderful sights and torrid heat. In this connection, and while enjoying our last voyage previous to crossing the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York, I desire to add our mite to the universal commendation of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, whose vessels have carried us all the way from China. They are staunch, conveniently arranged steamers, manned by officers who are complete gentlemen, taking genuine pleasure in adding to the comfort of their passengers. Their vessels have been our home at different times for many weeks, and there has never been the slightest deviation from the accommodating spirit that prevails.

I am writing this paragraph on the Arabian Sea, five hundred miles west of Bombay, and we are rapidly nearing the end of our third quarter in the trip around the world. We passed the antipode of home in the Bay of Bengal soon after leaving Penang, and are now more than three thousand miles west of that point, which places us nearly opposite San Francisco. We are indeed a "long way from home," but are beginning to feel that we are home-

ward bound. The sea is a little rough, and my worthy companion, for the first time, is suffering some from seasickness. As for myself, I am endeavoring to sustain the acquired reputation of being a "staunch sailor," but how long it may last I do not know. Mrs. Converse is not happy. I have no idea that seasickness is usually conducive to happiness, but I fancy that her mental equilibrium would be more fully sustained if I too was a victim of the dreaded *mal de mer*. Misery loves company, you know, and in addition to that, I fancy she is consumed by a curiosity to know how I would conduct myself under a well-defined attack of seasickness.

To-day (the 14th) we had an alarm of fire, but fortunately it was only an alarm, given for the purpose of drilling the crew in case of a genuine outbreak. In an instant every man was at his post; the decks were almost instantaneously flooded with water; the life-boats were lowered, provisioned, and provided with water—everything so quickly as to give the passengers great confidence in their preservation should a fire break out. The very thoughts, however, of being cast out upon the Arabian Sea, in an open boat, with the nearest land several hundred miles away and peopled with savage Arabs, make one shudder for the possibilities.

*Sunday, January 15th.*—To-day we had divine service on board, in accordance with the ritual of the Church of England. Such machine religion does not fill our ideas of fitness. We can not bring ourselves to think that the prayer which is read from a book, in accord with a formula prepared, is the prayer that comes from the heart. In our wanderings we have witnessed nearly every kind of worship, from the Japanese praying gong through the entire category of Buddhist, Brahmin, Mohammedan, and the mechanical supplications of the Church of England, and our



hearts yearn for the unctuous pleadings which rise from the heart and are wafted to heaven by a feeling of earnestness, humility, and faith. It is, however, a fact that we are all prone to impatience, amounting in some cases to intolerance, of religious theories and practices that do not accord with our own. I may be affected with the prevailing disease, but whether the suppliant be a Japanese Buddhist, a Hindoo Brahmin, or an English Christian, I like to see him pray as if he meant it.

*Aden, Arabia, January 18th.*—We arrived here this morning, having experienced a pleasant voyage of not quite six days. We were allowed six hours to “do” the town, and we hurried ashore and procured a carriage drawn by a pair of thoroughbred Arabian horses, and started out to see what was to be seen. The town is on the south-west coast of Arabia, and is built upon the lava bed of an extinct volcano. The town does not really amount to much, beyond its fortifications, which are extensive and garrisoned by three thousand English troops. It commands, to some degree, the entrance to the Red Sea, and is an important point only to that extent. The native population fluctuates greatly, and never at any time exceeds twenty or twenty-five thousand. Considerable trade is done in ostrich eggs and feathers. This is also the shipping point for the celebrated Mocha coffee, which, as my readers are doubtless aware, is an Arabian product. From this point caravans penetrate into all parts of Arabia.

The inhabitants are a peculiar appearing people, being composed of Arabs, Jews, and Abyssinians. The latter are negroes, whose heads are covered by a thick mat of curly red hair.

We drove through the streets, and visited the bazaars and made a few purchases. The houses are of stone, plastered on the outside, and with flat roofs. My own opinion

of the town is that it is pretty near "the jumping off place," meaning thereby that it is the most God-forsaken spot on earth. It is terribly hot even at this season, and must be insufferably torrid in midsummer. It is wholly barren, not a tree or shrub growing that is not the poor result of assiduous cultivation. The glare of the sun from the lava beds makes mere existence a burden. We bought some photographs, and paid our respects to the American consul, Mr. Wilson, from whom we obtained a roll of Boston papers, of a date as late as December 6th. The consul has my sympathies, as I would not live at Aden a year for the salary of the President.

We drove out to the water tanks, situated on the hills, about seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea. They are of immense capacity, five or six in number, and situated one below the other, so that the water which first fills the upper one transfers itself to those below, thus keeping the lower one always full. They are to some extent natural, but by the work of man have been made of permanent utility. Each will hold a small lake of water, being more than an acre in extent. It is supposed that these tanks were built by the Pharoahs. The stone work shows evidence of mechanical knowledge on the part of the builders.

The fact that cholera prevails to an unpleasant degree in the town was sufficient excuse for our not lingering longer, even had our allotted six hours not expired.

At 3 p. m. we are off again, passing through the "Gate of Tears" into the Red Sea, bound for Suez, the canal, and beyond, our destination depending entirely upon the Egyptian authorities. We pass up north by the point that tradition tells us was the place where Cain was exiled. If such was the case he was certainly sufficiently punished for his crimes.

On the 19th we experienced a rough sea. We passed four steamers bound down, over whose decks the water was breaking in vast waves. The novelty of the sight was somewhat reduced, however, by the fact that our own vessel was suffering the same way.

We have just passed the "Twelve Apostles," a name given to a group of islands on the Arabian coast. We here have the continent of Asia on our right and that of Africa to the left. The latter, however, is not yet in sight, and won't be until we reach the Gulf of Suez.

I see by the papers of December 6th that the government has fooled along with the wretch Guiteau, and it makes me almost ashamed of my nationality. It is a burning disgrace to America. One American whom I met in Calcutta said that if Guiteau was not hung he would be tempted to transfer his allegiance to some other country, and try to forget that he was an American.

At this writing we do not know certainly whether we will be allowed to land in Egypt, or whether we will be compelled to go on to Italy.

I have been amusing myself to-day reading President Arthur's message, with which I am much pleased. I expect it is not often that the state papers of an American President are perused in the midst of the Red Sea.

*Sunday, January 22d.*—We had more religious service of the machine variety to-day. We are now nearly opposite Mount Sinai, and if the day continues clear, we will probably see it from the ship this evening. We are to reach Suez to-morrow.

*Suez, Egypt, January 23d.*—We are here safe, and taking our first view of that promised but now forbidden land, Egypt. We can not land, but we can find a grain of satisfaction by looking into the country. We passed Mount Sinai last night, and as the historical lightning

which once played around its summit ceased some several thousand years ago, we failed to see it.

We are now anchored two miles from shore at about the point where Moses and the children of Israel crossed over "on dry land." The hills on the west side come down to the water, but on the east there is quite a level plain for a mile or two back, and then the mountains rise up high. There is in one place a gorge or canyon through which it is supposed Moses led his hosts in their precipitate flight from the Egyptians. To the north is a sandy desert and the Suez Canal.

We are putting off the mail, all to be put up in tarred bags for fear it has been contaminated. We are ten days out from Bombay, and, as there is not a case of sickness of any kind on board, all this seems childish. No one of the Egyptians who receive the mail is allowed to touch or go near one of our sailors. One degenerate descendant of the Pharaohs is standing on the lighter offering English papers for sale. In paying for them we had to drop our money in a cup of water, and he then, supposing it free from any infection, fishes it out. This is the first time we have ever experienced the isolation and other inconvenience of quarantine, but it is not likely to be the last. We are to be here twenty-four hours before passing through the canal and thence around to Alexandria, where we will again attempt to secure a landing.

We keenly feel the injustice of our being restrained from the Nile trip, which has been to us a dream of the possible future since childhood. We can only stand on deck and look wistfully into the land where we promised ourselves such enjoyable experiences. We can see but little of the town of Suez, as we are anchored fully two miles from shore.

This, our second day in the harbor of Suez, seems

to us bitter cold, but the mercury only indicates forty-eight degrees. We have been traveling so long in tropical countries that we no doubt feel the change more than others.

We are getting ready to pass into the canal, but it requires an amount of tedious routine to get the vessel out of the toils of the quarantine officials. There is no condemned foolishness about an Egyptian quarantine either. An officer is put on board, whose duty it is to see that no one leaves the vessel. This fellow will remain with us during the trip through the canal, and will see that none of us slip ashore.

The canal is about eighty-five miles long, and the entrance to it about a mile from the port of Suez. It is only wide enough for one vessel, but is arranged with frequent widenings, corresponding to the side tracks of railroads, where vessels pass. As we are passing through the canal we have a continent on either hand, Asia on the right and Africa on the left. Each is a desert, as dreary and desolate an outlook as can be found on the face of the earth. Our ship pays a toll of four thousand dollars and two dollars in addition for each passenger. We have a pilot to take us through. As I write we are passing through Bitter Lake, and on the east of us is a raging sand storm on the desert.

*Ismalia, Egypt.*—We stopped here over night, and were again quarantined twelve hours. From here is a railroad to Cairo and Alexandria. Ismalia is only a small point of land, an oasis in the desert, with a few trees and an occasional tuft of grass. The former khedive built here a palace for De Lesseps, the builder of the canal, but the Frenchman would probably not have occupied it if he had been given the entire income of the ditch, and it stands vacant. We are anchored out in the lake about



a mile from the shore. Finally we are freed from the clutch of quarantine and pass again into the canal. In a short time we will reach Port Said, but of course will not be allowed to land there. The report now is that even Italy will turn her back on us, and we will be compelled to pass on up the Adriatic to Trieste, Austria. We must get in somewhere, even if it should be Liverpool or New York.

After leaving Ismalia we are regaled with the usual view of desert. We saw to-day from the ship hundreds of dromedaries and Egyptians in camp by the side of the canal, on the way to the Holy Land, only something more than a hundred miles distant, but so far as being of any benefit to us, it might as well be in the other hemisphere.

We saw during the day one of those desert pictures, a mirage. It presented a view of water and small islands, and it was difficult to realize that the perfect picture was a delusion.

In going through the canal we move very slowly, going at a rate not to exceed four miles per hour. We have to "side-track" once in a while to allow other vessels to pass. At one station to-day we saw a drove of "fat-tailed" sheep, and the water is covered with myriads of ducks. These fowls, however, are not palatable, as, their food being wholly fish, they are exceedingly strong.

*Port Said, January 26th.*—We have reached this point only to again encounter that odious quarantine. We will be detained here twenty-four hours, and in the meantime we take on three hundred tons of coal, handled by fellahs. These creatures are a human curiosity. They are certainly the most dirty, lousy, inodorous sons of Adam that the eyes of mortal man ever beheld, excepting always the Chinese. It seems to me that they must have been created

of the remnants after all the passable material had been consumed, and a very inferior quality of remnants at that. And to think that we, who hold cleanliness second only to godliness, should be excluded from a country where these creatures, with all their filth and beastliness, are privileged to live and come and go as they please. It is too much! too much! But they are magnificent coal-heavers. They are so dirty that the blackest coal positively makes a white mark on them.

Port Said, so well as we can see it from the deck of the ship, is a neat and tidy little place, containing perhaps eighty to one hundred houses, built of stone and plastered. Many are two or three stories high. A telescope tells me that some bear signs of liquor and billiard saloons and dance houses. Port Said is one of the most lawless of places, the inhabitants being composed largely of those classes who have found it inconvenient and unpleasant to remain at home in the different countries of Europe. Our captain tells me they are the scum of all countries, and that the licentiousness is something phenomenal. The dance houses are made attractive at night by the presence of girls who shamelessly play the character of Eve. When this last fact is considered, I cease to regret that we were not allowed to land. The Cingalese bath girls were about as much as my proverbially strong mental composition could stand.

From here we go to Alexandria, to make one more attempt to penetrate the land of the Pharaohs. We really begin to feel as if we were a part of one of the lost tribes Judea. What "gravels" us most is that the natives we see here are a standing invitation to the cholera or any other scourge. They are the remnants of the hosts of Pharaoh that were swallowed up in the Red Sea. My own opinion is that it was an unkind Deity that saved

any seed for such a race from the raging waters. Here is Egypt, and I could hurl a stone into it. On the other hand is Palestine scarcely a hundred miles inland, and yet we must pass on. I am mad, and getting madder each day. Because forsooth, we have been traveling in India, we must go on to Europe and wear sackcloth and ashes for a month or more.

*Alexandria, Egypt, January 27th.*—We are here in quarantine once more, anchored out a mile from the shore. We can see the fortifications, which look to be on a large scale, the khedive's palace and Pompey's Pillar in the distance. It is a blessing that we are permitted to look at Egypt from a distance, and we suppose we should be devoutly thankful for the privilege. We are supposed to be inoculated with the germs of the cholera, though if such was really the case it is a little strange that the disease has not made its appearance in the fifteen days since we left Bombay. Every body is disgusted. Even the ship's tom cat feels the dishonor that has been put upon him, and last night whiled away the hours with vigorous protesting yowls. At least I suppose that was what was the matter with him, as the usual controlling principle of caterwauling was absent in his case.

I believe that somewhere in this letter I have at least intimated that lying in quarantine is an unmitigated nuisance. If I have neglected to speak of it, I will insert the declaration here. Here we are, and can not discharge a passenger or a ton of cargo; not even a letter can be sent ashore. We must stay here for four days, to purify ourselves for Italy.

This is the last port of Egypt, and our only hope of being allowed to land is gone. We are going to get out as soon as we can, solely because we can't get in. We will spend some little time in Italy, Germany, and Ire-

land, and sail for home early in March in a state of disgust, satisfied, however, in one regard, that we have made the circuit of the globe. Should life and good health continue we will next Winter approach the Sultan's dominions on the other tack, and get in by the way of Europe. We have here a squad of Egyptian officials, in a small boat, watching us as closely as if we were pirates or smugglers. This in addition to an official who is placed on board and will accompany us to Europe, determined that none of us shall get away.

*Sunday, January 29th.*—We had a little variation to-day from the usual monotony. A small boat came out, and we bargained for some figs. The boatman handed them up in a bucket, and we sent the money in the same receptacle. The coin was thoroughly washed before he would touch it. I made him break his quarantine, however, by dropping into his boat a biscuit, which he eagerly clutched and voraciously munched, apparently thinking that hunger was more to be feared than the cholera.

Our party leaves to-day for the upper Nile, so it would do us no good to get ashore to-morrow. I am considerate enough to hope they will have a pleasant excursion. We would like very much to bear them company, but circumstances wholly beyond our control render it impossible. Ta, ta! Our blessings go with you!

Just as we are leaving our anchorage we are informed by telegraph that we would be permitted to land at Brindisi. Now, that's kind! That's considerate! We did not know but perhaps we would be compelled to wander up and down the oceans during the succeeding years.

I see by the papers that ten days after we left China the coast of that delectable country was swept by a typhoon that destroyed more than three thousand lives. All this occurred while we were passing up the west coast of Su-

matra, in water as calm and unruffled as a mill pond. We feel devoutly thankful for our escape.

The second day out we are passing the west end of the island of Candia, with its towering mountains. We don't know whether we could have landed or not, but didn't try. These mountains of Candia are said to be eight thousand feet high, and are tipped with snow. We pass within five or six miles of the coast, and have a good view of the range, which remind me much of the Sierra Nevadas of California.

The weather in the Mediterranean sea is different from that we experienced in the tropics. The sky has lost that perennial clearness, and assumed the cloudy, dull, leaden appearance indicative of colder weather and equally suggestive of sudden squalls of wind.

Last night (the second out from Alexandria) we encountered a severe storm, which shattered our hopes of making the tour of the world without having experienced a blow. I suppose the sailors did not think it much of a blow, but I classed it among the "terrible gales." It blew all night, and the waves ran "mountains high," that is, little mountains, and for the first time my estimable companion contributed to the sustenance of the fishes. By a superhuman effort I managed to retain control of my stomach. But I have enough of seasickness. Quite enough! It seems to me like a combination of all the ordinary causes of illness. One minute the sufferer is afraid he will die the next, and the next he is sorry he didn't. The weather continues to get colder, and to-day the mercury was down to forty degrees. This sudden transition from India, where it hardly ever fell below eighty-five, is trying to our sensibilities.

To-morrow we will land at Brindisi, and, if we are so fortunate, we will proceed thence at once by rail to Naples.



*Brindisi, Italy, February 2d.*—We are devoutly thankful for the privilege of again placing our feet upon solid ground, even if that ground is hundreds of miles from our objective point. We were on board the *Bokara* for twenty-one days, and only went on shore once, at Aden, in Arabia.

This is but a small place, and as a train for Naples is ready in one hour, we secure our baggage, hastily receive the respects of the customs officers, and are off.

An incident at the depot served to convince us that the baggage men of Italy do not differ materially from their brethren the world over. The fellow who carried our luggage demanded three francs for his services. I offered him one, and, with a biting sarcasm, he declared that, I, being a gentleman, he would not charge me any thing. The satire was wholly lost upon me, however, and I coolly put the money back in my pocket, and took my seat in the car. The fellow evidently reconsidered his determination, however, for he soon put in a reappearance, and remarked that he would endeavor to be satisfied with the franc. He had concluded that for once he had tackled parties who, having been "skinned" in nearly every quarter of the globe, were getting weary of the game of extortion.

Now, we are in Europe, and, by being compelled to change our programme, we have saved three thousand miles of travel and more than \$1,100 in money, but are nevertheless disgusted with the affair, which disgust is not in the least decreased by the knowledge that our tour of Europe is to be made in the cold of February instead of in April, as originally calculated upon. The railroad train on which we are just starting for Naples has a Pullman car attached, which reminds us more of home than any thing we have seen since leaving San Francisco. We pass over a level country, mostly devoted to the raising

of wheat, mulberry, and fruit. The soil is limestone. Peaches and cherries are in bloom, yet we are in the same latitude as Columbus. The wind is quite sharp, at least it seems so to us.

I am writing this paragraph at a junction, where we are compelled to wait for four hours. As it is night, we can not see the town, and can form no intelligent idea of the surrounding country. My impression is that it is mainly important as a crossing of prominent trunk lines. We are to be in Naples at seven in the morning, and will there tarry for a few days, taking in the sights and forming impressions of the Neapolitans.

We fully realize the contrast between Europe and the Orient, between the qualified civilization of Southern Italy and the undisguised barbarism of China and India. We are entering Europe by the back door as it were, and will pass rapidly through the premises, halting but a short time in the different apartments. Europe has been written up so often and so thoroughly that it has become as familiar to Americans almost as their own country. We look forward, however, to the tour of Ireland with much expectation. We are now five-sixths of the way around the world, and the remainder will soon pass under our feet. We could reach home in fifteen days, but Europe presents even more attractions for us.

*Naples, February 4th* — After riding all night, we reached here at eight o'clock this morning. The route from Brindisi is over the Apennine Mountains, and is said to be very romantic, but the fine scenery was all lost upon us, as the night was dark as pitch, and by us largely devoted to much needed rest. The weather was disagreeably cool, and the advent of day showed a white frost covering the ground. Such a frost in America would prove disastrous to "garden truck." We don't know

what may be the effect in Italy, but we saw acres of gardens upon which the coating of ice glistened in the morning sun.

We have not yet seen any thing of Naples, except Mount Vesuvius, which is pouring out its clouds of smoke, forming a dense black mass in the sky. The old adage says, "See Naples and die," but I will be able to express an opinion upon the aphorism in my next.

## XXVII.

NAPLES AND ROME—THE ASCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS—AN UNPLEASANT ADVENTURE WITH A GUIDE—RAMBLE AMONG THE RUINS OF POMPEII—ROME AND THE ROMANS, ANCIENT AND MODERN—THE COLISEUM—ST. PETER'S—WANDERING THROUGH THE CATACOMBS.

ROME, ITALY, *February 11, 1882.*

THERE is much said by tourists regarding the great beauty of Naples, its skies, its palaces, its bay, etc. With such sights we felt surfeited, and turned our attention to the greater novelty of Vesuvius and Pompeii. The morning of our arrival we procured tickets and passage on the railroad which ascends Vesuvius. The distance by stage to the station near the foot of the mountain is about twelve miles, over a serpentine road, picturesque only after it rises the foot-hills and gives a view of the stately city and magnificent harbor. We entered the car at an elevation of perhaps two thousand feet and ascended by rail, over probably the most remarkably located railroad in the world, to a height of three thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. The construction of a railroad up the side of a mountain is in itself nothing peculiar in the science of engineering, but when that mountain is an active volcano, and the road-bed pure lava, mingled with scoria and other recrement, it becomes a novelty which nowhere else on earth finds its parallel.

At the height mentioned the railroad terminates, and the traveler must needs foot it from that point to the crater. The accompanying guide is often a physical assist-

ance in passing the rugged points, where obstructions are to be overcome and chasms crossed. Mrs. C. succumbed to the physical exertion necessary, but I pushed on, determined to see all that lay between me and the "dead line" of positive danger. I passed down into the old crater, over sulphurous ashes and lava, yet hot and blistering to the feet. I went around to the Pompeii side, and stopped within ten feet of an open crater, inactive, yet still glowing with a furnace-like heat. I could look down into the vast vortex filled with red-hot lava, and all around were wide fissures which emitted volumes of sulphurous vapor. I ascended from the side of the mountain looking over and beyond Pompeii, and on the north-east side approached the crater that is in active eruption. Due regard for safety kept us at a distance of about half a mile, where for some time we stood and watched the play. Every few minutes the lava would be ejected in jets of fire, mingled with smoke and fumes of sulphur. The sight is very attractive, but the conviction which constantly forces itself upon the mind that there is no place on the mountain of absolute safety, combined with the discomfort of an atmosphere impregnated with sulphur, mars to a great extent the beauty of the view. The red-hot stones are projected to a great height, with a noise like thunder, and fall at considerable distances. For miles around the volcano the earth is covered with lava, evidencing the force and volume of previous eruptions. In some places, in fact, nearly everywhere, this strata of lava has become covered with soil, which is remarkably productive. Villages, vineyards, and olive orchards are located on the sides of the mountain, wherever the soil has found a lodgment, and the natives pursue their vocations in the quietude of apparent security, seemingly without a realization that a few hours may overwhelm them with



streams of molten lava. It is the same the world over. The constant presence of danger lessens its terrors, and men come to view with complacency the perils that are most manifest.

I succumbed to the mephitic vapors and physical exertion, and declined to accompany the rest of the party around to the other side of the mountain. My guide, with whom I was alone, was not the most cheerful companion in the world. If ever the countenance of a human being was indelibly impressed with the stamp of villain, that fellow's was. I was not, therefore, surprised when he attempted to rob me. He first endeavored to lead me into an out-of-the-way place. This I saw and protested against. He asserted that it was the best, and, in fact, the only route to the point which we desired to reach, and I accompanied him a short distance into a ravine. There he stopped and said: "Now, you give money!" Even the romance of being robbed on Mount Vesuvius had no attractions for me, and I refused his demand. But I was evidently in for an adventure of some kind, and as he had every advantage over me, I decided to parley a little with him. I asked him how much he wanted. He named a startling sum, and I told him I did not have so much with me, but would pay him when we returned to the hotel. I was very silly to think the practiced scoundrel would fall into such a trap, and as I started to walk away from him he stopped me. Things were "rapidly nearing a crisis," as the saying is, and it became evident to me that I was about to be robbed, and would be lucky if I was provided the opportunity ever to tell the romantic story to my friends. How easy it would have been for him to drive his ever-ready knife through me and drop the body into one of the numerous fissures that opened in every direction beneath our feet. All this passed rapidly

through my mind as I stood and hurriedly scanned his villainous features. Cremation in the seething fires of the volcano had no charms for me, and I began to further temporize with him. It will surprise my readers to learn that I was not frightened. It may have been the courage of desperation, but I looked the rascal squarely in the eye and talked to him as calmly as if I had been discussing some minor question of domestic economy with my worthy spouse. The crisis of which I have spoken was disagreeably near at hand when, much to my relief, the other members of our party appeared, and the negotiations suddenly came to a (to me) satisfactory conclusion.

I am firmly convinced, not only by this experience, but from the appearance and actions of the fellows generally, that the guides of Mt. Vesuvius are a gang of bandits who will not hesitate to rob the tourist, and murder him if necessary. My advice to all is, never allow yourself to be alone with one of them for a moment. I have had my experience, and it is quite sufficient.

All this, however, did not destroy my relish for the novelty of the scene spread before me. Its grandeur is beyond the adequate description of much more facile pens than mine. As I looked into the crater now cooling, the edge of which was but ten feet distant from where I stood, it was like gazing into a vast open furnace filled with half molten metal. At a distance of half a mile was the active crater, pouring forth volumes of flame and smoke, mingled at intervals with jets of lava and half melted rocks, a picture of the majesty of aroused nature that leaves a lasting impress upon the brain.

The descent was as difficult almost as the going up, although I suppose the average tourist, who prides himself upon the chamois-like foolhardiness and agility that has carried him to the summit of the Alps, thinks little

of the task. Alternate floundering through ashes and climbing over chasms and other obstructions brought us finally to the station, from whence the descent is made by train, and we reached the hotel about dark, with double thankfulness—that we had lived to ascend Mount Vesuvius, and lived to return.

The following day was devoted to a visit to Pompeii, that buried relic of nearly two thousand years ago. Knowing that the utmost endeavor would scarcely enable us to condense into one day one-tenth the manifold attractions of the ancient Roman city, we started early, and by seven o'clock were on our way. The drive is a long but by no means a tedious one. The route lies through many villages, giving the traveler a reasonably clear impression of the customs and habits of the Neapolitan peasantry.

About eleven o'clock we reached the entrance to the ruined city. Here there is a hotel, where we left our carriage, and after paying a small admittance fee were allowed to pass in.

The history of this ancient Roman city is, or should be, familiar to every school-boy. It was undoubtedly one of the most wealthy and fashionable provincial cities of the Roman Empire. In A. D. 79 it, together with the adjacent city of Herculaneum, was overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius and buried nearly a hundred feet beneath a shower of lava, scoria, and volcanic stones. In 1750, after the lapse of nearly seventeen hundred years, its location was discovered by accident. It seems strange that the city should so long have remained hidden, as history contemporaneous with its destruction gives a strikingly vivid account of the event. The loss of life is supposed not to have been very great, as history records that the inhabitants generally escaped, and comparatively few human remains have been discovered in the excavations.

I can best perhaps give the reader an idea of the appearance of the ruins by employing a homely simile. In the first place, imagine the little city of Bucyrus buried beneath a hundred feet of ashes for two thousand years, its existence half-forgotten, its location uncertain. Fancy then the uncovering of perhaps one-half of it, the *débris* carefully carted away, the streets cleared, the roofless houses exposed, the thousands of imperishable articles that to-day compose the facilities for household conduct unearthed and spread before the wondering eyes of the world of twenty centuries hence, and you will have a faint idea of the picture presented to the eye to-day in Pompeii.

We entered a wide, high archway of stone, with one passage way for teams and the other for pedestrians, and after passing up quite a hill, we were in the ancient city. The streets run nearly at right angles, and are paved with bowlders. The wheel marks of the ancient Roman vehicles have formed quite a gutter, and give evidence of the great antiquity of the city at the date of its destruction. At the street crossings are stepping-stones for pedestrians, many of which are sixteen inches in height. The cart-wheels must have been of considerable diameter to allow the axle to clear these. Some of the streets are wide, and some have alleys connecting them through the squares, just as the thoroughfares are arranged in these latter days. We went to the bake shops, the wine shops, and to the grand theater, said to have had a seating capacity for twenty thousand people. I noticed that the stone step over which we passed into the building was deep worn by the attrition of millions of sandaled feet. The places where the wild beasts were kept preparatory to the contests with the gladiators, which formed the standard amusements of the ancient Romans, are still seen. The arena is in an excellent state of preservation. From the theater we

went to a palace which still gives evidence of the luxury with which the aristocracy of Rome were surrounded. The mosaic of the floors is well preserved. We visited the bath rooms and the bake rooms. In the latter, the ovens look as if the fires might have been extinguished but yesterday. When this building was unearthed, loaves of bread were found in the oven, and are now preserved, as is every thing else portable, and valued as relics, in the museum at Naples. The cisterns, composed of red clay, which formerly held the stock in trade of the wine merchant, are yet well preserved. The work of excavation continues, but with that deliberation and evident distaste for speed and exertion that distinguishes the Italian character. The visitor is carefully watched, and not allowed to appropriate any of the curiosities and mementos of his visit, that tempt him on every hand. The ashes in which every thing is imbedded are carried in baskets to a cart, and thence conveyed to a distance and dumped. Every shovelful taken from the inside of a building is carefully examined, and all articles in the form of relics of the former residents are sedulously preserved for the museum. We devoted one entire day to wandering through these ruins, our thoughts occupied largely by speculations upon the people who walked its streets nearly twenty centuries ago—a people who lived, loved, and labored as we do, who were actuated by the same ambitions and suffered from the same disappointments that we do. I stood at the entrance to the grand theater, and my thoughts centered upon the scenes there enacted at the period when Christ was an infant in his virgin mother's arms. Where now are the feet that eighteen hundred years ago pressed these steps? Where the bright eyes that were wont to glow with the excitement of the gladiatorial combats? Passed away! Mingled with the countless legions who had preceded them,



and even the knowledge of their existence was buried for nearly seventeen hundred years! Such sentiment was interrupted, however, by a realization that the physical demands of the present must not be neglected—that Naples and supper were twelve miles away.

I have read much of the beggars of Naples, and expected to be overwhelmed by their persistency. I was agreeably disappointed. They are angels of meekness and humility, compared with the mendicants of India. The bay of Naples has been the theme of enthusiasts from time immemorial. While it is very beautiful and picturesque, it does not exceed, in my opinion, that of Hong Kong. The city, in some regards, is handsome, but not sufficiently so to throw me into ecstasies of delight. The hotels are good. We were struck with the novelty of waiters with standing collars and swallow-tailed coats, after our turbaned, white-robed, and bare-footed lackeys of India. We felt a little embarrassed at first, fearing that we might mistake a prince of the blood royal for a servant. The numerous churches and palaces of the city did not strike our sense of admiration to an alarming extent. We have, metaphorically speaking, feasted on temples and palaces during the three past months, and our appetite for such architectural pabulum is cloyed.

We spent a half day very pleasantly feeding upon the wonders of the Pompeii museum. Among the legion of curious things displayed, we were struck by the resemblance of many of the relics to the conveniences of to-day. We saw planes, foot-adzes, compasses, scales, bowls, jewelry, glass bottles, and many other things that find their almost exact counterpart in the instruments used at present. My confidence in things new was somewhat shaken. I saw one instrument that as closely resembled the American corn-husker as any thing could, not to be identical.

Strange it would be, if the idea had been cribbed by a predatory Yankee from some Pompeian genius of a couple of thousand years ago. Even if so, however, the present manufacturer need feel no uneasiness, as the original inventor is probably dead. The tools in the museum are either iron (perhaps a species of steel) or copper, and are badly corroded. This museum has a tendency to set the visitor to thinking, and wondering whether, after all, the nineteenth century is so far in advance. Here we have the genuine "old masters" in art. Sections of the walls in buildings of Pompeii, containing pictures as bright in color as though painted but yesterday, have been removed to the museum. I might devote columns to the description of the varied novelties of this collection, but most of my readers have doubtless perused chapters of much greater descriptive merit than I could hope to write.

We remained four days in Naples, which was time sufficient to satisfy the curiosity that had been somewhat circumscribed and dulled by a varied experience of several months of travel. We traveled by rail, over a mountainous road, every foot almost of which is classic ground, and arrived here at ten o'clock P. M. We are stopping at the "Florenzia." The next day after our arrival we procured the necessary guide and started out to view the sights of Rome. This chaperon is not "the noblest Roman of them all," but he is a vast improvement over the Neapolitan bandit under whose care we ascended Vesuvius. He has, in addition, a knowledge of Rome which I could safely envy.

It can hardly be expected of me to enter upon a detailed description of the city of Rome, and I will therefore confine myself to a brief mention of the most notable features that passed within the scope of my observation. We have endeavored to "do" the city in a reasonably

complete manner, as upon our next visit to Europe we expect to pass hurriedly through and push on to Egypt and the Holy Land. Almost the first object that attracted my very practical attention was the fine horses, which certainly are nowhere excelled. The carriages also are not surpassed in London, Paris, or New York. At this season of the year, the weather in Rome is cool to bracingness, with frost in the mornings; yet on every side you will see orange and lemon trees, with pendent fruit.

Our first visit was to the Parthenon, and thence we made the round of the churches, big churches and little churches, fine churches and common piles, all kinds of churches except new ones. So far as my observation extends, there is nothing new in Rome. Every thing bears the unmistakable impress of age, but so substantial are the churches, palaces, and even the ruins, that there is little appearance of decay. Many of the first named date back to the beginning of the Christian Era, and in one, the Church of the Holy Stairs, the steps, brought from Jerusalem, are those which tradition, if not history, says Christ frequently ascended. We saw much disgusting idolatry in Japan and India, and prided ourselves that we were Christians, and idolatry among us is unknown. When I stood in the Church of the Holy Stairs and saw professed Christians crawling up the steps upon their hands and knees, I wondered whether, after all, we did not claim too much. The holy steps are covered with wood to preserve them from wear, and my guide told me the present covering, which is worn thin, was the third that had been so placed.

We went out to the ruins of Cæsar's Viaduct, and thence to the Coliseum. Even the ruins of this immense structure are grand in their immensity, and give, perhaps more fully than any other of the immense ruins of Rome,

an idea of its former appearance. The present structure, as history records, was commenced in 72 by Flavius Vespasian, and was finished in the reign of his son Titus. It was capable of seating eighty-seven thousand persons and providing standing room for twenty thousand more. It is said that the labor of thirty thousand Jewish prisoners was employed in its construction. The building was roofless, and arranged with an awning that could be drawn down at pleasure to protect the audience from the storm or rays of the sun. The form is oval, and the shape and arrangement of the seats, rising one above another, provided the model upon which all modern theaters are arranged. We could see where the wild beasts were kept, the rooms for the confinement of prisoners whose contests with the lions, tigers, and other blood-thirsty animals furnished amusement for the Roman emperors, patricians, and "plebeian rabble." We spent several hours at this point and in the vicinity, where extensive excavations are being made, bringing to light many relics of Pagan Rome—the Rome "who sat upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world."

Turning from these scenes to the street of the Rome of to-day, looking upon the gay pageant where richly caparisoned horses, and elegant carriages filled with finely dressed ladies and gentlemen, dashed by, my thoughts wandered over the events of more than two thousand years, and endeavored to picture the changes that have been wrought since the ambitious Julius Cæsar, the cruel Nero, and heartless Caligula ruled and ruined Rome. It is almost impossible for the mind to comprehend that this is Rome, the mistress of the world, whose victorious legions swept the plains of Turkey, penetrated the fastnesses of Gaul, and devastated the hills and valleys of Briton. Through these streets marched the triumphal

Cæsar; here lived and loved, the brilliant, but misguided, Marc Antony; here Brutus intrigued and himself sought the crown which his friend and victim of his treachery had "thrice refused;" here Cicero wielded the mighty force of his oratory, and the envious Catiline plotted his own overthrow. When the Coliseum was built, the persecution and martyrdom of Paul was fresh in the minds of the people, and the crucifixion of our Savior was an event of the past half century.

We passed out the old Roman gate, on the south side of the city, to the Church of St. Paul, where the apostle is buried. This building is noted for its fine mosaics, which represent the apostles in full size, and so perfect is the work that the visitor is half convinced that they are paintings. We also visited the obelisk of Rameses, an immense shaft that was erected in Egypt originally by that delightfully obscure ruler who is supposed to have been a contemporary of Abraham. Rameses is dead, or perhaps he would enter a protest against the manner in which the civilization of the present is despoiling his country of its monuments to provide food for the wonder of gaping millions, most of whom never dreamed of his existence. Who knows but four or five thousand years hence the people, the rulers, and the monuments of to-day will be remembered and looked upon with equal superstitious awe and misty tradition?

At the close of our first day in the Eternal City we drove through the fashionable boulevard, and rested our weary brains, surfeited by the history and traditions of the misty past, by mingling with the gay throng which crowds the thoroughfare. Certainly the finest turnouts in the world are to be seen here. It is a vast kaleidoscope of unsurpassed elegance. I felt much more at home among the elegant horses, fine carriages, and beautiful



ladies of the present than I did delving among the memories of the long past.

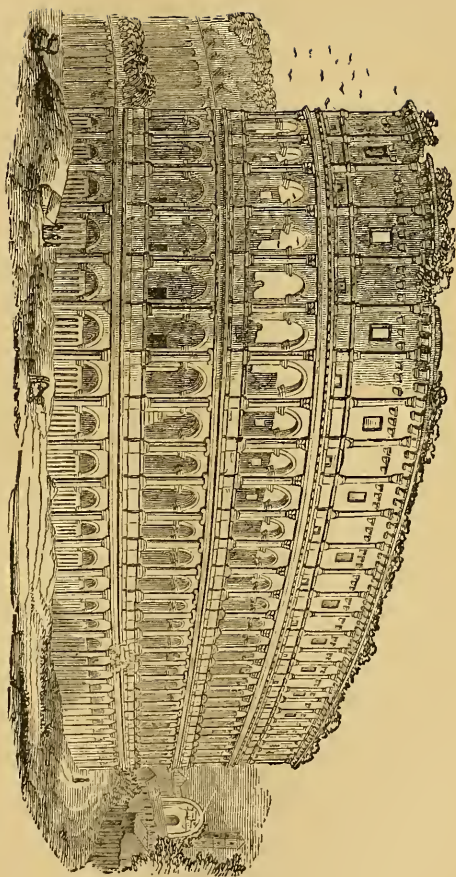
We wandered through many churches and studied with all the interest we could possibly arouse, the numerous paintings by Raphael, Michael Angelo, and the other "old masters." It is considered the proper thing to go into ecstasies over these works of art. Well, I shall do no such thing. If they represent "high art," and I suppose they do, I am free to admit that my artistic comprehension is not of sufficient altitude to reach them. In other words they are entirely too "high" for my grasp. I have seen paintings by American amateurs that I think much superior. The "conception" may not be so grand, the "touch" so delicate, the *chiar-oscuro* so exquisite, nor the "grouping" so fine, but they looked like something, and that is a virtue that no Angelo, Raphael, Correggio, or Rubens which I have ever seen did. Now, good reader, you have my opinion of "high art." It may not be valuable, but it certainly is honest, and that is much more than can be said of most of the oracular dissertations of critical noodles who write learnedly and mystically, and roll their æsthetic eyes in an ecstasy of admiration at the mention of the name of one of the "old masters."

On our second day in Rome we went first to the prison of St. Paul, a very formidable building of a dark and ultra forbidding appearance. We were furnished each a torch, and went down into a stone vault about twenty feet in diameter, with an arched roof. It was as dark as night. We passed on down another flight of steps to a similar vault. This is where Peter and Paul were chained, and the very post is yet to be seen, covered with

"The sacred dust of twice ten hundred years."

Both of these vaults are very deep down, dark, cold,

COLISEUM AT ROME.





and damp, and how any one could manage to exist in them for even three days is more than I could imagine. I looked around for some relics of the illustrious prisoners, but none could be found. There are no charcoal autographs on the walls, nor are they ornamented with clippings from illustrated papers of the day, as is the habit of our modern prisoners. It may not be necessary for me to say that there is no positive evidence, and little circumstantial, that Peter and Paul ever occupied this cell. But it would be rank treason to intimate a doubt to a guide. If the noble Roman who conducted me around had declared that the Savior was crucified in the Vatican I would have meekly accepted his statement and gazed with all the necessary awe-stricken interest on the spot. We felt glad to ascend again to the light and get a breath of fresh air, a commodity that is not superabundant in Rome even under the most favorable circumstances.

We next paid our respects to the "ruined palaces of the Cæsars," which occupy one of the seven hills and cover an area of perhaps sixty or eighty acres. They are of great extent, but, as Mark Twain said, sadly out of repair. They are in no way as attractive as those of Delhi. We were shown one building that tradition and the guide (powerful factors in estimating the antiquity of ruins) say was erected by Romulus, the founder of Rome. This enterprising young man drew the plan of the city 754 years before Christ, but, as even his existence is largely legendary if not wholly mythical, it is safe to assume that the story of his erecting this structure, or any other building in Rome, is "another one of the guide's lies."

The next point of interest which we visited was the catacombs, those vast subterranean vaults, which were used primarily as a place for the deposit of the dead, and secondarily by the ancient Christians as places of worship,

where they could hope to escape their persecutors. We went to the entrance and, securing a guide, descended about forty or fifty steps, and were within the celebrated catacombs of Rome. We lighted torches and commenced the walk through this gloomy charnel-house. The streets or walks are narrow, scarcely ever more than three feet wide, and extend in every direction, a total distance, it is said, of six hundred miles. I have placed that qualifying "it is said" there to save me answering in the future for an exaggeration, or, perhaps, a downright falsehood. The guide said so, and he ought to know. My readers must remember that guides are proverbial truth-tellers, the very incarnation of reliability. I do not suppose one of them would deliberately tell a lie. He might give utterance to a falsehood from force of a habit, nurtured from boyhood, but he has a horror of lying intentionally. On both sides of these streets are niches cut out for the reception of the body of some defunct Roman. We saw a few, yet in a reasonable state of preservation, but most of the remains have crumbled into dust. I had read so much of getting lost in the catacombs that we were nervously apprehensive that some such fate might befall us. Our torches burned low, and as we had penetrated a long distance, we requested our guide to return us to the upper world. Our exit from the bowels of the earth was a long distance from the entrance. We were glad to embrace the opportunity to go in, and the chance to get out was equally welcome. Dead people are not the most genial companions to be found, even if they be the participants in the former glory of the "mistress of the world."

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,"

and, though history does not record an instance of the bodies of defunct patricians being used as "chinking," yet



they have been laid away in these immense vaults to serve an equally ignoble and scarcely so useful a purpose, that of providing wonders upon which the curious mind may speculate. I stopped for a moment before one of the most ancient-appearing receptacles, in which the body of the incumbent had mouldered away to but a handful of odorless dust, and tried to picture in my mind his career in life. Who was he? When did he live? What did he do? May be he was a senator. Perhaps one of the plotters against the life of "noble Cæsar." Perchance he followed the victorious eagles, and participated in the successes that conferred imperishable glory upon the Roman Empire. It is possible that the object of my solicitude was a base plebeian. I trust not, because I fixed up in my mind a pleasant little romance for him, and I hope he deserved it.

It was near sundown when we emerged, and started to return in our carriage over the Appian Way. This road is one of the seemingly imperishable monuments of ancient Rome, and in the days of the empire was, as it is yet to some extent, the great thoroughfare. We met the only child of the king, a young prince of fourteen, who, with his attendants, was out for a drive. I raised my hat, and the prince returned the salutation with grace. If he should become the king of Italy (an event very probable) and I should want an office under him (an event very improbable) I will take pleasure in reminding him of my consideration.

On this day we drove perhaps twenty miles, and saw much of the city. The next, and last, was devoted almost exclusively to St. Peter's—that majestic pile, the Mecca of every tourist. Like the Taj Mahal, which, by the way, it does not approach in splendor, I am at a loss where to begin a description that will even approximate justice to the

subject, and perhaps I can best preserve what little credit I may have for descriptive talent by passing lightly over it. Rome is a history of itself, and so also, I might say, St. Peter's is a world in itself. From the pinnacle of the lofty dome—the most elevated, I believe, in the world—to the floor of the vast building, it is a continuous source of wonderment and object of admiration. The walls are composed largely of blocks of marble from the ruins of the ancient city. For hours we wandered through its naves and aisles, penetrated the recesses of its inner chapels, and were stricken with awe at its immensity as a whole, and with the completeness of every detail. The first impression upon the beholder is that of a great church. By this I mean not simply a large building, but that every detail is of an exaggerated size, even the cupids upholding the vase of holy water being stout, muscular fellows, over six feet in height. This same idea of exaggerated size is carried through every part of the structure, and is the basis of the trite remark that St. Peter's is a monstrosity. The corner-stone of the church was laid in 1406, and the structure was not finally completed until 1614, a period of two hundred and eight years. It is said to occupy the site of St. Peter's burial place, and near the scene of his martyrdom. The original plan was that of a Greek cross, but this was afterward changed to that of the Latin cross. The building is six hundred and thirteen feet in length, and four hundred and fifty wide across the transepts. The arch of the nave is one hundred and fifty-two feet high, and ninety wide. Fancy, my dear Bucyrians, a doorway through which the courthouse of Crawford County could be passed readily, and in fact, a building twice as wide and with a tower nearly two times as lofty as that which graces the county's temple of justice. The diameter of the dome is one hundred and

ninety-five feet and a half; from the pavement to the base of the lantern is four hundred and five feet; and to the apex of the cross, four hundred and thirty-four feet six inches. I have given these detailed dimensions to enable my readers to form an intelligent idea of the immensity of this, the largest church building in the world. We did not ascend into the lantern, as we might have done, but understand it is large enough to comfortably accommodate twenty men.

The more I see of the antiquities the more I am lost in wonder. Visit, for instance, the Vatican, and spend a day wandering among the statues sculptured more than two thousand years ago. All, or nearly all, have been dug from the ruins of Rome. Another peculiarity in this ancient city is the fact that buried deep under the present are other cities, the accumulation of countless ages and successions of ruins. One church, dedicated to some saintly old fellow, whose name has slipped my memory, is built upon the ruins of another church edifice, and that in turn rests upon the ruins of a pagan temple. I use the term "countless ages" advisedly, because history utterly fails to even approximately designate the period of the foundation of Rome. We have all, as children at home and students at school, read the pleasant little fiction of Romulus and Remus, those "babes in the woods," who were suckled by a wolf, but there is no pretense that such persons ever existed outside the mythology of the ancients. As well might it be claimed that Venus, Jupiter, Minerva, and the other heathen deities really lived and moved as that Romulus and Remus possessed a veritable existence.

Elsewhere I have spoken of a species of idolatry that exists among the Catholic pilgrims to Rome, and another instance came within our observation at St. Peter's. There is a bronze statue of the not always amiable coadjutor of

the Savior, and it is the custom of faithful pilgrims to kneel and kiss the great toe of the right foot, which is slightly advanced, seemingly for that purpose. This toe has been kissed for so many centuries that positively it is worn nearly away, and soon the representative of the majesty and goodness of Heaven's gate keeper will have to be supplied with a new toe. This may be Christianity; it may be a true and acceptable way of worshipping the living God, but I may be excused if I, with due humility, file an exception to it.

It seems to me, even after looking through these pages of manuscript, that I have really said very little of Rome. But little can be said of the city, its manifold points of attraction, in less than a volume. Our impressions of the Rome of to-day are on the whole favorable. It presents to the eye an incongruous combination of ancient ruins and modern habitations, stately palaces surrounded by wretched hovels, yet there is an indefinable something about the very air that charms the visitor, and causes him to long for the opportunity to study it at his leisure. To the student of Roman history the city has an irresistible fascination.

After five days spent in the city, we leave to-morrow for Pisa, Florence, Venice, Milan, Stuttgart, Heidelberg, Cologne, Holland, and London, leaving Paris for our next trip to Europe.

## XXVIII.

THROUGH ITALY TO GERMANY—PISA, FLORENCE, VENICE, MILAN, MUNICH, AND HEIDELBERG—ITALIAN HOTEL KEEPERS AND THEIR DARK WAYS—CONTRAST BETWEEN ITALY AND GERMANY—HOW OUR DEUTSCHE BRETHREN DRINK BEER.

HEIDELBERG, GERMANY, *February 21, 1882.*

WE spent five days in Rome, and suppose that during that time we saw about one-fiftieth of the interesting sights that are there to be seen. The tourist might remain in Rome for six months, and find every hour profitably and pleasantly occupied. Had I the time and the money to spare, there is no place of the many I have been where I would rather spend five or six months than in Rome. But life is too short, and there are too many Romes to be seen, too many places that present attractions that are to be looked at and enjoyed.

We left on the train for a two hundred mile run to Pisa, and just as we were leaving we received the news that the infamous Guiteau had received his deserts, or at least justice had taken an important step toward securing the end that has been so merited and so mysteriously delayed. When I first heard it I gave expression to feelings of joyous satisfaction in a manner that undoubtedly attracted the attention of the mercurial Italians. I admit that I shouted, threw up my hat, and in other ways created the impression that I was an escaped lunatic. Salutha endeavored to restrain me, and threatened to have me taken to Washington and passed through an equally



tedious investigation regarding my sanity. All around the world, even among the half-civilized Hindoos, we have been constantly abashed by the covert insinuations and openly declared opinions that we as a nation were disgracing ourselves and building up basis for severe and lasting reflections upon America, by the judicial farce that has been played in Washington. If the creature is hung by the time we get home we will be nearer satisfied.

Our route lay through the country near to the sea-shore on the west, for some two hundred miles, until we reach Pisa. The country through which we passed is devoted largely to wheat, which looks well, and is much further advanced than at home in the same season. Notwithstanding it was but the middle of February, the fruit trees were in bloom, and the general appearance was such as we usually have in the States in April. Nevertheless, there were severe frosts every night. I suppose the vegetation is saved by the great dryness of the atmosphere. Rome is in latitude almost identical with that of Bucyrus, and why there should be the difference in the temperature is a problem in meteorology beyond my grasp.

On Sunday morning, February 18th, we waked up to find ourselves in the beautiful city of Pisa. The town is noted almost wholly for the leaning tower. Of course we visited it first, and exhibited probably the usual amount of wonder why the concern does not tumble down. It is constructed of yellowish marble, seven stories in height, each surrounded with white marble pillars. It varies seventeen feet from the perpendicular. The entire height is one hundred and seventy-eight feet. As I have said, every body wonders why it does not fall. I do not. The reason is readily seen. It does not lean far enough, or to express the idea in more obscure language, the line of perpendicularity does not fall without the circumference

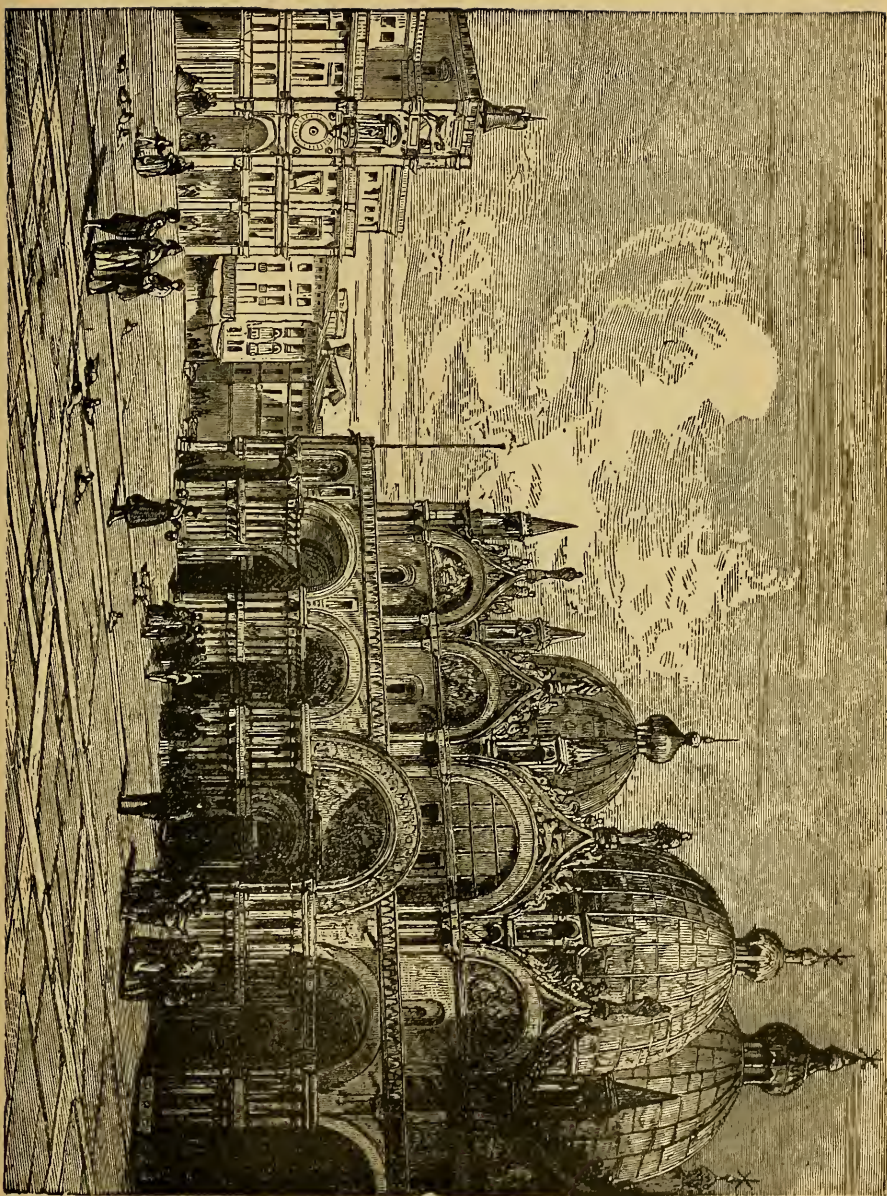
of the apex. The history of this remarkable pile would doubtless be interesting to my readers, but I must confess that if I was ever acquainted with it it has slipped my memory.

The city of Pisa possesses some architectural monuments of interest, such as the usual variety of elegant churches, cathedrals, etc., all dedicated to some saintly defunct. The river Arnó passes through the city, and is spanned by a number of bridges, the principal one of which is built of pure white marble. The University of Pisa is one of the oldest in Italy. It has four colleges, with forty professors, a library, a botanical garden, and an observatory. On the square surrounding it are many public buildings, built for the most part of marble, and of a very elegant appearance. The mildness of the climate makes of Pisa a health resort of considerable popularity, and the celebrated baths in the city attract visitors from a great distance. The foundation of the city dates back several centuries before the Christian era, but it was not until the tenth century that it assumed any commercial importance. We visited the cathedral, a very fine structure, but tame when compared with St. Peter's in Rome, or some of the temples, mosques, and tombs of India. We have both decided that no more cathedrals shall be shown to us. In St. Peter's and the Taj Mahal at Agra, we have seen the great architectural wonders of the world, and we are not willing that our impressions of grandeur shall be spoiled by interpolating any thing inferior to the standard thus established.

On the following day we left for Florence. We passed along the banks of the Arno, and over a well cultivated country. The city of Florence we found to well sustain its exalted reputation for the beautiful in painting, statuary, and mosaics. As much can not, we think, be said

for the general appearance of the city. Possibly we have been spoiled and our sense of appreciativeness deadened by six months of wandering amid the wonders of the world. Our explorations were conducted mostly on foot, a means of locomotion which possesses advantages not to be overlooked in a strange city. We found much to admire, both in the city itself and in its surroundings, but nothing which justifies the enthusiastic declaration that no other city equals Florence in elegance. Florence is located in a valley, surrounded by the Apennine mountains, and the river Arno divides the city. There are a great number of fine edifices and squares, usually adorned with statues or fountains. There are no less than one hundred and seventy churches, eighty-nine convents, an indefinite number of palaces, twelve hospitals, and about a dozen theaters. Some of these edifices are described as "the finest in Europe." That is an expressive and comprehensive term at first glance, but it really amounts to very little. The number of palaces, churches, and other buildings that have been by travelers described as "the finest in Europe" can not readily be numbered on the fingers. Palaces in Florence do not mean the residences of royalty. Private dwellings are so called when their extent is deemed sufficient to justify the use of the extravagant expression. These palaces are universally ancient piles of granite, of a square, cumbersome, solid appearing form, fronting from two to three hundred feet, of considerable but not proportionate height, flat roof, and heavy projecting cornice. The idea of the architects seems to have been solidity at the expense of elegance. There is a gloominess, a dark, forbidding air about these massive buildings that is oppressive to the mind of the tourist. The visitor can not disabuse his senses of the impression that it is a prison, and his eyes wander involuntarily in search of the





SQUARE OF ST. MARK'S. VENICE.





iron doors and triple barred windows, while the ears are constantly on the alert for the sound of clanking chains and the voices of prisoners.

No Italian city but has its ancient pile, devoted to the general worship of God, and the special adoration of some self-sacrificing old fellow who fancied a virtue in an ascetical detestation of the means of enjoyment provided by nature, and sought happiness in the sacrifice of every human aim, in the endeavor to reach the degree of fancied perfection that had been placed, by the fanatical teachings of his church, as the goal of all goodness. As a result, some kind old pope has canonized him, and thenceforward he has been known as a "saint." Florence has one of these, with the only and remarkable exception that it is not named for any saint. It is known as the "Duomo," and is a magnificent structure, about five hundred feet in length and nearly four hundred in height to the top of the cross. It is constructed of brick, veneered as it were, with thin slabs of party-colored marble, set on edge. It has, therefore, the same appearance as if built solidly of marble. The building was two hundred years in construction, having been begun in 1226, and completed in 1426. Of the number of bridges which span the Arno, is one particularly noticeable, being built of white marble, and with a design which, for combined beauty and solidity, has never been excelled by more modern architects.

We remained in Florence but one day, and then passed on to Bologna. The road ascends the Apennine Mountains to the height of twenty-one hundred feet. There are on the road no less than forty-three tunnels. Passing the summit, we descended on the eastern side to Bologna. We stopped only for dinner, and sped onward to Venice, over a flat country, where the industry of the agricultural population is devoted almost wholly to the cultivation of

grapes and olives. The farmers were plowing for the Spring crop, and I noticed that the furrows were very deep. The soil has an appearance of exceeding richness. I was struck by the substantial appearance of the farm houses and barns. All are either stone or brick, and for the whole distance of two hundred miles, not a wooden building is to be seen.

There is little new that any one can write of Venice. It has been so often and so minutely described that it has become as familiar as an old and oft-told story. The first impression upon the visitor is that of an overflowed city, where the waters have pressed through the streets and surprised the inhabitants, who are being rapidly transferred to a place of safety. Venice is built on one hundred and seven islands, and almost literally in the water, as the site was originally but salt-water lagoons, and every building of the city, from the elegant church of St. Mark's and the stately palace of the Doges to the hovels of the lazarettos, has for its foundation piles driven deep into the soft and water-soaked soil. The islands upon which the city is built are separated by narrow channels. These are utilized as thoroughfares, and while they are termed canals, and really are such in the literal sense of the word, yet are not, as might be supposed, of artificial construction. Some of these islands are much larger than others, and have short streets or alleys of solid earth, but as a general thing the islands contain but a solid block of buildings, whose only means of communication is by water. With the exception of the Grand Canal, about a hundred feet wide, the water thoroughfares are narrow. Boats, known as gondolas, serve the universal purpose of vehicles, as horses and carriages in Venice are unknown. The circumference of the city is about eight miles, and the number of canals consequently very great. Being

natural conduits, there is no regularity in the system of watery streets, and not even the ancient cow-paths which tradition tells us formed the basis of the plan of Boston, excel them in irregular intricacy. The Grand Canal is, however, a spacious and handsome thoroughfare. It is spanned by but one bridge, the picturesque and shapely Rialto, constructed of pure marble. The celebrated Bridge of Sighs spans the canal called the Rio Palazzo, and is so named for the reason that it connects the old prison with the Doges' palace, and across it were conducted the prisoners to receive their sentence and its execution, the one following immediately after the other.

Venice is regarded as one of the finest cities in Europe. For centuries it was the capital of the first maritime and commercial state in the world, of immense wealth and commanding influence. Consequently it contains proportionately a larger number of public buildings than any other European city. Among the national edifices must first be mentioned that stupendous building, the pride and glory of Venice, the ducal palace and cathedral of St. Mark. It forms three sides of a square, and is the grandest and most stately quarter of the city. The square of St. Mark, with its arcades, its fine and elegant shops and cafés, the vast grandeur of its palace and its magnificent cathedral, presents a picture of beauty that is scarcely surpassed elsewhere. The foundation of Venice was laid in 421, as a place of refuge during the invasion of Italy by Attila, but the prosperity and power of the republic dates from four hundred years later. The jealous rivalry of Genoa resulted in a war which continued for nearly a century, ending with the absorption of the former city by France, in 1396. The greater part of the following century was devoted to a war with Turkey, in which the Venetians were badly worsted, losing many of their

provinces in Greece, and the Ionian Islands. The decadence of Venice dates from the discovery of the route to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, early in the sixteenth century, and at the beginning of the present century it became an easy prey to Napoleon's scheme for the formation of a Cisalpine republic. Upon the downfall of the great Corsican, in 1815, and the administration upon his estate by the powers of Europe, Venice fell to the lot of Austria, by which power it was held until the close of the brief but sanguinary struggle between Austria and France and Italy, in 1866, when it was ceded to the latter power.

We found the atmosphere rather sharp for the keenest appreciation of a gondola ride, and soon abandoned it for a walk through the narrow streets on the islands. We found as fine stores and as handsome a display of goods as can be seen anywhere. Primitiveness is one distinguishing feature of Venice, though, perhaps, not to a greater extent than some other European cities. We saw, for instance, mechanics manufacturing nails by hand. In reply to my remark, that in America we made a better article at the rate of more than sixty a minute, the workman gazed upon me with a look of mingled surprise and pity, and I have a well defined idea that he considered me a harmless lunatic who had escaped from restraint. In the manufacture of fancy glassware and mosaics, however, the Venetians are far in advance of America. The latter are particularly fine. I am told that the entire ceiling of St. Mark's, representing the creation, the flood, the apostles, etc., is mosaic. I found it impossible to disabuse my mind of the impression that the scenes are paintings.

Venice claims the honor of the first establishment of a banking house in Europe. I had the satisfaction of looking in upon the building, and speculating upon the

vast system of finance which has grown from this humble beginning.

We spent two days in Venice, and left for Milan, a distance of one hundred and ten miles to the west. We took the morning train and passed over the plains of Venetia to Lombardy, with but little ascent for the entire distance. The country is devoted largely to wheat and grapes. The soil seems very productive, and the former crop looks well, being apparently as far advanced as with us in April. Not a fence is to be seen during the entire distance. There are no natural forests, but all the dirt roads are lined with trees, forming a grateful shade. This planting of trees prevails, I have noticed, in Japan and India as well as Italy.

Milan is one of the most ancient cities in this historical Italy. It is supposed to have been founded by the Gauls, and was annexed to the Roman dominions about two centuries before the birth of Christ. In the fourth century it held the rank of sixth city in the Roman Empire. It is said by travelers to be one of the finest and most pleasing cities in Europe. It is circular in form and surrounded by a wall ten miles in circumference. Like all old cities, however, its beauty is greatly marred by being very irregularly laid out. The most remarkable of its many fine buildings is the cathedral, built of white marble, with three hundred and sixty-five spires, each capped by a statue. It is an imposing structure, of the Gothic style of architecture, four hundred and eighty-five feet long, two hundred and fifty-two wide, with a dome three hundred and fifty-five feet high. Included in the adornment are no less than four thousand five hundred statues. The city surpasses any we have seen in Italy for fine streets and stores. We remained two days, and improved the excellent opportunity for making some needed purchases.



Early in the afternoon we left the city for Verona, our route passing over the Lombardy plains, skirting the base of the Alps, on which the snow line appeared uncomfortably low, and caused numerous chills to pass over us, combined with mental observations suspiciously like a longing for the perennial warmth of India. We arrived at the beautiful little city of Verona, where we lay for three hours, waiting for a train on the northern road, which would transfer us in a few hours into the dominions of Kaiser Franz Josef.

We meandered extensively through Italy. Making our entry at Brindisi, on the south-east, we passed to the west, thence up the west coast, and again through to the north-east, and then to the north-west, half through again, and once more back to the northern central part, from whence we proceeded northward through Austria.

Our experiences in Italy would have been wholly pleasant, but for one serious obstacle to complete happiness—the hotels. Some of them are good, their accommodations more than passable, and the attendance common to good. But the landlords are the most complete, unblushing, undeviating, unmitigated scoundrels to be found elsewhere outside of—well, a much warmer place than Italy. Every *attaché* of a hotel in the Italian dominions, from the proprietor down to the most insignificant menial, is a liar of monumental proportions, who seeks to prey upon the traveler, and treats with flippant contempt his demand for fulfillment of a verbal contract. Unless a traveler in Italy submits quietly to being robbed, his experience is a constant warfare. It seems to me that the bandits who for years made travel in Italy unsafe have forsaken the mountains and taken possession of the hotels. This, understand me, is not the plaintive whine of a victim. The aggregate of the extortion which I have suffered in Italy will

not exceed five dollars, but the war has been exceedingly trying to my nerves. For the time being I almost regretted my conscientious scruples against profanity. Perhaps a chapter or two of vigorous and well-rounded Buckeye expletives would have had a terrorizing effect upon the robbers, as I know they would have relieved the pressure upon my feelings, which was kept continually near the danger point.

I felt a positive relief when we had crossed the frontier into Austria. There always was a warm corner in my heart for the Germans. Not an attempt has been made since we crossed the line of Italy to rob us by extortionate demands. When a German landlord tells you what your accommodations will be and what you will have to pay for them, you can depend upon his word as fully as upon your own. This is only one regard in which the Germans are superior to the Italians. There are a thousand others, every one of which are noticeable before you have spent a day in either Austria or Germany proper.

We left Verona and passed the frontier at the little town of Alla, where our baggage was inspected by the customs officers. This was a small matter, and did not detain us long. We passed through the Brenner pass of the Alps, on up to Innsbruck, crossing a narrow neck of the Austrian Empire. Innsbruck is a handsome little German city, but we did not remain there long, and our route was continued northward. The scenery through this part of Austria reminds the tourist very much of the Pennsylvania road from Pittsburg to Altoona. At Innsbruck we struck the river Inn, and passed north-eastwardly down the valley to Kurfstein, and soon after crossed the Austrian frontier into Bavaria. Here our baggage was again inspected, this time by the customs officers of Kaiser Wilhelm. We suffered not the slightest

inconvenience. We experienced a feeling of genuine relief when the familiar "sweet German accent" fell upon our ears. The German is the first language we have heard, except English, in our travels, of which we could comprehend a word. We arrived at Munich about dark, having been on the road from Milan since the morning of the previous day. This is more rapid traveling than we have been used to. We felt some satisfaction that, after months of wandering, we were finally within twelve days of New York and fourteen of home. At Munich we were quartered in a hotel in the heart of the city, and on the morning following our arrival started out to look at the novelties of the thoroughly German city. We found many customs similar to those that prevail among the worthy German immigrants of our own country.

Munich, as my readers are doubtless aware, is the capital of the former kingdom and now German dependency of Bavaria. The population is about two hundred thousand, and the city is noted, among many other things, for the manufacture, and consumption as well, of lager beer. Here beer drinking is not looked upon as it is in America. In Germany, and particularly in Munich, lager is not only a national but a universal beverage. The best as well as the worst elements of society frequent the beer halls and partake of the foaming liquid in seemingly limitless quantities. It is nothing unusual to see the toddling babe reach for its mug, and in the presence of, and aided by, its parents, drain it to the bottom. For some reason, the beer does not seem to have the demoralizing physical, mental, and moral effect that the beverage in America does. Here you hardly ever see a drunken man, and broils such as are common in American beer resorts are almost unknown among the imbibers in Germany. The Germans are certainly the happiest of people, social

in their habits, earnest in their friendships, and convivial in their customs. The family relations are almost universally pleasant, and in most cases you will find in the evening resorts the jolly burgher surrounded by his family, or forming part of a group of families, as pleasant and care-free a gathering as can be found. No spirituous liquors are drunk. Another practice strikes the American as peculiar. Such a custom as "treating," that pernicious habit that prevails in America, is unknown in Germany. Every man drinks just as much as he wants and no more, and pays for it himself. The Germans take the only sensible view of this question. A proposition to purchase a German a hat or a coat would not be more offensive than a suggestion to pay for his beer. He would think you supposed he had no money, and would resent promptly the implied intimation that he was a beggar.

The principal buildings of Munich are the cathedral, the new palace, the Jesuit church, and the royal palace. Located in Caroline Square is an obelisk, about one hundred feet high, formed for the most part of cannon captured by the victorious Bavarians in the war with Russia in 1812. The city is noted for its fine galleries of paintings and sculpture, which are said to be unexcelled in Europe. The University of Munich has a world-wide celebrity, scarcely inferior to that of Heidelberg and Prague. Its library contains two hundred thousand volumes. The Royal Library, instituted more than three hundred years ago, contains more than four hundred thousand books and thirty thousand manuscripts. Munich is not usually spoken of as an old city, yet its founding dates back to the year 962. Here, in Europe, however, they do not consider any thing worthy to be catalogued with the antiquities unless it flourished before the Christian era. The city has, like most other European continental

towns, experienced many of the vicissitudes of war. In the fifteenth century it became the capital of Bavaria; was captured by Gustavus II. of Sweden in 1232, by the Austrians in 1704, 1731, and 1743, and by the French in 1800, from which time until 1813 Bavaria remained a dependency of France.

As I have said, we found many things, not only in Munich, but elsewhere in Germany, to remind us of our German friends at home. For instance, at the former place we feasted upon kraut and spec, and for beds we had those delicious couches of down which woo sleep by the coziness of their comfort. As our blood continues thin, and the mercury at thirty degrees indicates bitterly cold weather for us, the enormous German feather beds are a luxury which we fully appreciate. As a country through which to make a wedding tour, however, Germany has its drawbacks, and I here insert a warning to my newly married young friends to avoid it. The reason is, the beds are all single. Another thing recommends Germany beyond any other country. It is the very paradise of coffee drinkers. It is the first place in our travels where we have been able to procure a really good cup of this delicious beverage. Even in Ceylon, where the berry is indigenous, the article placed upon the table tastes like a decoction of putrescent mud and a very inferior quality of water. In short, the Americans and the Germans are the only people who make good coffee, and drinkable tea is unknown outside of Japan.

I met at the breakfast table in Munich an American from Scranton, Penn., who was regaling every English-speaking guest with boasts of his travels through Europe. I waited patiently for a lull in his flow of words, which was a long time coming, and then, in as nonchalant a manner as possible, I spoke of the more interesting sights



in Japan, China, Ceylon, and India. I hope to be pardoned for the semblance of egotism in my remarks, but the temptation was too great for me to resist, and I was more than a little amused by the surprise expressed on his face and the sudden drooping of his elevated feathers. He had many questions to ask, and we realized that our extended wanderings had merited us a considerable prominence among travelers.

We remained in Munich over Sunday, and the following day left for Heidelberg. Traveling in Germany is a veritable "picnic," as we can speak enough of the language to make ourselves understood. For six months we have depended on signs, and, had it not been for our mutual companionship, I believe we would have half forgotten how to talk.

Munich we found a really beautiful city, with fine stone business houses, the streets clean and tidy, and the stores comparing favorably with London or New York. We left at seven o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a blinding snow storm, and passed through Augsburg, Ulm, Bruchsal, and Stuttgart, at none of which, however, we tarried. The country is a fine agricultural region, much more carefully cultivated than is the land in America, for the same reason, undoubtedly, that the Japanese farms are so thoroughly tilled—the large population gives the people a choice only between studied cultivation of every foot of land and want. The wheat looks well, but the great demand for beer leads to the more general raising of hops and barley. There is not a fence to be seen in all Germany, except that protecting the railroads. The train made good time, and at four P. M. we were in Heidelberg, where we are stopping at the same hotel I patronized during my travels in Germany twenty years ago. During the interval the city seems to have greatly

improved. We find the hotel accommodations very good, but we take our meals at a restaurant, on the score of economy.

This morning an amusing incident occurred that illustrates the disadvantages under which travelers labor who do not fully understand the language. We thought our knowledge of the German was sufficient for ordinary circumstances, but we don't think so any more. On the occasion mentioned we desired for our matutinal repast coffee and boiled eggs. Such I ordered, or at least I thought I said for the eggs to be boiled, but I guess I didn't. Any way, the waiter brought the coffee, together with a cup of cold water and raw eggs. For the life of me I could not think of the German for "boiled" or for hot water, and we were for a time, to use a provincialism, "up a stump." After much orthoepical cogitation and a deal of gesticulation and other efforts at making myself understood, I got those eggs boiled, long after our appetites should have been satisfied. But I have it down fine now, and the next time I want boiled eggs I will know how to order them.

Early this morning, despite the damp, muggy weather, we started out for a tramp to the old castle on the hill. The ruin of this old palace is one of the most picturesque in Europe, and is the first of many things which I felt an interest in after having seen once. It seemed like the renewal of an old acquaintance. In one of the cellars of the old palace or Schloss is the celebrated Heidelberg tun, that immense cask concerning whose size so many apocryphal stories have been told. It is, however, a monster of the cooper's art, and is said to have a capacity of two hundred and eighty-three thousand and two hundred bottles of wine. It was constructed in 1751, and has been empty since 1769. We wandered all through and around the

castle, which has been written and talked about for hundreds of years. We noticed written over the stone doors names whose sound was strikingly home-like and familiar.

From hence to Cologne the route will be the same over which I traveled a score of years since, but that through Holland will be new. The weather here is about like April at home, and they tell me they have had a very mild winter. From here we will go down the Rhine to Holland, where we will spend a few days before crossing the Channel to England.

## XXIX.

GERMANY, HOLLAND, LONDON—THE TRIP DOWN THE RHINE—A SHORT TOUR THROUGH HOLLAND—THE AUTHOR IN LONDON—THE TOWER—WESTMINSTER ABBEY, THE MUSEUM, ETC.—WHY HE DID N'T ATTEND THE QUEEN'S RECEPTION.

LONDON, *March 2, 1882.*

HERE we can almost say with the melancholy Prince of Denmark,

“I am native here,  
And to the manner born.”

After months of wandering, during which we have seen many of the different peoples of the world, we have finally reached that point in our travels where we feel almost that we are one of the people. The voices of the crowds that surge past us in the street have a familiar sound, and we have cast aside that sign language which for so long has served a good but never satisfactory purpose. When we desire to inquire concerning the best facilities for reaching a certain point, or wish to make purchases, or order our dinners, we use plain and copious English, with the assurance that our inquiries will be understood. It is a satisfaction which we feel and fully appreciate.

The next morning after the conclusion of my last letter we left Heidelberg for Mentz, the route lying over as fine a farming country, perhaps, as can be found in the world. It seemed strange that there should be no fence except that guarding the track of the railroad. We passed

through Darmstadt and other cities and towns of greater or less importance, but having visited each of them during my brief tour through Europe some years since, I did not feel in them the interest that was aroused by places whose attractions were wholly new. German cities and towns do not change rapidly, and I see many things that have a familiar appearance. I was younger then, and reveled in the midst of surroundings for which I have little taste now.

We have made it a point during our entire tour, so far as circumstances would permit, to travel only in daytime. The object is twofold. First, that nothing within the range of our observation shall escape us, and, second, that we may secure each night the rest and recuperation that fits us for the often laborious sight-seeing of the following day. This plan we have carried out in Germany, and we flatter ourselves that but little in which we could feel an interest on our line of travel has escaped our notice. There is one point, however, to which I desire to direct the attention of my readers, which may serve, perhaps, as an apology for failing to note many things in Europe that would, perhaps, be of interest to them. We have been constantly traveling for six months, the scenes of each day changing as rapidly and as completely as the views in a kaleidoscope. We feel, not strictly a sense of weariness, but are unable to arouse the same degree of enthusiasm over the sights of Europe that, perhaps, would have come readily to us had it been first on our programme of foreign travel.

At Mentz we were quartered in a genuine German hotel, surrounded by all the cozy comforts for which German hostelries are distinguished. Such a supper as that which was served to us soon after our arrival would rouse the envy of a gourmand. The light wines of Germany



are noted everywhere, and we are prepared to add our testimony to the universal commendation.

The more I see of the German people the more favorably am I impressed with them. They are genial, genteel, accommodating, companionable—and clean. The personal cleanliness of the people of all classes, and the universal neatness of the hotels and private houses, present such a striking contrast to other peoples whom we have visited that my readers will please not become weary of my reiterated expressions of admiration.

This trip around the world, in addition to the pleasures derived from viewing the many wonders of travel, has had another beneficial effect. It has tended greatly to liberalize our ideas, to make us more tolerant of the theories and practices of those who hold conceptions of "the problem of life" differing from our own. There is an appearance of sincerity even in the idolatry of the Buddhists and Brahmins that, while it may not deserve the respect of those who boast a more complete education and a higher civilization, yet it impresses the visitor with the conviction that they act in full accord with the light they have been given. Every word and every action of a Brahmin, Buddhist, and Mohammedan tends to convince the most skeptical that he firmly believes the theory of his religion and consistently observes the practices. Whether the theory and practice of all Christians are equally consistent, the experience of most of my readers will enable them to determine for themselves. From our stand-point these people are wrong, radically wrong, in both their belief and their mode of worship. To the educated Christian mind, their manner of giving expression to their veneration is not only absurd but extremely distasteful, but the query still remains, are they not, after all, better Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Brahmins than some unctious

professors are Christians? They firmly and conscientiously believe they are right, and the problem of whether they are to be punished eternally for sins committed in ignorance is one which many persons may theorize upon wearily and assume that they have solved, but the real solution must await the decree of a just and merciful Providence, "who doeth all things well." Casting aside, however, the eternal blessings which I, and I presume all of my readers, agree are to be derived from the teachings of the religion of Christ, and looking upon it wholly in a temporal sense, all must agree that Christianity is productive of great good. The teachings of Buddha, Brahma, Mohammed, and Zoroaster may, as they undoubtedly do, seek to inculcate principles of virtue and equity as between man and man, but nowhere can be found as lucid, as beneficent a principle of morality as is contained in the theory and example of the meek and lowly Nazarene. The experience of nearly two thousand years has shown that Christianity and civilization go hand in hand. Where the teachings of Christ and his apostles are accepted as the basis of religious belief and instruction, there is found the greatest progress and the fullest prosperity. To no one is this palpable fact more apparent than to one who has made a circuit of the globe and seen the different peoples in their every-day life.

Having unintentionally wandered on into this homily upon a trite and worn subject, I had almost forgotten that my duty to my readers demands rather an account of the scenes and incidents of travel.

Mayence, or Mentz, is one of the most ancient cities of Germany, having been established first as a military position by the Romans. It has not escaped the misfortunes of war, and during the past two hundred years has been successively occupied by the Swedes, the Prussians,

and the French. In 1707 it was formally ceded to the duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, and so still remains, possessing a nominal independence, but really a part of the great German Empire. Mayence is mainly distinguished as having been the cradle of the art of printing. Here Gutenberg lived, and here he gave to the world that greatest of all arts. The city is surrounded by a wall, and defended by an outer chain of fortifications. It is not distinguished for elegant public buildings, but the ancient electoral palace, now used as a custom house, the palace of the old Teuton knights, now the residence of the governor, and the churches of St. Stephen and St. Ignatius are worthy of attention. To these may be added the colossal bronze statue of Gutenberg and the statue of Schiller. Mayence is, next to Cologne, the principal depot for Rhenish produce in Germany. The population is about sixty thousand.

We left Mayence at eight o'clock in the morning on board a small steamer, so diminutive as to remind us of the life-boats on the ocean steamers of the East. The trip down the Rhine has been celebrated in song and story for countless years, but to us the scenery seemed as fresh and replete with interest almost as would have been an excursion through an unexplored region. One may read extensively and carefully of the scenes and incidents of travel, yet when they are brought within his own experience they have a freshness that is little impaired by the knowledge he has secured from the writings of others. Of the Rhine I can only say that it is beautiful almost beyond comparison, finding perhaps its only parallel in our own Hudson from Poughkeepsie to Albany. To the traveler who stands upon the deck of a Rhine steamer the scene is like unto a massive panorama, a succession of startling surprises, where the interest in a passing view

does not flag until it is succeeded by one of perhaps even more entrancing beauty. Nearly every crag or cliff is surmounted by the ruins of a tower or castle, silent reminders of the feudal age, when petty potentates, lords of limited territory, warred with each other and found the greatest safety in castles that were nearly inaccessible. The first wonder in the mind of the beholder is how these immense buildings were constructed in such seemingly wholly unapproachable points, which it would seem that only the birds of the air could reach. Where possible, the mountains which border the river through almost its entire length have their sides terraced and planted in vineyards, another evidence of the tireless energy and frugality of the Germans. The most attractive part of the river is between Mayence and Coblenz, it appearing there much like a succession of lakes, surrounded by lofty mountains, grand in their appearance, but mere miniatures when compared with the majestic Alps which border the Upper Rhine.

We were fortunate in making the Rhine trip by boat, instead of the cars, as I did in my previous visit to Europe. Then I saw little of the beauty of the stream; now nothing escaped our observation. The captain of the boat was one of those jolly Germans who is never happy unless every one with whom he is thrown in contact is in the same felicitous condition. We were the only foreigners on board, and, as a consequence, received many favors not only from the officers but the passengers. What social merits can be named that are not perforce possessed by the people in a country where good, cheering wine is cheaper than water? I have never had the reputation of being a "wine bibber," but must confess that my heart warms in unison with my stomach over the light wines of Germany. It is cheap, cheaper than coffee, and composes

the standard drink of the good people of Rhenish Germany, largely displacing the much vaunted lager beer, and producing a feeling of comforting exhilaration.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when we arrived at Cologne, and breathed the atmosphere freighted with the "distinct and several smells." We were conducted to a hotel near the river, which we found cozy and in every way comfortable, where our renovated German served the purpose of making our limited wants known. Our appetites were not ravenous, and in response to the waiter's query of what we desired for supper we simply ordered "wein unt brod." A bottle of finely flavored sweet wine and a loaf of the softest and purest white bread were placed before us—a feast for a king; that is, provided said king was not very hungry. The landlord and his good wife were disposed to be talkative, and exhibited a degree of inquisitiveness that would have covered a Yankee Boniface with glory. I endeavored to be as accommodating as my limited stock of German would permit. In answering their question as to whence we had been traveling, I took my hat and passing my hand around the brim indicated that we had been clear around the world, to Japan, China, and India, and explained that we were thus far on our return to New York. If a winged angel had dropped down between them the surprise of the worthy German couple could not have been greater. They seemed to look upon your correspondent as a veritable phenomenon. True to the frugal German nature, their wonder took the finance form, and they spoke simultaneously: "Mein Gott in Himmel! wae fael dich sae gacost?" My reply that the outlay was fully fifteen thousand marks added much to their astonishment. Such a sum seemed a fabulous fortune to these simple-minded Germans. We chatted quite pleasantly, I endeavoring to



add to their information, and at the same time to my limited stock of German.

The next day was devoted to a ramble through the streets of Cologne. We went first to the great cathedral, finished within the last few years, after having been more than six hundred and fifty in building. It is a grand and imposing structure, albeit somewhat incongruous in its appearance, owing to the different architectural ideas that found expression in its building. When this is examined, the traveler has seen all that is really attractive in the city, unless one chuses to delve among the ancient tomes of the extensive libraries, and study the history of what is one of the oldest cities of Germany. The city is built along the banks of the Rhine, something in the form of a crescent, is strongly fortified, and is connected by an elegant bridge with the town of Dutz, on the opposite shore. Cologne has been noted for untold years for its unsavory smells, and was the subject of one of Coleridge's most pointed epigrams:

"The river Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash your city of Cologne;  
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine  
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

It might be too much for me to say that the atmosphere of Cologne is impregnated with ultra disagreeable smells, but certain it is that a more pleasing aroma can be found than prevails in the vicinity of some of its chemical manufactories. As the name indicates, the city is largely noted for the manufacture of Cologne water. We, like others, bought a bottle of it, just so that we can boast of its genuineness, though I have not the slightest doubt as fine an article that never saw Cologne can be purchased of any druggist at home. The dog-carts in the streets attracted our attention. These dogs are large mus-

cular fellows, who drag through the streets with apparent ease carts heavily laden with produce. The carts are the favorite vehicles of the peasantry, and large quantities of produce are brought in them from the country.

We remained but one day and two nights at Cologne, and were off early in the morning for Amsterdam and other parts of Holland. It was with unfeigned regret that we departed from Germany. We will probably never see it again, as on our next trip to Europe we will go through Paris and Genoa; thence direct to Egypt, *via* Brindisi; then to the Holy Land; and return through the Mediterranean Sea direct to New York.

From Cologne to Amsterdam we passed through a country as level apparently as if it had been graded by a civil engineer. The first town we came to in Holland was Svenden, just across the line, where we passed the usual custom-house inspection. This was, however, largely a matter of form, and did not detain us but a short time. From this point to Amsterdam the country is a dead level, with alluvial soil, cut here and there with dykes or ditches, which seem to form the boundaries of farms or districts, and well serve the purpose of fences. A good deal of the land is very poor, the soil being of a dead sand formation, and covered with scrub pine. Portions, however, are quite rich, and such is carefully and exhaustively cultivated, the thrifty Dutch well knowing the value of thorough tilling. The farm houses and barns are under the same roof, yet there is about all an appearance of neat and inviting cleanliness.

Amsterdam we found a quaint old city, interspersed with many canals, and also good streets, with four and five story brick and stone business houses, covered with red tile, which is throughout Holland the universal substitute for shingles. There is little in the city to attract

the attention of the traveler, beyond the canals and fine wide streets. The origin of Amsterdam was not unlike that of Venice, which it resembles to a very limited extent. The site was formerly a salt marsh, and the city is built upon no less than ninety islands, which communicate by about three hundred bridges. As in Venice, the buildings are constructed on piles, driven through the soft soil a distance of fifty feet to the harder formation beneath. In walking the streets and observing the canals, filled almost to overflowing, one can not dispel the impression that the city is liable at any moment to suffer from an inundation. Yet this seeming superabundance of water is a valuable means of defense to the city. The bed of the Amstel, or river, is provided with sluice-gates, which open allow the water to flow through the channels in the city, but closed would in a few hours flood the surrounding country.

During the seventeenth century, when the Dutch disputed the rule of the sea with the Spaniard and English, Amsterdam was the metropolis of the commercial world. The growth of commerce in England caused her to retire from that proud position, but she still remains a place of great commercial importance, and is to-day the wealthiest city of its size in the world. The population is about three hundred thousand—as busy and as energetic a community as can be found on earth. There is little of the hurry or bustle which we see in New York or Chicago, but instead, an appearance of confidence and solidity which can not fail to favorably impress the visitor. The city is divided into two unequal parts, connected by a magnificent bridge six hundred and ten feet long, and seventy wide. This viaduct is a grand specimen of engineering. The superstructure rests upon thirty-five arches, through some of which the tallest masts of ships pass with ease.

Leaving Amsterdam we found the country intervening before Rotterdam was reached but a repetition of that from the German line to Amsterdam. There are, perhaps, a few more canals, and a greater number of dikes and ditches; but the flat country, neat houses, well cultivated farms, and frequency of gaunt-armed windmills, grew monotonous. It has nowhere been my fortune, unless upon the prairies of Illinois and Iowa, to travel through a land that presented fewer features of variety than Holland. The train whisks through one farm, with its quaint appearing dwelling and stable combined under one roof, and omnipresent windmill, and enters another almost precisely like it. We passed through Haarlem, Delph, and many small villages, and reached Rotterdam at noon. Holland could all be seen in a week, and is well worth seeing once, but, as I have said, soon becomes monotonous.

Rotterdam we found intrenched with numerous canals, and provided with good but mainly narrow streets. The day we spent there was Sunday, and we were struck with the great respect that was every where shown the day. It was as a revelation to us; we felt thankful that through the kindness of Providence we had been permitted to once more reach a Christian land. All the business houses were closed, and there was no evidence apparent that the phlegmatic Dutch have yet learned the back door scheme that is so popular in American cities. Our hotel fronted on a street and in the rear opened upon a canal. We found the accommodations not so good as in Germany, yet every thing was as neat and clean as they could be made. One could eat off the floor and still feel an assurance that his food was clean.

Rotterdam is, probably, more than any other city in Holland, cut up by canals, one section of the city being so divided that these water ways provide almost the only

means of communication. They are crossed at intervals by bridges. One feature adds much to the appearance of the city. The canals are nearly everywhere bordered with trees. This gives a novel and attractive look. The houses of Rotterdam are apparently constructed with a view to convenience rather than elegance. They vary from two or three to six stories in height, and are of as many different styles of architecture as could be conceived. Apparently each builder had his own distinct idea of architecture, and followed it to the letter.

Our stay in Rotterdam was brief, and we sailed at six P. M. for Harwich, England, a short trip of but eleven hours, bidding farewell to the continent of Europe, which we had traversed from south to north, greeting the ease-loving Italians at Brindisi, cultivating the genial and companionable Germans in Bavaria and the Rhenish provinces, and making adieus to the earnest but phlegmatic Dutch, in Rotterdam. We found the North Sea quite rough, but the experiences of travel have transformed us into staunch sailors, and we laughed at the waves and tried to convince ourselves that we enjoyed the pitching and rolling of the vessel. This sea is, I believe, in a constant state of uneasiness, and usually causes a sympathetic feeling of disturbance in the minds (and stomachs) of the ship's passengers. However brave we may have been, it was with a feeling of relief that we viewed from the deck, at an early hour the next morning, the cliffs of "Merrie England." The landing was made at seven o'clock. Harwich is an inconsequential place, seldom heard of in America, and owes what little importance it possesses to its position as the nearest port to Holland and Belgium, and its excellent harbor. The harbor is formed by the junction of the rivers Stour and Orwell, diminutive streams in themselves, but emptying



into a commodious estuary of the sea. We took the train at once for London and keenly enjoyed the short ride.

Now, my good friends, what can I write of London that will interest you? The great city is not by any means devoid of objects of interest, but the daily reader is, or should be, as fully acquainted with them as I am or can become during my short stay. Had I the time, I might employ what little descriptive talent I possess in telling you of the Tower, its history and its legends; the British Museum and its endless collection of curiosities; the Buckingham Palace; the Parliament House; Westminster Abbey; St. Paul's Cathedral; and so on, almost without limit; but, after all, would I be telling you much that you do not already know? Would it not be to you like the repetition of an old story?

On the principle that business should always have precedence of pleasure, my first visit was to the office of Cook & Co., under whose auspices we have traveled from San Francisco. I was anxious to learn how they were prepared to arrange with us for the loss of a large part of our tour, that through Egypt, Turkey, and the Holy Land. They unhesitatingly refunded me one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars of the sum we had paid them. This rebate was very welcome, of course, but I can truthfully say that to-day I would rather be delving among the ruins of ancient Karnak, Memphis, or Thebes, or familiarizing myself with the scenes of the Holy Land, than treading the streets of London. At the office of Cook & Co. we were informed that to this day no passengers from India are allowed to land in Egypt.

We met an old friend in London. It was our family trunk! From Japan we shipped it ahead of us to China, and then again to Bombay, where we overhauled it in about three months. Once more we forwarded it, this

time to London, not knowing just when we would see it again. To-day I got it out of bond, and it really had the appearance of an old acquaintance. The entire shipment cost me the munificent sum of two dollars. I wish I could travel half as cheaply.

Naturally we longed for the glimpse of a familiar face and the grasp of a friendly hand, and we were not long in seeking the whereabouts of Mr. Kratz, who has charge of the European branch of the Bucyrus house of M. Deal & Co. We found him alone in his office at No. 67 Mark Lane, and from him received the first news from home since leaving India. We spent one night with the family since we have been in London, and I think it not too much to say that few evenings during our somewhat extended lives have been more pleasantly passed. It was after 1 o'clock when tired nature asserted itself, and we retired to our beds. Bucyrus friends and interests were discussed, and the home events of the past six months detailed for our benefit. We were sorry to learn that the relentless hand of death has been busy during our absence, and that there will be more than one vacancy in the circle of friends to greet us upon our return. Home events seem to succeed each other more rapidly when one is absent, and the summary so kindly given by our friend Kratz seemed to us like the history of more than a year. I was pleased to learn from Mr. K. that he is building up among these "blarsted Britishers" what will ere long prove an extensive and profitable business. He labors assiduously with that end in view, and certainly merits the complete success which seems to be almost within his grasp.

In our peregrinations about this "metropolis of the world," we first visited Westminster Abbey, to secure a view of the tombs of the famous men of England. Most Englishmen live with but one ambition, that is to be

buried in Westminster. But few reach the goal, and thus the masses fall short of their standard of the sum of inhumed felicity. The building is one of the most ancient in this old city of London, having been constructed first by Edward the Confessor, between the years 1055 and 1065. Of the original building, however, but a small part remains. The greater portion as it now stands was built between 1220 and 1230, during the reign of Henry III, although a portion was constructed between 1340 and 1483, and the two towers on the north end are the work of Sir Christopher Wren, who died as late as 1723, and who was also the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral. Westminster Abbey is a noble building, though the full grandeur of its effect is marred and greatly hidden by its surroundings. Its total length is 511 feet; width, 203, and height, to the apex of the roof, 102. It is only after having passed into the interior that the visitor is enabled to reach a full conception of its grand proportions. Besides containing the tombs of the Tudor, Stuart and early Georgian lines, it is the burial place of many of England's most eminent men. At the end of the south transept is the "Poet's Corner," where rest the remains of Chaucer, Beaumont, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Gray, Thomson, Goldsmith, Dickens, Macaulay, Bulwer-Lytton, and others who have shed luster upon the history of English Literature. In the north transept, the "Statesman's Corner," I noted the cenotaphs of Pitt, Fox, Chatham, Canning, Wilberforce, Palmerston, and others. It is strange, but the tomb of Disraeli is conspicuous by its absence. I was given to understand that he was buried elsewhere, in conformity with the wishes of himself and his family. Westminster is no longer the receptacle of the royal dead. I believe that George II. was the last ruler of England that was interred within its walls. Hours

can be devoted to wandering amid these ancient tombs, and speculating upon the hollowness of the pomp and power that finds at last a common rest, where the pride and arrogance of royalty, and the ambitious glory of fame, mingle in the cold and unsympathetic mould of the grave.

We paid our respects to the Parliament House—from the outside, as it was impossible to secure admittance. Why the building should be so rigidly closed against the public no one knows. Even when Parliament is in session, the would-be visitor must needs bring to bear strong influence before he can secure the boon of admission. Tickets are issued to the favored ones, and they are as eagerly sought for as the talismanic bits of pasteboard which admit to the circus are coveted by the small boy. In this connection we felt for British exclusiveness a contempt which we did not express.

We next visited the Tower of London, that ancient pile that has been transformed by the lapse of time from a fortified castle to an armory and museum of curious mementos of the long past. The building is of itself a memento, a relic which binds the England of to-day to the England of many centuries since. Within its somber walls tragedies have been enacted and life dramas presented that form long chapters in the history of the nation. The Tower is intimately connected with every period of English history. The date of its construction seems to be more than a little uncertain, but in the feudal days it was a vast fortress. It occupies a plat of twelve or thirteen acres, surrounded by a moat or ditch, which is usually dry, but can readily be flooded. The Tower presents from the outside the appearance of a vast castellated wall, broken by massive flanking towers at frequent intervals. Within this outer wall rises another of greater height but inferior strength of construction. Within this

inner wall are the barracks, armories, etc., and within these the noted White Tower, where are located the ancient prison cells. No difficulty was experienced in obtaining admittance, and under the care of a guide we wandered at will. We were shown the prison of Lady Jane Grey, the block upon which she was beheaded and the ax used in the bloody work. Every stone of this White Tower, were it blessed with the power of speech, could relate stories of the tragedies that largely composed the history of England during the centuries when the will of the not often scrupulous sovereign was the only law. We went to the Armor Room, where can be seen the metallic armor of the ancient kings and knights of Britain. These coats-of-mail and battle-axes indicate that the old-time warriors were lusty fellows, whose deeds of reckless daring were incited not more by ambition than physical capacity for endurance.

St. Paul's Cathedral was next on our brief London programme. There we lingered but a short time, as temples and churches have lost their charm for us. The Bank of England and the British Museum were passed in detail. The former is bewildering by its display of coined wealth. Millions of dollars in glittering gold or crisp notes pass before the eye at a glance, and the mind at once begins to speculate upon what wonderful things could be accomplished if the vast sums in sight were only in one's possession. We were conducted all through the bank, and courteously shown every feature of interest. At the Museum, hours—yes, days, weeks and months, could be profitably spent. My readers can not expect me, in these brief pages, to even cursorily notice the myriad of attractions which it would require weeks to even look at. I was greatly interested in the relics exhumed at Nineveh and Babylon, the sculptured winged bulls, etc.



To-day is the queen's reception at Buckingham Palace, and we drove past to see what might be seen. We did not attend the reception, as, for some reason, we are not down on Her Majesty's visiting list. Perhaps she does not know we are in the city. It was a great oversight on our part not to notify her of our coming. We could not, however, be deprived of the privilege of standing outside and watching the people go in, admiring the well dressed ladies, fine carriages, richly caparisoned horses, etc., as well as the exquisite pleasure of being withered by the glances of the liveried footmen whose positions as flunkies to some titled noodle has raised them several degrees above the level of common humanity. We endeavored to satisfy our curiosity by examining the stables of the queen, but even there we were denied admittance. Just think of it! A free American citizen, the representative of the glory and majesty of the bald-headed bird of freedom, turned ignominiously away from the stables of the queen of England! My blood boils! I want redress! I demand protection! I will see Frelinghuysen about this as soon as I get home. Now, if the pugnacious Blaine was at the head of the State Department, I would feel more encouraged. I would be accorded the privilege of visiting the stables of the queen of England, or there would be war! As I turned away from the royal equine chambers I was mad, consumed with wrath, so to speak, and looked about me for the ubiquitous "yaller dog," upon which to vent my spleen, but even that pleasure was denied me.

We will leave London to-morrow for Scotland, and will take a short tour through the north of Ireland before sailing for America.

## XXX.

EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, BELFAST—A VISIT TO THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY—IMPRESSIONS IN IRELAND—LONDONDERY AND THE VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—CONCLUDING COMPLIMENTS TO THE "BLASTED BRITISHERS."

NEW YORK, *March —, 1882.*

I HAVE presumed so much upon the probabilities of the future as to date this letter in New York, but at the moment of writing we are in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, pitching, rolling, and tumbling about in a discouragingly miscellaneous manner; that is to say, the vessel is, and, as a matter of fact, the passengers follow its example in a manner appealing at once to the sympathies and the sense of the ludicrous of the looker, who involuntarily participates in the mirth-provoking gyrations. If there was any regularity in the rolling of the vessel it would not be so discouraging, but some especially aggravating lurch, destructive of mental equanimity and dismally disastrous to the physical equipoise, drives all the sentiment from him. The suddenness with which the center of gravity, under such circumstances, is shifted without the body, and the latter seeks the horizontal position which is much easier maintained than the perpendicular, is bewildering. All the ocean experiences of our travel have been the perfection of calm peacefulness compared with the tempestuous voyage across the Atlantic. The nautical education received on the Pacific and Indian oceans and the Mediterranean Sea did not avail us. On

the Atlantic we are veritable land-lubbers, and both suffered greatly from seasickness.

All this, however, is a long way ahead of my story. We left London in the forenoon of the day following the conclusion of my last letter, bound for Edinburgh and Glasgow, in "Bonnie Scotland." The country *en route* was like a garden, the grass green, the trees in full foliage, and the land having the appearance of a most thorough degree of cultivation. The Winter wheat was looking fine, and gave promise of an abundant crop. We passed through Bedford, Leicester, Leeds, and Carlisle, besides an innumerable number of smaller cities, towns, and villages—all seemingly busy hives of thriving industry. Of course, we are seeing all this section of the world at the most unfavorable season, and much earlier than we had expected to. Nevertheless, we see much in England, particularly the rural portions, to admire. The farm houses are universally fine appearing, and the farms give unmistakable evidence of good care. Like other countries, however, such care is absolutely necessary, as land is so costly and, in case of lease, the rent is so high, that the farmers must per force till every foot to its utmost capacity.

The distance from London to Edinburgh is three hundred and fifty-seven miles, and it was late in the evening when the train arrived. In my previous European jaunt I visited this ancient capital of Scotland, and then, as now, found many points of interest. So closely is Edinburgh identified with the history of Scotland that the student of the latter must needs become acquainted with the stirring events that have made the former distinguished. This city was founded in the sixth century, and history of two hundred years later speaks of it as a place of some consequence. To-day it is a fine city, with stately buildings, unexcelled schools, libraries, etc., but one which

could scarcely, from a commercial or manufacturing point of view, be spoken of as thriving. Its manufactures are confined almost wholly to the necessities of her own people and those tributary. The city is built upon three parallel ridges, running east and west. On the center of these was originally constructed the town, composing that part that is known as old Edinburgh. This ridge terminates abruptly on the west in a precipitous rock, where is located the celebrated castle of Edinburgh, at a height of four hundred feet above the sea. The date of the construction of this ancient pile has been lost from history. So far back as 1093, it is mentioned as having been the scene of the death of one of the Scottish queens. In 1556, James VI., of Scotland, was born here. At the east end of the old town is the palace of Holyrood. This was founded in the year 1128, by the Scottish King David. It was destroyed by the English no less than three times, and was plundered by a mob once. On the lower and northernmost of these ridges of which I have spoken is located the new town, which is much more modern in appearance than the old. Its streets and squares are of great beauty and regularity. On Calton Hill stands Nelson's monument, and near to that of Dugald Stewart and of Burns. The monument to Sir Walter Scott is located in Prince's Street, and is very attractive. Edinburgh has long been noted for its educational facilities, and is probably not excelled, if equaled, by any city in the world in this regard, and in the intelligence and refinement of its people.

In our perambulations about the city we visited most of the points of interest, including the palace of Holyrood, so intimately associated with the career of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. We entered the chamber of Mary, where she, on the evening of the 9th of March, 1566, was supping with her favorite, Rizzio, an Italian music

teacher, when her husband, Lord Darnley, at the head of a band of noble assassins, burst into the room, and dragging forth the uxorious gentleman from Italy, summarily put him to death. The usually practical Scots displayed unexpected sentiment by preserving the room in the same condition in which it was left by the tragedy. We were shown the stairway where the murder occurred, and looked upon the bed, now mouldering with time, where the beautiful young queen rested her shapely royal person, and the tapestry falling into decay. As I looked upon these mementos of the beautiful Scottish queen, my mind revelled in the stirring scenes that crowd upon each other, and make the sum of her sad life. I mentally followed her devious career, her successive quarrels and reconciliations with Earl Murray, her illegitimate half-brother; the tragic death of Darnley, which the queen was more than suspected of having plotted; her *liaison* with and subsequent marriage to Earl Bothwell; her final overthrow and abdication; her flight to England, where her restless spirit led her into misjudged and unworthy intrigues; her arrest and imprisonment; her supposed secret marriage with the Duke of Norfolk; and the final scene, when the judgment of the court of forty-six nobles, chosen for the purpose of trying her, condemned her to death; and, with the cool heroism of her race, on the 8th of February, 1587, she went calmly to the block, at the age of forty-five years. Hers is a sad history, and nowhere are its events brought so forcibly and freshly to mind as amid the scenes that were familiar to her unhappy life.

We drove through the city, and viewed its points of interest, admiring the thriftiness of the practical Scotch, and renewed our journey to Glasgow. It does not seem possible that two cities of the same country, and distant only forty miles, could be so different in every material aspect



as Glasgow and Edinburgh. The latter possesses no commercial importance whatever, and rests quietly upon its honors as one of the intellectual centers of Europe, while the former is classed among the most important commercial emporiums of the world. The difference becomes apparent even before the visitor has left his hotel. The capacious streets of Glasgow are thronged with busy crowds, intent upon business pursuits. I had been under the impression that Edinburgh was the older city of the two, but find upon examination that Glasgow was founded as long ago as 560, and is therefore about contemporaneous with its mate. The older part of the city is badly built and as unattractive as any collection of buildings could be, but the new portion is well constructed, with spacious squares, wide streets, and elegant buildings. The city is so thoroughly devoted to commerce and trade that little except the varied and extensive manufactories, the shipyards that line the banks of the Clyde for many miles, and the shipping that constantly crowds the port, interests the tourist. Glasgow is singularly barren of historical interest, and there the ghoulish antiquary finds nothing to occupy his attention.

One thing that perhaps more than all others aroused my admiration in Scotland, was the universal neatness. The farms are as trim and presentable as a well-cultivated garden at home, all provided with commodious stone houses and barns. Nowhere in Scotland did we see a frame building of any kind. The yards and gardens are models, reaching almost to arboricultural perfection.

We spent Sunday in Glasgow, and for the first time since we left home we found the observance of the day such as, to our ideas, fully comported with its solemnity. The Scotch people are noted for their stern, inflexible adherence to the strictest interpretation of the doctrines of

Calvin; they are undeviating believers in "foreordination," "election," and "original sin," and while the Christian Church elsewhere has become more or less liberalized in its ideas and practices, in Scotland it remains unchanged. The doctrine of eternal punishment in a lake of literal burning brimstone is still the favorite theme of the Scotch Presbyterians. Sunday among such a people scarcely needs to be described, particularly to those of my older readers whose youthful religious instruction was received in the Presbyterian school. During the hours when the worshipers were not either going to or returning from church, the streets of Glasgow were as deserted and quiet as the thoroughfares of a country village. The attendance at church seemed to be almost universal, or, if not, those who failed to attend kept closely to their homes. We attended church, and listened to a sermon that reminded me more of home than any we have heard for months.

The weather here is perceptibly colder than at London, such temperature as we have at home during the same season. It is a fact not often recognized by Americans that England and Ireland are on the same parallel of latitude as Labrador, and that Scotland corresponds in distance from the equator with the cold, bleak, and barren regions of Hudson's Bay, a region that, while not wholly uninhabitable, is entirely unproductive. Notwithstanding this, the climate of London corresponds about with that of Tennessee, and that of Glasgow and Edinburgh with that of New York and Chicago. The great variation in the length of the days is noticeable in Scotland, by reason of its northern position. Just at present this is not observable, because we are approaching the vernal equinox; but in June, when darkness comes to us at home by half-past eight, at Edinburgh a paper can be easily read by daylight as late as ten, and the sun rises before three in

the morning. Per contra, in December, lights become necessary before three o'clock, and the sun does not rise in the morning until after eight. The variation in the climate between the western part of Europe and the eastern portion of America is caused, as your readers are doubtless aware, by one of the unnumbered beneficent provisions of Providence. Starting from the superheated waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea is a body known as the Gulf Stream, which, with an average width of about two hundred miles, flows north-eastwardly through the Atlantic Ocean and strikes the western coasts of England and Ireland, diffusing a warmth that produces the remarkable climate of those countries, and losing itself in the frigid waters of the Arctic Sea. Were it not for this immense body of warm water, guided and controlled by some unknown power or law of nature, England, Ireland, and Scotland would be bleak and barren wastes, unproductive and almost uninhabitable by reason of the extreme cold. The immutability of the laws of nature is one of the most bountiful of the dispensations of Providence. Science is wholly unable to account for the Gulf Stream, but the knowledge that the same power that controls it now will continue its guide through the countless ages of futurity is enjoyed by all. It is curious to speculate upon what would be the effect if this stream should cease to flow, and no longer carry to the shores of western Europe that warmth upon which the mild climate depends. The green hills and fertile fields would be transformed into barren wastes, where the hardy pine and moss lichen only would flourish.

We took a steamer at Glasgow for Belfast at 6 P. M., and crossed over the Irish Sea, arriving at our destination early the next morning. Belfast is the commercial emporium and manufacturing center of Ireland, being con-

nected by rail with all parts of the country and by steamers with Glasgow, London, Liverpool, and other points, and next to Dublin is the most important. It is the head-quarters for the linen manufacture that has aided to make Ireland famous. The city has an unexpectedly modern appearance, with wide, airy streets, and fine business houses, and tasteful dwellings, composed for the most part of brick. Located at the head of Carrickfergus Bay, its harbor is not excelled anywhere in Europe. From what we had heard and read during the past two years, we expected to find the Emerald Isle in more or less turmoil, and perhaps on the eve of a bloody attempted revolution. We were agreeably disappointed. Every thing was as peaceful and quiet as the most inoffensive could desire. That part of Ireland through which we passed, from Belfast to Londonderry, is perhaps the most prosperous. It is, also, but a small part of the country, and it would be unjust for us to base a comprehensive opinion of the condition of the Irish people upon what we saw. It rained continuously during our stay at Belfast, and as a consequence our impressions of the city are neither as extensive nor as favorable as they might have been under more fortuitous circumstances.

Our next point was Portrush, on the northern coast of county Antrim, from whence to reach the Giant's Causeway, one of those remarkable geological formations with the existence of which most persons are familiar. As we passed through the country I judged the soil to be very good. Most of this part of Ireland is devoted to the cultivation of flax, and the linen mills are to be seen every few miles. I have not seen farming land anywhere that looks more productive or is kept in better condition. We arrived at Portrush about noon, and found it a pretty little village of about fifteen hundred people, among

whom the "swate brogue" and proverbial blarney flourish with prolific luxuriance. They, however, thoroughly sustain the Irish reputation for kindness and hospitality. There is not much to sustain the three hotels of the place, and nothing to rescue the town from the obscurity of unimportant Irish villages, except that it is the place from which visitors to the Giant's Causeway start, which point is eight miles distant, to be traversed in the noted "Irish jaunting car."

On the morning of the 8th of March we made a bargain with "Pat," by which he bound himself to drive us to the Causeway and return after giving us ample time to examine it. Our driver was "a jewel," who regaled us with many quaint stories, and amused us by the continuous flow of "blarney." "It is the loikes o' ye that I have been afther takin' befure! Sure, an' it was meself that drew 'Gineral Grant and Gineral Shurman!" was his greeting, with which he hoped to induce us to patronize him. We did not know whether he told the truth, nor did it make any difference, as it was not probable that the car would move any more rapidly or smoothly because of having been patronized by the two eminent gentlemen named. The route lies over a good road along the sea-shore, for most of the distance between the bluffs and the water line, occasionally debouching into the open country by the bog lands.

The Causeway, like other things we have seen, differs from the impressions formed by reading the descriptions of others, but was none the less curious for that reason. It is a platform composed of closely arranged columns of basalt, generally hexagonal or polygonal prisms of short irregular lengths, piled vertically. It is about twenty-five feet high, three hundred in breadth, and six hundred long. It had the appearance to me of a slide, reaching



from the cliff at an angle until it is lost in the sea. The columns of which it is composed are all about a foot in depth, and so neatly are they fitted together that it is difficult to disabuse the mind of the impression that it is the work of human hands. These pieces of rock, about a foot in depth, are piled neatly upon top of each other and give the appearance of a continuous column from top to bottom. Among the millions of columns no two are of precisely the same shape. Some are triangular, others quadrangular, sexagonal, septagonal, octagonal, etc., each side fitting with mechanical exactness to that of its neighbor. If the visitor has the curiosity to displace one of the stones, he will find that beneath just like it, except that the lower surface of the upper one is concave and fits upon the convex top of the one beneath. The stone is of a dark blue cast of color. After passing over the top, the visitor should descend and examine it from below, and thus he will be able to form an intelligent idea of its peculiar formation. It is difficult, perhaps, to give the reader a thorough idea, but he can imagine a pavement constructed of blocks of stone cut on the edges at irregular angles, but each fitted completely to the angle of the one next to it. Then imagine that this pavement, instead of being composed of thin stones, is formed of a continuation of stones piled with mathematical precision one upon another to the height of twenty-five or thirty feet, and you have an impression of the Giant's Causeway as it really appears. It is well worth the inconvenience and expense of a visit. Tradition, or rather Hibernian mythology, credits its construction to a race of giants, who contemplated an immense viaduct upon which to cross into Scotland. Science, that ruthless iconoclast, however, strips this story of its attractiveness, and shows that the formation is one of the inexplicable freaks of nature. We

examined it on every side to our entire satisfaction, and then climbed the hill to where our carriages were waiting and returned for a late dinner at Portrush.

All that part of Ireland has more potatoes than they can consume, and they are freely offered for ten cents per bushel. The crop, they told me, was last year five times better than was ever before known, and I understand large consignments have been shipped to America and sold at a good profit. For the land in this part of the country, the peasants pay an annual rental of fifteen dollars per acre. The problem of how they can pay such a price and sell the potatoes at ten cents a bushel is one which I will not attempt to solve. The town, and most of the country around, is the property of Lord Antrim. The American Board of Foreign Missions has built a neat and pretty church and parsonage at Portrush, and for the site they had to pay Lord Antrim twenty-five cents a square foot. The said lord is a poor poverty-stricken wretch, with only a few million dollars between him and want, and, perhaps, he was really generous in not asking more for his land. Our hotel, the "Antrim Arms," was in every way commendable, and as pleasant a place as one would care to patronize. I think the town would be a delightful resort in the Summer, but at this season the experiences of the visitor are not wholly pleasant.

We left the same evening for Londonderry, the last point in our foreign travels, and arrived at nine P. M.

Of all the surprises we have met during a tour of fully twenty-five thousand miles, the strangest, the most thoroughly astounding, awaited us at Londonderry. It was a mysterious appearing package, containing a remittance of £5. It seemed that in paying our bill at the hotel in Glasgow I had given the cashier a £10 note, in-

stead, as I thought, £5, and the proprietor, knowing we were to sail from Londonderry, forwarded it to me! Such honesty is phenomenal, and increased my previous good opinion of the Scotch people several degrees. For the benefit of American travelers, I give the name of the hotel, and commend it to them. It is "Cranston's Waverly," 185 Buchanan Street. It has many recommendations besides the honesty of the proprietor. It is a strictly temperance establishment, neat and clean, complete in its accommodations and reasonable in its charges.

Londonderry we found a busy, thriving seaport of some thirty thousand people. It is one of the oldest towns of Ireland, and was formerly surrounded by a wall, picturesque portions of which still remain. The site is quite hilly, and I judge that the location is very healthy. The harbor is both commodious and deep, and it has an extensive trade with the United States and other parts of the world. The city has expanded much beyond the old walls, and this former defensive line is seemingly preserved solely as a relic of the past. The town occupies both sides of the river Foyle, which here empties into the sea. Londonderry is the seaport for all the north of Ireland, and is the point of departure for all the emigrants from that section of the country. In the sixteenth century the town was closely besieged from December to August, by James II. of England, and beyond this it has no historical importance.

I found, in our brief travel through Ireland, that people can read in the papers many thrilling incidents which the residents of the country never heard of. In fact, we scarcely heard that there was any trouble or discontent among the people. It is but fair to say, however, that our experience and facilities for observation were very incomplete. The part of the country which we

traversed is firm in its loyalty to the British crown, and it would be manifestly unjust for me to judge of the condition of affairs from the small part we saw. We were told that the agitation is largely due to the ambition of a few leaders to foist themselves into prominence and at the same time profit by the discontent which they have aided to engender. The contributions of the enthusiastic friends of Ireland in America largely find their way into the pockets of these agitators. I can not, of course, assert that this view of the matter is correct, but this much I can say: The day when England will concede the freedom of Ireland is as distant as the millenium, and while concessions may be secured from time to time in the future, as they have been in the past, nothing is gained by appeals to the passions of men, or money contributions to a cause which can never succeed. An attempted revolution in Ireland could but prove crushingly disastrous to the people. This is the history of the past, and will be the history of the future. Of the justice of the cause of Ireland, I have no opinion to express. Doubtless the Irish people have their grievances, and naturally hope for relief from the rule of England, but whether they would be benefited thereby is a question to be considered secondary to a recognition of the futility of their endeavors to reach that goal of their ambition.

Bidding farewell to Ireland and Europe, we went down Loch Foyle, in a steam tug, to the little town of Moville, where we were to intercept the steamer *Anchoria*, en route from Glasgow to New York. On board the tug were two hundred Irish emigrants. Our connection was complete, and in an amazingly short space of time we were transferred to the steamer, a few to the saloon, but the mass to an unexplored depth below, known as the steerage. On board were about four hundred German

emigrants, all, with thousands of others, fleeing from the fateful military conscription of the Faderland. We have twenty saloon passengers, mainly well-to-do Scotchmen, bound for Iowa or Dakota. They are unusually well informed concerning America and the resources of the country which they have selected as their future homes.

We had hardly been two hours out from Moville until it began to blow a gale, and this unsatisfactory state of meteorological affairs has continued with wearisome regularity to the present. The seventh day out was the first that that we could walk on deck. For seven days a constant gale blew from the west, or dead against us, and it was with difficulty that the steamer could make eight miles an hour. On the eighth day we were only half-way over. We have a genial captain, a full-blooded Irishman, whose heart is as big as an ox, and a man of strict temperance habits, filled with all the love of jollity that distinguishes his race. He does all he can to cheer up his passengers and drive away seasickness, which all of us have had to pass through. It was not until the eighth day out that all the passengers appeared at table. All the bad weather we experienced through the Pacific and Indian Oceans and the Red and Mediterranean Seas combined would not equal the disagreeableness of one hour on the Atlantic. The tenth day out we encountered many icebergs, and had to move very cautiously in order to avoid them. On the 22d we gladly greeted the American shore. To those whose eyes had never rested on the "land of the free," the sight gave rise to thoughts and words of hopeful expectation. To us it was a doubly welcome sight. It is our country! Beyond that dark, cloud-like bank is our home! There are our friends! There awaits our welcome after months of wandering!

I can not close this, my last letter from abroad, with-



out once more paying my regards to the English people. They are to be found everywhere. No country, no city, no means of conveyance have we found that was free from their too often unwelcome presence. To their idea, no one can possess an atom of information upon any point superior to them; no country is so intelligent and refined as theirs, and the representatives of all nations must stand aside to give the Englishman precedence. So far as my experience extends, and most of my readers will admit that it is not circumscribed, they are not, as a people, either refined or intelligent. The most disgusting boorishness which I have met among civilized people has been exhibited by Englishmen; the most phenomenally profound ignorance to be found among enlightened people is to be encountered among the English. I have seen in the East more drunkenness among English officials than could be met anywhere in America outside the slums of the larger cities. I have seen a minister of the Church of England so drunk within an hour after conducting religious services that he could not walk across the ship's cabin. I have had questions concerning America that would have sounded silly coming from the lips of a four-year-old child, propounded to me by English men and women of pretended intelligence and education. Some of these I have heretofore detailed; others are of more recent occurrence. For instance, one arrogant taurine Johnny on board this vessel, with all the pomposity that a conscious superiority could assume, inquired of me if we had any religion in America. I was tempted to reply like the German did to the stuttering customer, who wanted to know if his parrot could talk: "Vell, if he talk no petter as you, I cut his d—d head off!" I could have told him with equal zest that if the quality of our religion was not better than that presented by the Church

of England, we would be better without; but I forbore, and answered that he would doubtless find sufficient to supply all his pressing demands. Another, a lady, asked: "Have you any drug stores in New York, where I can get some camphor when we land?" Now, this, as the boys say, "broke me all up;" it "made me tired," and I simply answered "yes," and walked to the other end of the saloon to conceal, if possible, my disgust. While our experiences with the English people has not at all times been pleasant, yet I can not close this volume without paying them one merited compliment. Many officials, both civil and military, as well as the officers of English vessels on which we have traveled in different parts of the world, are models of courtesy and attention. They have little of the selfish vanity which distinguished many of those who were our fellow travelers. Most of the class whom I have excepted are educated gentlemen whose instincts are those of gentility, and whose positions demand the utmost courtesy.

Our journey is now about to an end, and as I write these lines we are steaming up New York Bay, past the forts, Staten Island, and the thousand and one other welcome sights to the eyes of returning wanderers. We will land in an hour, and I will endeavor to curb the force of a habit I have acquired, and omit a brief historical sketch of the American metropolis and its points of interest.

Our circle of the globe is near complete, and to the many kind friends who have followed us through these rambling sketches, we return our sincere thanks, hoping that their perusal has helped them to pleasantly and profitably while away otherwise tedious hours.

## XXXI.

AT HOME—A RÉSUMÉ OF THE TOUR—ADVICE TO TRAVELERS—EXPENSES OF A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD—"WELCOME HOME."

BUCYRUS, OHIO, *April 2, 1882.*

OUR long journey is ended, and once more we find ourselves amid the familiar scenes of home, and surrounded by the thrice dear friends whose good wishes have kindly followed us in our travels. It has been suggested that a brief *résumé* of our travels in foreign lands, coupled with suggestions drawn from our experiences, would not be wholly inappropriate as an appendix to what I have written. The task, were I to undertake it with a view of touching more than very lightly upon the salient features of the tour, would be of such proportions as would discourage me in advance of the essay.

My first advice to the traveler who contemplates making the tour of the world, is to read carefully not only the standard histories of the nations he proposes to visit, but also the works written by those who have preceded him. A knowledge of the leading events in the past history of nations visited will add much to your enjoyment of their present. The traveler who visits Japan, Ceylon, or India, without having first acquainted himself with the leading events in their past—events which did so much to shape their subsequent national career, will see nothing and be interested in nothing except what falls within the scope of his immediate observation, and more than half the interest which he would otherwise feel will be lost. Much, also will

be added to the appreciation of the tour by reading of the experiences of others. In them you will find many suggestions concerning the most attractive points within reach of the tourist, and the most available means of reaching them. You will also find varied entertainment, instructive as well as pleasant, in comparing their impressions with your own.

These are the first, but by no means the most important, suggestions which I can make. Others may be grouped together without special reference to their value, though all will be found of prime utility, and enable you to avoid some of the many annoyances that constantly beset travelers in strange lands. Do not find fault with the religions or the religious ceremonies of the people with whom you are thrown into contact. You have no business with either. Besides, it is more than probable that your theories of religion, and your manner of paying devotions, seem just as absurd to them as theirs do to you. You will feel that the Buddhists of Japan and the Brahmins of India are heathens. They are just as firmly convinced that the Christians are unregenerate barbarians. Each has an inalienable right to his opinion, and should be allowed to enjoy it undisturbed. And here permit me to remark parenthetically, that if you visit Japan, Ceylon, or India expecting to find the natives unsophisticated children of barbarism, you will discover your mistake after you have paid perhaps dearly for the information. If you desire to enjoy the best facilities for examining the temples and gods, you will find that an assumption of veneration and humility will aid you materially. A traveler who is not willing to play the rôle of hypocrite as a means of leading to the satisfying of his curiosity, had better stay at home. By following my

advice in this regard, you will be enabled to penetrate many places that are usually hidden from travelers, and to see much that is ordinarily withheld from tourists.

Remember, in all places, and under all circumstances, that you are a gentleman. Do not absorb the too common idea that these barbarians can not distinguish between gentility and boorishness. They can recognize with astonishing celerity the kind considerateness that distinguishes the gentleman, and are not slow to respond. Always keep your temper. In China you will be called "foreign devils" and other pet names not down in your vocabulary of endearing terms, but it does not necessarily follow that you should be incited to play a leading rôle in a riot because of it. Take it easy, and content yourself, as I did, with anathematizing the beastly Mongolians at your leisure, where it may possibly be more effective. In Japan, do not become impatient with what appears like the impertinent inquisitiveness of the natives. The chances are that you are just as much of a curiosity to them as they are to you, and they have an equal right to gratify that curiosity. The Japanese you will find the pleasantest, most accommodating, and most reliable of any people whom you will encounter in your tour. In Ceylon, the natives are kind and obliging, but, in business matters, as unreliable as a Connecticut deacon in a horse trade. They will swindle you badly, and laugh merrily over your "verdancy." The Hindoos you will also find courteous and obliging, but there is a suspicion of treachery of which the traveler in India finds it difficult to disabuse his mind. He is not likely to encounter this perfidy in his intercourse with the natives, but the dark pages of Indian history are ever fresh in his mind, and he experiences a constant constraint while in their presence.



He should endeavor to avoid this as far as possible. Some of the most companionable and serviceable people we met in our travels were native Hindoos. It can not be denied, however, that, as a people, their hatred of the English is deep-seated and intense. The lower classes look upon all English-speaking people as Englishmen, and for this reason Americans are often made to share their prejudice; but the consideration shown by the educated upper classes to Americans is spontaneous and genuine.

As I have frequently, in the preceding pages, taken occasion to remark, the English, as a class, are the most disagreeable people in the world—the only people who are disagreeable, apparently, from pure love of offensiveness, and by reason of their almost universal assumption of superiority to the rest of mankind. You will find Englishmen and Chinamen everywhere. The peculiarities of the former you should school yourself to endure; the latter do not tolerate for a moment; shun them as you would the cholera or the yellow fever. Remember, I speak of the English as a people. You will find many notable and praiseworthy exceptions, whose social virtues become conspicuous by contrast.

To any one contemplating the circumnavigatory tour, I would say further: Arrange your time of departure and sojourn in Japan so as to reach Singapore not earlier nor later than the middle of November. This will enable you to spend the Winter in the tropics, closing the Nile trip about the first of March. In this way you will avoid the intense and frequently fatal midsummer heat of Ceylon and India.

A word regarding the expense. Under this head I enumerate only what I consider the absolutely necessary disbursements of the tour of ten months. Unfortunately, our trip was largely curtailed by circumstances beyond

our control, but I include the expenses of that which was needed to fully complete our travels:

New York to California, . . . . .	\$150 00
California to Japan, . . . . .	250 00
Japan to China, . . . . .	50 00
China to Singapore, . . . . .	100 00
Singapore to Ceylon, . . . . .	50 00
Ceylon to Calcutta, . . . . .	50 00
Bombay to Aden, . . . . .	100 00
Aden to Suez, . . . . .	100 00
The Nile, First Cataract and return, . . . . .	250 00
Egypt to the Holy Land, Constantinople and Athens to Italy, . . . . .	300 00
Travels in India, thirty days, . . . . .	200 00
Sixty days in Europe, . . . . .	200 00
Londonderry to New York, . . . . .	80 00
Two hundred days' hotel bills, at \$2 per day, . . .	400 00
Curiosities, relics, etc., . . . . .	200 00
Total, . . . . .	\$2,480 00

Therefore I conclude that, excluding the liability to accident or delay, the tour of the world can be pleasantly, profitably, and safely made for twenty-five hundred dollars. In this statement I have taken no note of the numberless temptations to spend money, which the traveler is liable to withstand but feebly. These matters each tourist can best arrange for himself.

I do not feel like finally closing this narrative of travel without returning our sincere thanks to the legion of kind friends who bade us a hearty God-speed on our departure, and greeted our return with the most cordial congratulations. The form assumed by these greetings is, perhaps, best detailed by a brief excerpt from the columns of the *Bucyrus Forum* of March 31, 1882:

#### "WELCOME HOME."

The arrival home from their tour around the world of Loring Converse and wife was made the occasion of one of the most pleasant entertainments in the social history of Bucyrus, one that was at once complimentary to the guests and reflected the sentiments of affection that have long held a place in the hearts of their legion of

friends. The travelers arrived on the evening train from the East on Monday, and were met at the depot by a large concourse of neighbors and friends, who formed an informal procession, and, headed by the Bucyrus band, escorted them to their home, at the corner of Walnut and Warren Streets, which had been taken possession of by the lady friends of Mrs. Converse and prepared for their reception. From the door Mr. Converse made a few remarks, thanking those present for the cordiality of their reception and bidding them good-night.

The formal ceremonies were different, however, and invitations were issued for a reception and banquet at the Deal House on Thursday evening. The responses were numerous, and about one hundred persons seated themselves at ten o'clock to a sumptuous supper. The first half hour was devoted to gustatory exercises, mingled with commendations of the genial landlord and his worthy lady, Mrs. Elliott, whose facilities had proven so abundantly equal to the occasion.

This part of the programme having been concluded, Major Williston, acting as Master of Ceremonies, introduced S. R. Harris, Esq., who delivered a brief but appropriate address of welcome to the guests of the evening. He spoke substantially as follows:

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—We are assembled this evening to accord to one of our fellow-citizens a reception from the toils, the pleasures, the excitements, and dangers of foreign travel; to demonstrate that whilst he and the loved one who shared his experiences were in distant lands, whether in the mountains and valleys of Europe, among the ruined castles of the Middle Ages; whether climbing Alpine heights or surveying the pastoral plains of Andalusia; whether luxuriating among the palms, tasting luscious tropical fruits, inhaling the aromatic breezes of Arabia, or imperiling their lives on stormy seas, friends at home were waiting with solicitude for the happy hour which has now arrived, when we meet them hale and hearty, and face to face.

There is something so enticing in travel that thousands who have not the time or means to indulge themselves, take a deep interest in perusing the descriptive productions of those who do engage in it. The pleasure is still more heightened when we read the literary contributions of a personal friend and fellow-citizen.

The history of the past teaches us that, while warriors have deluged the world with blood, and sought only the goal of their too often selfish ambitions, and savants, secluded in the depths of their studies, have delved in the hidden mysteries of nature and brought forth the long hidden secrets of science, it is the travelers who live longest in the memories and the gratitude of those who find their greatest and most profitable happiness in following the footsteps of those who have developed the resources of the world.

In conclusion, I but speak the sentiments of very many when

I welcome Mr. Converse and his estimable wife to the home of their youth, to the society of life-long friends, to the festivities of the present evening; and, in the language of the immortal Rip Van Winkle, "may they live long and prosper."

In response, Mr. Converse feelingly returned his thanks to the assemblage, and detailed some of his experiences in Japan and other lands, in a manner that gave renewed evidence of his keen observation and full appreciation of the many curious sights and strange experiences encountered.

This concluded what might be termed the formal exercises, and in response to calls, brief remarks of a congratulatory and often humorous character were made by several gentlemen. Revs. Mather and Bauslin and Messrs. Finley, Clymer, and Eaton were particularly happy in their remarks, and throughout the evening the best of feeling prevailed.

In response to a further demand, Mr. Converse spoke briefly of his trip up the Red Sea, and his impressions of the surroundings of the historical spot where Moses led the Israelitish hosts across the sea, taking occasion at the same time to repeat what he had said in his letters regarding the disgust from which the travelers suffered, through disappointment of being unable to reach Egypt and the Holy Land.

Mrs. Converse, from the fullness of a grateful heart, returned thanks to the company, declaring that of all her happy hours this was indeed the happiest. She was greeted by the assembly with round after round of continued applause.

The hands on the clock had passed the noon of night when the company arose from the table, and sought their homes.

CUBA AND MEXICO.





## I.

THROUGH THE SOUTH TO CUBA—EFFECTS OF THE WAR UPON THE  
SOUTHERN COUNTRY AND ITS PEOPLE—IN FLORIDA—VOYAGE UPON  
THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER—VISIT TO A NEGRO CHURCH—DISTIN-  
GUISHED FELLOW PASSENGERS—GRANT'S RECEPTION AT HAVANA.

HAVANA, CUBA, *January, 1880.*

A FLYING trip through the Southern States, from Cincinnati to Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Macon, etc., while not devoid of interest to the traveler, presents few features that have not become familiar to the most casual reader. The late war, its causes, progress and results, still remains the great theme of conversation. The general feeling is one of resignation, a willingness to accept the inevitable with the best grace possible, and to exert every effort in the attempt to rebuild the prosperity that was sacrificed in the madness of attempted revolution. This class compose much the larger portion of the Southern people, the reasoning element, and, I find, numbers among its members ninety-nine out of every hundred who fought for the cause of the Confederacy. An important factor in this rehabilitation, and one perhaps more influential than all others combined, is the immigration of Northern energy, skill, and capital. At every point in our travels, from Louisville to Key West, evidences of the advantages accruing were apparent. Nashville is almost a Northern city; Chattanooga wholly so. Atlanta has been largely rebuilt with Northern capital, and her phenomenal prosperity is creditable largely to Northern energy and business capacity. In the iron and coal regions of Northern Alabama, an interest has been developed which promises to transform the once barren and unproductive wastes into a vast hive of busy and thriving trade. New cities and towns have sprung up, and the natives find more profit if less pleasure in driving the busy wheels of trade than superintending the details of a neglected plantation, cultivated by negroes. The day is not far distant when the Southern people will look upon the war as a blessing. Slavery could never have been abolished except by the sword, but abolition was necessary to the development and progress of the Southern States.

Freedom to the slave seems to have benefited every one but the slave himself. Previous to the war I traveled much through the South, and then formed the opinion which I have never found reason to revise, that slavery was a curse to every one but the slave. When the traveler through the Southern States to-day compares the dirty, lazy, ragged, and thriftless myriads of negroes which he finds crowding the streets of the cities and towns, where they exert themselves mainly in supporting the sunny side of a brick wall, his mind involuntarily reverts to "those good old days" when the negroes to be met, though slaves, were sleek, hearty, well-fed, and comfortably dressed, without a care, with every reasonable want provided for, and oppressed only by the withholding of that too often overestimated and more frequently abused blessing, personal freedom. There are, of course, exceptions to the wretchedness and squalor that prevails among the negroes of the South, just as there are exceptions to all recognized rules; but I venture the assertion, based upon observation, that there are not ten thousand negroes in the South to whom freedom has proven a blessing.

Our route took us to Savannah, and thence, by devious wanderings through Florida, to Cedar Keys, and thence to Key West, from whence the distance to Havana is but a few hours by steamer. Savannah is a beautiful city, with elegant wide and well shaded streets, and altogether having an appearance of solid wealth and luxury, but to a great extent devoid of the bustling activity indicative of commercial progressiveness. The citizens are evidently in the enjoyment of a degree of comfort from which they can not be drawn by roscate pictures of a possible future. Savannah suffered but little from the war; that is, it escaped the disastrous consequences that pressed so heavily upon its neighbors, Charleston and Atlanta.

Our first Sunday away from home was spent in Savannah, and a more peaceful, quiet observance of the day could not be found even in New England. The citizens seem to be largely church-going people, and the streets are as quiet as those of a country village.

We left by coast steamer for Fernandina, Florida, after a sojourn in Savannah of three days. The coast south is composed of a myriad of islands, large and small, and through these the steamer picked its devious way for a distance of perhaps two hundred miles. Although it was January, we realized that we were approaching the tropics, the heat being at times intense, and the temperature never low enough, even during the nights, to make more than a light coat necessary for comfort. This short excursion from Savannah to Fernandina carried us through a veritable paradise for hunters, the air sometimes being absolutely darkened by the flight of countless thou-

sands of wild duck and other winged game. Under such circumstances, however, I expect hunting loses its zest. To be attractive sport, the hunting and the finding of game must not run so nearly upon the same plane. There can not be much sport in bagging fowl when no skill is required, and all the hunter has to do is to raise his gun and fire, assured that by no possible accident can he fail to secure from one to half a dozen birds. This weather, the very perfection of pleasantness to us, is "the dead of Winter." It is not often that frost visits this section, and should one appear, it is placed upon the meteorological record of the "oldest inhabitant" as a "red-letter" day. As for snow, such a thing is never dreamed of except in the form of news from other sections. There are thousands of people in Southern Georgia and Florida who never saw snow, and, were it not for the specimens brought from the North and sold for from five to eight cents per pound, would have no idea of the appearance of ice.

On the second day after leaving Savannah, we arrived at Fernandina, remaining, however, but a day, when we started to view the sights in a trip of three hundred miles up the St. John's River. Jacksonville, the metropolis of the State, is an elegant little city, with wide and tastefully shaded streets, and the many other evidences of care and taste upon the part of the citizens, which combined give to a town an air of attractiveness that can not be overlooked. This is the midst of the garden of the South, where the orange and other tropical fruits grow in luscious profusion.

In passing up the river, we saw many specimens of amphibious creatures, indigenous to the semi-tropics. The alligators were not either so plentiful or so lively as I expected to see them. The natives told us they were chilled by the cold water. Some we saw, however, stretched upon the sandy banks, apparently enjoying the rays of the sun as it only can be enjoyed by an alligator and a nigger. Several amateur sportsmen on board the boat amused themselves shooting at the languid saurians, but the effect was not in many instances noticeable.

For most of the distance up to Palatka, each side of the river is lined with orange groves, and the revenue from the fruit must be immense. Most of these orchards are owned by Northern capitalists, who spend the Winters here; but they are cared for mostly by natives, often trusty colored persons, but more frequently by white people. We visited several, as well as a number of banana orchards. The banana tree grows about twenty feet high, and the fruit ripens every month.

Fortunately for visitors to Florida, the diet is usually confined

to vegetables and fruits. These are abundant and of the best quality. Meats, unless brought from the North, are of the very poorest kind, such as would test the ability of the strongest digestive organs. The native cattle are the poorest of poor "scrubs," weighing not more than four or five hundred pounds, and so devoid of flesh that they would be shunned by a coyote.

Our route took us down the river from Palatka to Jacksonville again, where we remained one day, and took the train for Cedar Keys, distant one hundred and eighty-six miles to the westward. The country *en route* is very sparsely settled. We could not divine any attraction in the appearance of the land. For the most part it is low, marshy, and very poor. "The poor white trash" of the South, have, however, a faculty for living and securing an amount of comfort where other people would starve. Such tenacity to an utterly useless and wholly joyless life I have never seen equaled. These sallow-faced and yellow-haired "squatters" are, like "razor-backed" hogs, indigenous to the South, and, like poor people everywhere, sedulously obey the divine injunction, "multiply and replenish the earth." Babies are the principal production, and the native "cracker's" pride can readily be measured by the size of his half-naked family.

Cedar Keys we found a quiet little town on the gulf shore. Our hotel was built of boards placed perpendicularly, and white-washed inside and out, the interstices in the walls warranted to exclude any animal larger than a rat. As the weather was very warm, we appreciated the ventilation, but wept tears of rage when attacked by the mosquitoes, and found ourselves without means of defense. While waiting at Cedar Keys for the vessel which was to convey us to Cuba, Sunday intervened, and we embraced the opportunity for visiting a colored church. The occasion was one which will long be remembered. The building was constructed of rough boards, innocent of paint, whitewash, or other worldly embellishment. As we entered the services were about to commence, and were evidently interrupted by our unexpected arrival. We were politely shown to an eligible seat near the pulpit, which was located in a recess about six by four feet in size, much as the portion of the edifice set apart for the minister is in other and more pretentious churches. The preacher was a fair specimen, in appearance, of what they call in the Southern States, a "field hand," a great, burly, broad-shouldered fellow, with an arm like a trip-hammer, and a voice that would have shamed into quiescence the traditional "Bull of Bashan." We attended with the expectation of being entertained rather than edified, and we were not disappointed. What



the preacher lacked in forensic skill and oratorical polish, was abundantly compensated for by an earnestness and evident sincerity. He began the services by "lining out" that good old hymn,

"Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?"

And such singing it has seldom been my fortune to hear! As the full, round notes swelled up until the volume filled the rustic building, and went forth in cadences of bewitching harmony, I wondered if the words of praise met not with as welcome a reception at the throne of the Father as if they came from a choir of hired choristers, and mingled their classic completeness with the deep-voiced tones of a monster organ.

I do not now remember the text, but the sermon, the lessons drawn by the rustic preacher, although clothed in homely language, touched the hearts of the hearers and led them, let us hope, many steps forward in the "straight and narrow path" that leads to eternal life, as surely from the primitive cabin in the pine groves of Florida, as from the cushioned and carpeted sanctuary where the rays of the sun are toned by passage through stained-glass windows, and the voices of the worshipers are attuned in accord with the formulas of prescribed modes of worship.

Nevertheless, there were some features of the service so unusual as to be amusing. When the minister had concluded his exhortation, he called upon "Brudder Ben" to pray. The prayer was of peculiar earnestness, not clothed in the finest language, nor devoid of the idioms of the plantation negro, whose metaphors are badly mingled, and whose ideas of the relations existing between humanity and their God are not clearly defined. At its conclusion, he asked that "Brudder Sam" should "pass de hat." Each of us contributed his mite, but some of the individual contributions must have been the smallest the currency would permit, as the good brother announced that the aggregate was but one dollar.

The marshes and islands in the neighborhood of Cedar Keys are a veritable paradise for sportsmen. During our brief sojourn I chartered a skiff for a brief tour through the islands, having employed as sailing-master a native who claimed to know every nook and sand-bar on the coast. Like most other guides, he developed into a tremendous liar, and for hours was kept mainly busy wading out and pushing our craft off the bars and other places where he had run us aground. But we enjoyed the excursion immensely, and, after a reasonably thorough exploration, returned to our hotel completely rejuvenated, and with appetites that even craved a

piece of Florida beefsteak, which is the best compliment I can pay to the excursion.

Previous to closing this brief account of our experiences in Florida, I can not neglect to pay a compliment to her people, and to the people of the whole South as well, for their uniform kindness and courteous hospitality. Usually the traveler expects no consideration but what is paid for. He has no right to expect more, and in most countries is grievously disappointed if he does. In the South, however, it is different. The people look upon you as their welcome guest, whom it is a privilege to honor, and their attentions are at times almost burdensome. Their views upon social and political questions are never thrust upon the visitor, but, should he insist upon an expression, he will find a choice lot of opinions, which the people are willing to express, and abundantly able to maintain.

We left Cedar Keys, January 20th, and, with a smooth sea, breezes as balmy as June in the North, and companionship all that could be desired, arrived at Key West at eight o'clock on the evening of the following day. There is, perhaps, no place upon earth that requires less description from the pen of a traveler than Key West. Imagine a long, narrow strip of land, devoid almost of vegetation, and a straggling, hap-hazard village, looking as though it had been planted by a hurricane, peopled by refugees from Cuba and negroes, the former of whom are devoted wholly to the manufacture of cigars, and the latter to keeping upon the dark side of the sun's shadow, as in consonance with the prejudices of the people, it shifts lazily from West to East. That's Key West, or at least my impression of it.

From Key West to Havana we were honored with the company of ex-President Grant and party, who, like ourselves, were entering upon a tour of Cuba and Mexico. We were indebted to the American consul at Cardenas for an introduction to General Sheridan, and he in turn made us acquainted with the ex-President and wife. I suppose we should have been duly impressed; but speaking for myself, I must confess that, if any particular impression was made, I have forgotten it. Mrs. Converse's views are never such as would fit her for a courtier. Mr. Grant seemed to be surprised that I did not seek an office, particularly as I hailed from Ohio, and attempted a sickly repetition of that stale witticism about "Ohio men" that I doubt not he has repeated in every quarter of the globe.

Previous to this, during the ex-President's tour of the world, I have read much of his travels, and been thrilled with the glowing accounts given in the newspapers of the ovations he received. I can

not help but wonder if they were all like the one given him in Havana. As we approached this port, we expected to hear the cannons "peal forth their glad welcome," the bells ringing, see the flags flying, and in the midst of all, the "loud acclaims" of the multitudes as they shouted a "hearty welcome to the hero of the American war." Such extravagant ideas of what was due were certainly held by the ex-President's party; for, as we approached Moro Castle, the ancient fortification that stands at the entrance to the harbor as grim and silent as an old Castilian sentinel, Mrs. Grant, standing just at my elbow, exclaimed to a friend: "Now, look for the cannons to belch forth their loud thunder!" As a matter of fact, which I much regret to record, there was not a solitary "belch." Every thing was as silent as the grave, with no indications of a reception or other demonstration of any kind, if I may except a slightly increased crowd at the landing as the small boat containing Grant approached. These were evidently attracted entirely by curiosity. They looked at him as coolly and calmly as a child would a strange picture, without a shadow of enthusiasm in their countenances.

Moro Castle, the principal fortification in Spanish America, and perhaps one of the oldest, stands at the narrow entrance to the harbor, and, in connection with a strong battery opposite, fully commands the passage. The Castle occupies a position upon an abrupt promontory, perhaps a hundred feet high, and has a strength of wall and armament that were perhaps almost impregnable fifty years ago; but, with the improvement in naval engines of war since, the fort could readily be knocked into a chaotic mass in less than a week. It is, however, the pride of all loyal Cubans, who seem to fear that, were it not for the "Castle" they would be overrun by the nations of the earth. The harbor spreads out within the fortifications, and is said by navigators to be one of the safest and most complete in the world.

The view had of the harbor and the city from the deck as our vessel steamed slowly to her anchorage, was one of beauty and intense interest to a stranger. The harbor was filled with vessels from most parts of the world, among which, as elsewhere, the American flag was conspicuous by its almost entire absence. On the one hand lay the city, covering a low-lying plain, and on the other the green hills, dotted over with the villas of the wealthy and ease-loving natives, rose gradually from the verge of the water. The eye was gladdened by the scene, and our minds received a pleasant impression from this, our first view of "the ever faithful isle."

## II.

THE CUBANS AND THE SPANIARDS—HAVANA AND ITS PEOPLE—THE  
STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE—THE PARKS—A VISIT TO THE CATHIE-  
DRAL—THE CUBAN HOTELS.

HAVANA, *January 23, 1880.*

WHAT New York is to America, or Paris to France, Havana is to Cuba. It is the social as well as the commercial center of the island. Here is located the government, delegated by Spain to watch and repress the spirit of independent nationality that has frequently during the past quarter of a century bubbled to the surface, and given the "mother country" much trouble. It may be said that Havana is loyal, but it is not the loyalty of love; rather the faithfulness of listless indolence, willing rather to submit quietly to the pressure of bonds than to indulge in the physical and mental exertion necessary to inaugurate a revolution. This I fancy to be largely the feeling of the native Cubans; but the traveler sees comparatively few Cubans of unmixed blood in Havana. So close are the relations between the natives and the full-blooded Spaniards, that they have become commingled, and form a race distinct in its national feelings and social characteristics. These are firmly loyal to Spain, and will doubtless so remain until such time, certain to arrive, when Cuba shall become independent. The native Cubans, or Creoles, are all, or nearly all, of Spanish descent, but the lines of nationality are here even more clearly drawn than they are in the States between the natives and foreign born.

The city of Havana was formerly surrounded by a wall and ditch, which has within the past few years been removed. The streets, although narrow, are well macadamized, and cross each other at right angles. There are no sidewalks, such as are considered indispensable with us. In some places there is a narrow and irregular line of flagstones, which are level with the carriage ways, and are utilized equally by pedestrians and vehicles. As a matter of fact, but few persons walk in Havana, and sidewalks would be of comparatively little use. Every body rides, the vehicle most used

being that distinctively Cuban carriage, the *volante*. It is seldom a woman of respectability so discredits herself as to appear on foot in the street, even among the lowliest classes.

The beauty of the Cuban ladies is of world-wide notoriety, but to my eye their loveliness is too much of the *spirituelle* variety. They are so delicate appearing, in both form and feature, as to suggest the idea of ornament rather than use. That their features are handsome can not be gainsaid, but a visitor misses that buxom voluptuousness and evident strength, of both mind and body, that distinguishes most American ladies. This delicacy and appearance of languor and listlessness is, I have no doubt, largely due to the indolent lives they lead, that of mere human automatons, devoid of care, and equally devoid of ambition. Custom, that inexorable social law, deprives them of out-door exercise, and I have been led, partly by stories often told me, and largely by observation, to the conclusion that their mental systems find their greatest enjoyment in feeble gossip and intrigues. They are in person rather below the height of the sex in America. The hair is always black and abundant; the complexion a light olive, but wholly lacking the slightest touch of healthful rosiness in the cheek; the eyes match the hair in color, and are large and very expressive, with an irresistible expression, that seems to draw the observer closer. There is but one physical exercise for which the Cuban ladies have a fondness, and that is dancing. For this, and other movements combining grace and beauty, they are peculiarly fitted by nature. Their feet are small, their forms lithe and willowy, and certainly no more exquisitely beautiful sight can be seen anywhere than a floor filled with these fairy-like creatures, clad in the whitest of muslins and laces, with delicate white-slippered feet, whirling through the mazes of a voluptuous waltz. I confess it made my age-cooled blood warm again, and caused me to indulge in the vain wish that I were young once more. During the day these lovely creatures divide their time about equally between light sewing, such as embroidery, and the siesta, or, as we practical Americans speak of it, the "afternoon nap." It is possible that most of them possess the rudiments of an education, but if they indulge in reading of any kind it is of the lightest, and of a character not calculated to add to their universally limited stock of information. In the evening, when the air has been to some extent cooled by the sea breezes, they call their *volantes*, and in vast numbers crowd the drives in and about the city, coquetting with the gentlemen in a manner so flagrant and open as to shame even an American girl. After the drive and an hour or two spent at the open air concert in the Plaza de Armas, comes the



dance, and daylight often finds them still engaged in the revel of dissipation. This is the almost every day (and night) life of a Cuban Creole belle, and they all seem to be belles.

Perhaps, the curiosity of my readers may have been aroused by the use of the term *volante*. It is a vehicle of peculiar but by no means elaborate construction, which I believe is known nowhere outside of Cuba. It has two wheels of light build, but great diameter, only one seat, placed well forward, and resting as much upon the shafts as on the wheels. The shafts are long, and are occupied by but one horse, upon which the driver rides. Do not fancy that they are very pleasant to ride in. As with our American sulky, or gig, the motion of the animal is too readily transferred to the occupants of the seat, and they find themselves participating in the spasmodic action of the horse.

The prevailing style of architecture in Havana is heavy and somber, of little beauty, and gives to the buildings an appearance of age and solidity. The dwellings are of square, unornamental construction, standing out to the street, and almost universally built around an extensive court in the center. Upon this court, often embellished with rare plants and cooling fountains, the doors and windows of the houses open. This court-yard is reached from the street by a narrow passage-way, and it is frequently the case that this is the only means the dwelling has of communicating with the street. The lower story never forms a part of the dwelling proper, but is usually devoted to a store-room or kitchen, and not infrequently to the purposes of a stable. From the court-yard ascends a wide stair-case to the corridor above, upon which all the rooms open. The dwelling rooms are tastefully and sometimes elaborately ornamented with fresco and stucco. The floor is always of marble, slate, or tile. Carpets are almost unknown, as the great heat of the climate renders them uncomfortable. This form of building the dwellings which I have described is a relic of the feudal days, when every man's house was literally his castle, which he was often called upon to defend. In addition to the building being built around an inner court, every accessible window is heavily barred and every outside door made bullet-proof. Glass windows are rare, even in the cities. The windows, where they open upon the street, project, and are, as I have said, heavily barred with iron. The passer-by on the narrow street can not, even if he desired, avoid seeing much of the internal economy of the dwelling. Sometimes a curtain intervenes, but usually the air is allowed free circulation. In Cuba the ideas of the beneficial effects of pure air are much more advanced than among the Americans. On the inside of the dwellings, there

are few doors, curtains alone shutting off communications between rooms. At night these are all drawn, and air permitted to circulate freely through all parts of the house. In the cities the roofs of the houses are flat, and this provides a space that during the day is utilized by the family laundress, but in the evening becomes the point of family reunion, where the after-dinner cigar is enjoyed, in connection with the cooling breezes blowing from the Gulf.

While Havana can not be called a handsome city in the sense that some American cities are handsome, yet it has features of sufficient attractiveness to draw the pleased attention of the visitor. There are numerous well-arranged squares, shaded by palm and orange trees, surrounded by luxuriant hedges. The largest and finest of these parks is that upon which fronts the Captain-General's palace, the Plaza de Armas. There is an air of neatness and care about this square that seems strange and incongruous in Cuba. It is surrounded by an ornamental iron railing; is laid out in beautiful walks, bordered with flowers, and shaded with luxuriant tropical trees. In the center is a large fountain, surmounted by a marble statue of Ferdinand, the Spanish king, under whose auspices Columbus sailed to discover America. This Plaza is the resort of all classes, who come to enjoy the cooling breezes of the evening, mingle in social conversation and amusements, and listen to the sweet music of the military band attached to the palace. I know of nowhere on earth that an evening can be so pleasantly if perhaps not profitably spent. If the visitor is tired out with the sight-seeing of the day, here he can find rest and rejuvenation; if he desires to study the capricious and volatile characteristics of the Cubans, here they are to be seen in all their phases.

Just outside the former walls is another and much larger park, known as the Tacon Paseo, which is even more of a popular resort than the Plaza. It is perhaps a mile in length and half as wide, beautifully laid out in wide walks and drives, and embellished with an unnumbered variety of tropical trees, shrubs, and flowers. Here is located the principal theater of the city, differing somewhat in inner construction from those in America, but retaining the general formation that civilization borrowed from the ancient Greeks and Romans. There are five tiers of boxes for the ladies, which are covered in front with lattice-work, giving the poor creatures the appearance of inbarred prisoners.

We visited the Calle de Ignacio Church, better known as the Cathedral of Havana. It is not remarkable in appearance, and its great age and associations alone preserve it from comparative obscurity. The walls of stone are defaced and moss-grown, and it

seems to the observer a fitting reflex of Spanish rule in America—grand, majestic, and apparently substantial in its inception, it has felt and suffered from the attrition of centuries of decay, until to-day it looks to the traveler more like a gigantic ruin than the seat of a Spanish cardinalate. Upon entering, however, this evidence of decay is not so apparent. Magnificent paintings adorn the walls, and the ceiling, including the not massive dome, are embellished with paintings in fresco.

Before closing this chapter, I can not forbear to speak of the Cuban hotels, and particularly the manner of cooking. The luscious fruits of the tropics, which grow on this island in endless variety and profusion, form a large part of the diet of every one. I have been told that they can be eaten by all with impunity, but this my own experience leads me to doubt. Already I have found occasion to appeal to my medicine chest; but it may be the effects of a change of climate and water, rather than the fruit. At the hotel where we are stopping there is but one interpreter, and he remains in the business department of the establishment. Our ignorance of the Spanish language is as dense as if we had never heard a word of it spoken, and, as a consequence, our experience in the dining-room is but a succession of discouraging experiments. We endeavor to obey the injunction of the apostle—to eat what is set before us, and say nothing about it (or words to that effect), but with many things it is a dismal failure. The best we can do is to taste each dish in succession, until we find one that is not wholly unpalatable, and satisfy our appetites upon that. The mode of cooking is not wholly unlike that of the French, though garlic (which might be called a national Spanish vegetable) gives to every thing a predominating flavor. I sometimes think I would like to try an experiment with a Spaniard. I would take him and deprive his stomach for a month of that highly odorous vegetable, and see if he would n't die. All dishes—fowl, fish, meat, vegetables, and soup—are so disguised with this abominable stuff that the guest is unable to determine what were the original constituent parts of the dish. I thought that perhaps I could secure something palatable by calling for oysters. Patiently I examined my pocket compendium of Spanish phrases, and found the word. The polite but degenerate Castilian who served us brought in some *pickled* oysters, that looked to our eyes like nothing so much as fricasseed bumblebees. I tasted them, and may I be blessed if, although they bore a Baltimore brand, they too did not have garlic in 'em. Our only resource, our only protection against starvation or an undeviating fruit diet, is to learn to like garlic.

## III.

MERCANTILE HAVANA—THE MARKET-MEN—CUBAN MARRIAGES—TEMPERANCE IN LIQUOR—THE CONSUMPTION OF TOBACCO—THE DAIRY-MEN—THE NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS—BULL AND COCK FIGHTING—A VISIT TO THE CEMETERY—THE LOTTERY—CUBAN NOBILITY.

HAVANA, *January 25, 1880.*

THE principal retail street of Havana, where are located all the fashionable stores, is known as the Calle de Mercaderes, and the display of fine goods, in such lines as dry goods, notions, jewelry, glassware, etc., are scarcely inferior to that seen in Broadway or Chestnut Street. A peculiarity of the mercantile business is that the merchant does not place his name upon the sign, but each establishment is designated by a chosen title, much as are the hotels and saloons in the States. Here before us is the "Star;" further on the "America," and at the corner of the next square, one called "Virtue." The last name is as much of a novelty in Havana as it could be, perhaps, in any civilized city on earth. The merchants of Havana possess all the business peculiarities that with us are credited to the Israelites. On entering a store and inquiring the price of even the most ordinary article of merchandise, the figures given will surprise the purchaser, and tend to impress him unfavorably with the economy of living upon the island. Persistency in the determination not to allow himself to be swindled will, however, enable him to close a bargain at reasonable figures, though the chances are at least even that the most expert buyer will find he has been swindled, even after he has procured the desired article for one-third what it was first offered. Merchandise in Havana is worth about the same as in New York, though perhaps in some articles there is a slight advance upon American prices.

A feature of shopping in Havana is noteworthy. The ladies of Cuba are as devoted to this accomplishment as their American sisters, and apparently derive as much comfort from it. They drive up to the door of the store in their volantes, and the goods are brought out to them for their inspection. A native Cuban lady

will not alight from her carriage and enter a store any more than she would permit herself to be seen walking upon the street. The picture presented upon the street I have named, during the closing hours of the day, when the ladies are out in full force doing their shopping, is novel. Before each store of prominence will be seen a number of volantes, occupied usually by two bright-eyed Cuban beauties, while a bevy of shop-boys are busy carrying out goods for their inspection. One point in favor of the Cuban ladies can be noted. They usually have formed a reasonably definite idea of what they want before calling for it, and purchases are readily made. I have not, during our stay in Havana, witnessed the counterpart of that scene so common in all American stores, where a lady customer turns half the stock upside-down before concluding to purchase a spool of thread.

The market-men of Havana appear to be a distinct class, and possess features that are deserving a passing notice. They are usually the owners of a few acres of land in the suburbs, or within a few miles of the city, which they cultivate with as much assiduity and thoroughness as a natural predisposition to indolence will permit. Their productions, usually vegetables and poultry, are sometimes brought to the city in vehicles, but the more common mode of transportation is the much-abused donkey. If the quantity is great, more than one donkey is called to service. The proprietor is mounted upon one, almost buried beneath a mass of vegetables and fowls. To the tail of this leader is attached the halter of the second; to its caudal appendage is hitched the third, and so on until the cavalcade is complete. The view of such a *cortege*, winding its way with solemn dignity through the narrow streets of Havana, is one that appeals strongly to the observer's sense of the ludicrous. In addition to the family supplies thus transported, the animals are frequently loaded with cornstalks, hay, or straw, and the innumerable variety of articles that find a demand in the markets of a large city. In Havana the apostolic aphorism, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," finds its most practical illustration. Such providence as distinguishes an American family and leads them to purchasing supplies in large quantities, sufficient to supply the needs for days or weeks, is unknown among the Havanese. The articles needed are purchased every day. Not only is this the case with the table supplies, but it includes the needed fuel and the hay, grain, etc., for the consumption of domestic animals. The marketing is universally intrusted to a negro man or woman, usually a slave, and they purchase in such quantity as may be required for the day, and exercise their own judgment in the matter of



variety. Of household economy, the Cuban ladies know absolutely nothing, and their husbands and fathers less, if possible. Every thing is intrusted to a steward or stewardess, always a negro, and in most instances a favorite slave. There is one feature that commends the retail trade in Cuba. All purchases, in every line, are made for cash. Retail dealers keep no books, except a cash book and an expense account.

These market-men, or *monteros*, as they are called, form an important and interesting part of the Cuban population. In this latitude the human fruit ripens early, and marriages among this agricultural class, are solemnized at a very early age, the boys entering the state of duality when from sixteen to twenty years of age, and the years of the bride often do not exceed thirteen. They enter into the business of married life with commendable alacrity, and it is no unusual sight to encounter a girl who is a mother at fourteen. They almost universally raise large families. As the earliest matured fruit soonest decays, so these young mothers at the age of thirty have lost all their freshness and bloom, and in most cases degenerated into decrepitude, the result of premature decay. An old woman, that is, one old in years, is almost unknown in Cuba. They are grandmothers at thirty, and look upon the third generation of their descendants before they have passed the half century of their own lives, if they be so fortunate as to live that long. The traveler in tropical countries misses those hale and hearty matrons of sixty or seventy years that give a charm to the home circle in more northern latitudes.

Other writers have commended the Cubans for their habits of temperance, and I desire to add my testimony. There is not, perhaps, a people in the world who, as a people, indulge so sparingly in intoxicating liquors. Even the lower and middle classes, while, perhaps, willing to join a stranger in a social glass, will drink very sparingly, and be loath to repeat it before the expiration of several hours. Wine is found frequently upon the tables of the wealthy, but it is partaken of only in limited quantities, fresh, ripe fruit taking the place of the beverage to a great extent. Temperance in the use of liquors is not, however, accompanied by temperance in all things. The Cubans, perhaps, to a greater extent than any other people in the world, are addicted to the use of tobacco, and the consumption of this narcotic, in the form of cigars and cigarettes, is enormous. Tobacco chewing is almost unknown, but every man, woman, and child on the island seems to smoke. It is no unusual sight to see a lady, while enjoying the cooling gulf breezes on the veranda, or in the parlor, drawing the inspiration of

comfort from a cigarette, with her shapely head surrounded by a halo of deliciously perfumed smoke. I understand this practice of open and public smoking by the ladies has been discouraged by the later decrees of Creole society; but still the sight I have mentioned is not so unusual as to be novel in the city of Havana. I have seen little children, scarcely past the age of eight years, with cigars in their mouths, and in the full enjoyment of the luxury of a smoke. As to the men, they smoke all the time. In business houses, at the theaters, in their homes, they are hardly ever seen without a cigar. I have seen, in a *café*, a Cuban gentleman leisurely eating his dinner, while in his right hand, or lying beside his plate, was the inevitable cigar; which, at intervals of every few bites, he would place to his lips and draw a mouthful of smoke, and expel it through his nostrils. This enormous consumption of cigars has led to a home demand that forms the foundation of the immense manufacture in Cuba, a trade that exceeds almost every other industry upon the island combined, unless it be that of the manufacture of sugar. Pipes are not, as far so my observation extends, used, except by the slaves. These creatures, men and women alike, usually smoke a heavy clay pipe, charged with the strongest tobacco. The aroma is not as delicate and as soothing to the olfactory nerves as the odor of new-mown hay. In fact, they "smell to heaven," and discount the most odorous "dhudeen" that ever gave peace to the nerves of a son of the Emerald Isle:

The course adopted by the Cuban dairy-man in supplying his city patrons with their daily modicum of milk, is one of the strange sights to be seen in the streets of Havana. The cows are brought to the city and driven from door to door. The milkman, at each stopping place, deliberately seats himself upon his stool and milks the quantity demanded by the consumer, delivers it, and drives the animal on to the door of the next customer. There are advantages in this mode which the consumers probably do not overlook. When they see their daily supply of the lacteal fluid drawn from the udder of the kine, they feel an assurance of its purity that is not vouchsafed by the gayly painted wagons, filled with shining cans, that serve the needs of town and city consumers in the States. The Cuban plan insures not only purity but freshness, and is to be commended in every way. The supply of milk in this city is drawn about equally from goats and cows. The former are driven to the doors of customers, the same as the latter.

There are two amusements in Cuba, which might almost be denominated national, although their practice in America would bring

down upon the participators the vengeance of the outraged law, re-enforced by the vigorous anathemas of the ultra good people, who are generously mindful of other people's eternal welfare. I refer to cock-fighting and bull-fighting. Sunday is the day usually devoted to the latter, while any day and any hour is considered appropriate for indulgence in the former. The cock-pits are more numerous than churches, and, I have reason to believe, much better patronized. In the States a pit is usually located in some out-of-the-way barn or stable, fitted up for the particular occasion, and its location scrupulously guarded from the public knowledge. Here they are an established institution, and are visited by the best citizens, including frequently those jolly, rotund priests, who can umpire a cock-fight, conduct a funeral, or officiate at a wedding with equal grace. The buildings resemble in outward appearance nothing more than an American farmer's straw-stack, though varying in size from those which will seat scarcely a hundred persons to those that will accommodate a thousand. The seats are arranged in amphitheater form, rising around a space in the center that is scarcely ever more than twenty feet in diameter. Cock-fights in Cuba are, as I have said, attended by the best citizens, and I note the entire absence of the unruly classes that universally conduct such affairs in the States. At least, if they are in attendance, they do not make their presence known by the unseemly demonstrations that distinguish the American "sporting man."

I have not witnessed either a cock or a bull fight in Cuba, but, as "an open confession is good for the soul," I may as well admit that it has been wholly by reason of lack of opportunity. There was a taurine contest yesterday, but I was so unfortunate as not to hear of it until it was all over. Otherwise, I should have been there. I know this is awfully wicked, but I did not come to Cuba as a missionary, nor with the least idea that the visit would improve my spiritual condition. I came here for amusement, and there is a lingering suspicion in my mind that I could find a reasonable supply from which to replenish my stock at a bull-fight. That's why I want to go, and that's why I am going if I ever get a chance. This is not a very comprehensive apology for my wickedness, but I am not willing to play the hypocrite by endeavoring to concoct a better one. The arena, where the bull-fights patronized by the Havanese are conducted, is located at the little town of Regla, just across the bay from the city. It is a large circular inclosure, without roof, and capable of seating perhaps six thousand people. The seats rise one above another, at a height sufficient to render the audience secure from the dangers of the struggles below. The arena

itself occupies a space of perhaps half an acre, and is as carefully scraped, rolled, and hardened as a race-track.

There is to me a peculiar fascination in cemeteries, and when visiting a strange city, after studying as minutely as circumstances will permit, the modes, manners, etc., of the living people, I love to wander through the resting place of the city's dead. A burying-ground is really not a bad place to study character, perhaps not so much of the dead as of the living. The fitness of a people for an appreciative enjoyment of the blessings of civilization is nowhere more fully exemplified than in their cemetery. Respect for the dead is one of the distinguishing characteristics of human enlightenment, and neglect is a certain evidence of barbarism amounting almost to savagery. The cemetery of Havana is located just without the former walls of the city, and directly upon the sea-shore. It is approached through a street lined with the most miserably wretched huts of the poorer classes, which gives to the visitor a feeling of depression that is not lessened by the view he obtains after having passed through the thick wall that surrounds the ground, and witnessed the scene of desolation and neglect spread before his eyes. The wealthier classes are not buried at all, but the bodies are placed in apertures in a wall, resembling nothing so much as the old-fashioned bake-ovens. When the coffin is placed in position, being simply shoved into one of these pigeon-holes, the aperture is hermetically sealed. The process is very simple, and has many features to commend it. With the poorer classes, however, the disposal of bodies is different. If the friends of the deceased are too poor to afford a "pigeon-hole," the remains are thrown hastily into a shallow grave, often without a coffin, and frequently several bodies in the same excavation, lime being sprinkled upon them to hasten decomposition. There is apparently no system observed in the digging of these graves, and often the dirt thrown up from a fresh excavation is mingled with the partially decomposed remains of others previously buried. With a grimness that to the stranger sounds like satire, the Cubans have named this Golgotha "*Campo Santo*," or sacred ground. The visitor, after his nostrils have been greeted by the unmistakable odor of putrefying human flesh, which seems at all times to permeate the atmosphere, is apt to feel little confidence in the sacredness of the place.

One of the institutions of this city is what is known throughout the world as the "*Royal Havana Lottery*." The object of the government in establishing this concern was evidently twofold. First, as a means of increasing the revenue, and second, in response to the irrepressible *penchant* of the people for gambling. A Spaniard, and



a Cuban as well, is a natural born gambler, and the best as well as the worst of them will risk their last penny upon a chance. The lottery in Havana is patronized equally by all classes. The leading mercantile houses take a stipulated number of chances in each monthly drawing, and even the poor slaves often club together and purchase a whole or a part of a ticket. The lottery has the reputation of being honestly conducted, yet the fact can not be denied that it is one prolific cause of the destitution that largely prevails among the poorer classes. It is, however, probable that the lottery will continue so long as it proves a source of revenue to the government. I have not the least doubt that a system of brigandage would be fostered by the authorities, if it could be made profitable. Conscience is an inconvenient attachment with which the average Spaniard will not allow himself to be burdened.

The volantes, which I have briefly described elsewhere, are peculiarly a city vehicle, but nevertheless are sometimes seen in the country, and, in fact, provide the only means of light transportation to be seen. The roads in Cuba are by no means the finest that the imagination could picture. They might be worse, but I am disposed to doubt it. In traveling in the country, the motive power of a volante is usually doubled, the second horse being hitched alongside its mate. In case of very bad roads, a third animal is called into service, and is placed, not in front, as an American driver would arrange them, but at the other side of the animal in the shafts, thus forming a team of three abreast. With such an outfit the volante bids defiance to the worst roads to be found on the islands, the large wheels of the vehicle enabling it to overcome any ordinary obstacle with facility. The natives take great pride in these carriages, or carts, as they would be called in America, and in Havana they are frequently seen finished in the most elaborate manner, with mountings of silver, and even of gold. The manner in which they are managed is a fitting reflex of the listless and indolent nature of the higher classes of Cubans. The native will never perform for himself the slightest service that can be rendered by a slave. The volante is never driven, though one would think the exercise would be pleasant to the occupants. Instead, a slave universally bestrides the horse and guides his movements, the whole presenting a sight that is ludicrous in its absurd awkwardness.

The Cuban nobility are a strange class of people, an absurd travesty upon the titled aristocracy of the Old World. There are, perhaps, half a hundred marquises in the island, and as many counts, all wealthy, and usually large and successful sugar planters,



who have exchanged their doubloons for a Spanish title. I do not know whether these titles are hereditary, but I think not. If a son desires to perpetuate his father's title, he must pay a sum of money to the Spanish Government for the privilege. Cuban society is very exclusive, and is graded as carefully as elsewhere, the guiding influence, of course, being money. The sugar planters are the wealthiest, and throughout the island constitute the extreme upper crust of the social pie. They are followed in regular gradation by the coffee planters, the tobacco planters, the merchants, and the professional men. These latter are considered barely respectable; in Cuba, as elsewhere, brains weigh but little when thrown into the scale against money. These are the natives. Another distinct social class is composed of the pure-blooded Spaniards, who recognize the Captain-General as the leader of their caste. The Spaniard in Cuba is a queer combination of arrogance, hauteur, and ignorance. They seem to live only in the faded glory of old Spain, and pride themselves greatly upon the purity of their Castilian blood, forgetful or ignorant of the fact, patent to every superficial student of history, that the blood of the Castilians has been tainted by centuries of untold debauchery and crimes against social integrity.

The ox is largely the beast of burden in Cuba, and the manner of harnessing them differs materially from the mode in vogue in the States. Here the yoke is placed before the horns, to which it is attached at the roots by leather thongs. It is a question, in my mind, if this is not an improvement over the American plan, as it saves the chafing from which animals often suffer with us, and places the burden where the greatest strength of horned animals lies, in their necks. The oxen in Cuba are not as heavy of body or as muscular limbed as the American animal, yet they draw over the rough roads of this country loads that would be a grievous burden to our steers.

One of the many novel sights in Cuba is the fire-flies, or as they are known here, the cucullos. They are fully twice the size of the American "lightning bugs," and emit an amount of light that is surprising. They are caught by the slaves and children, and confined in large numbers in small wicker cages. Thus they provide a light by which a person can read without much difficulty. Many stories are told of the manner in which these fire-flies are utilized that strain my credulity to a dangerous tension. It is said that the Creole ladies confine them in little silver cages, which are attached to their bracelets, and produce a novel and startling effect. Also, that the slaves gather them in such numbers as to provide light sufficient for their cabins. I must say that I have never yet seen a slave's cabin lighted wholly by cucullos.

## IV.

MATANZAS AND CARDENAS—VISIT TO A SUGAR PLANTATION—THE PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE IN DETAIL—TOBACCO CULTURE—NEGLECTED AGRICULTURE—WHY CUBA IS NOT MORE PROSPEROUS.

HAVANA, *January 30, 1880.*

THE past few days we have devoted, with a praiseworthy assiduity, born of curiosity, to studying the peculiarities of Cuba among the plantations and smaller cities and towns. On the 26th we visited Cardenas, and two days afterward were at Matanzas. Both these cities are located on the northern coast, the former, about one hundred and twenty, and the latter, perhaps, one hundred miles from Havana, with which they are connected by railroad. Neither are large places, nor can they be said to be flourishing, though the latter is a city of considerable commercial importance. So far, however, as export and import trade is concerned, the metropolis commands a prominence superior to all the other ports of the island combined. Our journey was undertaken largely for the purpose of studying the agricultural modes and resources of the country, and it may be that the importance of the various cities and villages through which we hurriedly passed was neglected.

The attempted revolution, which began twelve years since, and can scarcely be said to be yet fully suppressed, has been a terrible blow to the agricultural resources and progress of Cuba. Hundreds of the finest sugar plantations were thoroughly devastated, and the aggregate production of the island reduced more than fifty per cent. This has been the direct effect of the contest. Its indirect effect is seen in a lack of confidence in the ability of the government to cope with the spirit of revolution which, though slumbering, is liable to break out again more fiercely and determinedly than before. This feeling of insecurity naturally deters the sugar and tobacco planters, whose plantations are so situated as to be exposed, from entering so extensively into improvements as they would if the public feeling was one of peace and confidence.

A visit to a Cuban sugar plantation reveals to the American traveler much that is novel and interesting, albeit the first view is

one devoid of attractive features until it borders almost upon monotony. The vast fields of cane stretch out to the extent of the vision, unrelieved, except by the occasional appearance of a clump of towering palms, or may be but a single tree. The sugar-cane is the great source of wealth in the island; but, for the reason that its cultivation requires a vast capital to be expended in hands (mostly slaves), buildings, machinery, teams, etc., there are comparatively few plantations; but they are of immense area, frequently consisting of two or three thousand acres. Within the past twenty years the mode of preparing the product has greatly improved. The best machinery, almost wholly of American manufacture, has been introduced, and the primitive cane-mill, driven by ox power, is now seldom seen. The season for grinding is brief, and at this time the scene upon a plantation is one of exceeding activity. Formerly the slaves were compelled to labor at the mills for eighteen or twenty hours per day, but with the introduction of Yankee machinery and ingenuity came greater system, and now upon all well-regulated plantations the working force is divided into reliefs, each working twelve hours, and enabling the work to go constantly forward. When the cane is ripe and ready for cutting, it is from six to ten feet in height, and about the thickness of a stout walking stick. It is cut off near the root, topped, and laid in piles convenient for the carts which follow the cutters, and convey them to the grinding mill. The feeding process is very simple, the cane being placed in a sloping trough, from whence it passes between the immense rollers, and is crushed so thoroughly that every drop of the juice is expressed, and the fiber comes out almost as dry as tinder. This, after an exposure of a few hours to the sun, is used as fuel for the engine which drives the machinery, or in heating the boilers in which the cane juice is boiled. The juice is first gathered in huge tanks, when it is purified by adding to it a small quantity of lime, one-eight hundredth part. It is then drawn off into large copper or iron pans, and heated to the temperature of one hundred and forty degrees. Any impurities it may contain rise to the surface, and after it becomes cool the clear juice is again drawn off into huge retorts, where it is boiled. After having reached the proper degree of consistence, the syrup is transferred to large pans or coolers, and allowed to rest for twenty-four hours. It is then briskly stirred, to aid in crystallization, and placed in casks with perforated bottoms, through which the molasses, or that portion of the syrup that has failed to crystallize, drains off. The crystals are then dried in the sun and packed in hogs-heads, forming the raw brown sugar of commerce. The process

seems very simple, yet, at certain stages, a great degree of skill is required.

The sugar cane is usually propagated by cuttings, for which the top joints are used. These are planted in rows, three or four feet apart, and at intervals of two feet. The best varieties are ready for cutting in about ten months after planting, but inferior qualities require longer time. After the cane is cut, sprouts spring up from the roots remaining in the ground, and thus the cane is self-renewable. This will continue several years, and would render replanting unnecessary were it not that the cane decreases in size and juice-producing qualities each year; consequently fresh cuttings are planted about every four years.

A description of the leading industries of Cuba would be noticeably incomplete without mentioning tobacco. This plant, as is well known, is indigenous to America, and nowhere is it produced in such perfection as in Cuba. This perfection is owing to several causes. First, is the richness of the soil; second, the advantage of the extreme heat necessary to bring the plant to perfection; and third, the great care taken in its cultivation. The value varies according to the part of the island in which it is grown. The finest is produced in the western section, and is used in the manufacture of what have the reputation of being the finest cigars in the world. The cultivation of tobacco in Cuba is not so profitable as sugar growing, but pays an average of perhaps nine per cent on the investment.

The other productions of Cuba are of infinite variety, but none are cultivated to an extent justifying their growing being classed as a national industry. Although Indian corn is indigenous to the island, and was cultivated by the aborigines hundreds of years before the covetous Spaniard cursed the soil with his presence, comparatively little is grown at the present time. This is almost incredible when it is remembered that two crops can be gathered from the same land each year. An enterprising Ohio farmer, imbued with the spirit which distinguishes Americans the world over, could, I am convinced, raise in Cuba two crops of corn every year, that would average one hundred bushels per acre, each. It is utterly impossible for any person who has never examined it to conceive the fertility of the soil in Cuba.

Rice, indigo, and cotton are produced to a very limited extent. The civil war in America gave an impetus to the production of the latter, but it was of inferior quality, and so soon as the embargo was removed from the exportation of the staple of the Southern States, the demand for the Cuban article decreased, and has finally



almost entirely ceased. The rice produced is inferior to that grown in South Carolina, and does not meet with an encouraging demand.

The reasons for this deficiency in the value of agricultural products are not found in the soil, nor in the climate. They rest wholly with the people and the government. There is not, I venture to say, in the entire island of Cuba, an acre that is scientifically farmed. The implements and machinery in use, except the sugar mills, are of the most primitive character. The ground is incompletely cultivated, and the facilities for gathering the crops are such as were in vogue two hundred years ago. The average Cuban, with his mixture of Spanish pride and native indolence, is averse to innovations of any kind, and can not be convinced that the methods adopted a hundred years since are not well fitted for the present. They build their houses after the styles of architecture in the feudal ages, plow their farms as their grandfathers plowed them, and gather the product as it was gathered a century since. The Cuban is averse to exertion, and will frequently call upon a servant to perform a task that he could have readily performed without moving from his tracks. The management of households is always placed in the hands of favorite slaves, and often extensive plantations are managed in the same way.

Added to these disadvantages is the system of government. The exact manner in which the Cubans are oppressed and robbed by the Spanish nation, it would take many pages to detail. The captain-general, appointed by the king of Spain, is a monarch almost as absolute as the king of Burmah, or the sovereign of Ashantee. The island has been constantly under martial law since 1825; the farmers are compelled to pay ten per cent on all they harvest except sugar, and on that article two and a half per cent; over twenty-three million dollars are annually levied upon the inhabitants, to be squandered by Spain; ice is monopolized by the government; flour is so taxed as to be inadmissible; a Creole must purchase a license before he can invite a few friends to take a cup of tea at his board; there is a stamped paper, made legally necessary for special purposes of contract, costing eight dollars per sheet; no goods, either in or out of doors, can be sold without a license; the natives of the island are excluded entirely from the army, the judiciary, the treasury and the customs; the military government assumes the charge of the schools; the grazing of cattle is taxed exorbitantly; newspapers from abroad, with few exceptions, are contraband; letters passing through the post are opened and purged of their contents before delivery; fishing on the coast is forbidden, being a government monopoly; no person can move from one house



to another without first paying for a government permit; all cattle (the same as goods) that are sold must pay six per cent of their value to the government; every thing is taxed, and there is no appeal from the Captain-General.\* When all these things are considered, and their disadvantages weighed, we cease to wonder at the condition of the "Queen of the Antilles." This is the last hold of the Spanish nation in the Western Hemisphere, the last remnant of that once powerful conquest that spread throughout the world, and the Castilians cling to it with all the tenacity that attaches to a memento of the past. So long as the island of Cuba remains under the dominion of Spain, there will not be, there can not be, any improvement in her condition. Whether independence would bring to the island peace and progressive prosperity is a problem that opportunity alone would solve. I am rather of the opinion that the Creoles are little capacitated to govern themselves. They have had no experience whatever in government affairs, and, so far as I have been able to learn by observation, are possessed of very crude ideas concerning a liberal government. Should the restraint of Spain be withdrawn to-morrow and the Cubans permitted to form a government for themselves, they would be liable to so confound license with liberty that anarchy would ensue. Cuba should be a dependency of the United States, and events may yet so shape themselves that the close of the century will witness the consummation of these long cherished hopes.

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\* Ballou's Cuba.

## V.

FAREWELL TO CUBA—EN ROUTE TO MEXICO—YUCATAN AND ITS PEOPLE—ARRIVAL AT VERA CRUZ—A DISAPPOINTMENT—THE ANCIENT CITY AND ITS INHABITANTS—THE CATHEDRAL—AN AZTEC TEMPLE—A COCK FIGHT—OFF FOR THE CITY OF MEXICO.

VERA CRUZ, MEXICO, *February 5, 1880.*

AFTER enjoying a farewell ride through the streets of Havana, including a visit to the Plaza and a jaunt in the Del Paseo, not omitting the fortifications, where our curiosity was restrained by the universal suspicion that attaches to Americans, we sailed on the steamer *City of New York* for this port. Our farewell to Cuba was made with some regret. The short time we had devoted to the study of the land and its people had not been sufficient to wholly satisfy our cravings for information. We learned much, but only sufficient to be taught that there was much still to be learned. We found the people indolent, careless of the future, living only in the completest enjoyment of the present, yet withal hospitable to the greatest degree. At all times, and under all circumstances, our treatment by the natives was most courteous, the kindly attentions being at times almost burdensome. With the Spanish officials, however, it was different. They can see nothing in an American but the spirit of revolution, which they so cordially hate and mortally fear. Every citizen of the United States who sets his foot on Cuban soil becomes from that moment an object of suspicion. His every movement is watched, and every word that he may drop in casual conversation carefully treasured and reported. The Spaniard is naturally arrogant, supercilious, and suspicious, and when to this is added an inborn and carefully cultivated hatred of Americans, they are not the most genial companions to be found. The feeling in the mind of a tourist that his movements are being watched and his conversations noted, is not pleasant, particularly when it is known that these spies and their masters have absolute control of the welfare of every person on the island.

As we passed out from the harbor, through the narrow inlet, past the frowning walls of Moro Castle, where floated the Spanish flag over the last remnant of Castilian rule in the Western Hemisphere, a weak protest against the liberties of the nations whom it once dominated, and a sneering insult to liberty in any form, we gave voice to the hope that the day might soon come when the prayers of thousands of liberty-loving Cubans would be answered, and the glorious stars and stripes float over the Castle of Moro, a pledge of liberty and a guarantee of the preservation of those God-given rights which fit men for self-government.

Our vessel was one of the pleasantest, and the officers courteous and obliging, apparently never wearying of their efforts to make the voyage agreeable and comfortable. On Sunday we put into the port of Progreso, Yucatan. We had thought of making a visit to the ruined cities of this peninsula, but reconsidered the determination upon learning that there is a discouraging lack of that personal safety which is one of the necessities of individual comfort. Some day, however, I may turn my attention toward them, and at my leisure study the relics and speculate upon the history and customs of the semi-civilized people that once inhabited the land. The ruins, which alone are left, indicate that they possessed many of the attributes of modern civilization, being superior even to the ancient Aztecs of Mexico.

We found at this port a peculiar-appearing people, being, it is said, a mixture of Indian and Aztec blood. They are not more than four feet eight inches in height, but of disproportionate breadth. They have coal-black hair and eyes, swarthy complexions, with docile appearance, but are arrant thieves.

The country is very productive, producing most of the tropical fruits and vegetables in abundance. The principal article of export, however, is hemp, the raising of which of late years has become an important industry. Thousands of tons are exported annually, much of which goes to New York. We landed large quantities of prints, hoop-iron, etc., such things as find the most ready demand among these semi-barbarians. The style of dress among the natives is not of the elaborate character that would be welcomed in our best parlors at home, being almost universally that provided by nature. This is not to be wondered at, when the simplicity of the people is taken in connection with the extreme heat. Here we are but eighteen degrees north of the equator, and even now, in the midst of Winter, the mercury in the shadiest places, marks from ninety-eight to one hundred and five degrees. In the sun, it is about one hundred and fifty degrees. Exposure to the sun's rays,

by a person unacclimated, for half an hour, would be almost certain death; yet these naked natives move about, and even work, in the hottest glare, with seemingly little inconvenience.

On board the vessel we met an officer of the Mexican army, who also is an *attaché* of the government in some important capacity. From him we obtained much useful information of the country we are about to visit, the routes best to take, etc. He speaks the purest English, and, in addition to other courtesies, provided us with passes, which he assured us would be recognized and honored in any part of the country. These may prove a great convenience to us, as we contemplate pursuing a route of travel differing in many parts from that usually taken by tourists in Mexico.

On the 2d we entered the harbor of Campeachy, the principal port, and, I believe, the capital of Yucatan. This is an old city of perhaps twenty thousand inhabitants, of quite presentable appearance, and surrounded by a wall sufficiently thick for three horses to walk abreast on its summit. This wall is one of the relics of the reign of Cortez in Mexico. The principal article of exportation is logwood, although the town has a small trade in cotton of an inferior quality. We did not remain in port long enough for us to form a definite idea of the people, having sailed on the same day for Fronteria. This place is noted only as being the point from which the Tehuantepec Canal was projected. The isthmus is not more than a hundred miles wide at this point, but the project was found to be so beset with difficulties that it was abandoned. The vessel made several ineffectual efforts to enter the port, but was finally compelled, by adverse winds, to abandon the attempt, and stood away for Vera Cruz.

The latter part of the voyage across the gulf was extremely tempestuous, and nearly all the passengers suffered from seasickness.

The first view as you approach the city of Vera Cruz is the noted castle of San Juan de Ulloa, that famous relic of Cortez, who is said to have expended nearly fifteen millions of dollars in making it an impregnable fortress. More millions have been spent on it since, yet it has never successfully resisted a determined assault. If my memory does not fail me, the American navy battered it into subjection in two days. It is distant from the city about two miles, and protects, or is intended to protect, the entrance to the harbor. The harbor is a reasonably safe one, except during the prevalence of a "norther," one of those elemental disturbances that strike terror to the hearts of the sturdiest sailors.

In more than one regard was I disappointed in Vera Cruz. I had been under the impression that it was a city of considerable

commercial importance, and was surprised when we entered the harbor to find it almost devoid of shipping. Every thing had an appearance of desolation and decay, and I could not avoid the impression that we were approaching a city whose prosperity and hope for the future had departed. Vera Cruz is now a city of not to exceed ten thousand inhabitants, surrounded by an ancient and partially dilapidated wall, from ten to twenty-five feet in height. The appearance of the city is not entirely uninviting, the streets being regularly laid out, and the houses built almost wholly of stone. These latter are scarcely ever more than two stories in height. The principal street runs back from the landing a distance of not more than two blocks, and is known as the *Calle des Centrale*, or, as we would call it in America, Central Street. Here are located the principal stores, not more than a dozen in number. The peculiar names of stores which I noted in Havana prevails also here. My Spanish education has been neglected, but reference to my pocket conversation book enabled me to translate some of them. One especially struck me. It is known as "The Poor Devil." This appellation may be suggestive of the financial status of the proprietor, but the sign rests upon the front of probably the finest store in the city. The streets are narrow and but sparingly provided with sidewalks, and such a thing as a front yard is unknown. The houses are built upon the same mediæval plan that prevails in Havana, a portal opening into an inner court of greater or less dimensions and elegance, as the taste of the owner may suggest or his wealth permit. There are no windows on the first floor facing the street. As I have said the houses seldom rise above two stories. The reason of this is the same that guides house builders in some other parts of the world. The earth in this vicinity suffers from intermittent attacks of St. Vitus' dance, and houses of greater elevation would be unceremoniously tumbled down about once a year. The buildings are constructed of the most solid material, which is put together in a very solid manner. I examined many that were not more than two stories high, where the walls were fully two feet thick, built of the largest stones that could readily be handled. Occasionally such buildings suffer from an earthquake of phenomenal violence, but usually they remain undisturbed. All the roofs are level, constructed of heavy timbers, securely braced and supported from below.

Vera Cruz has the reputation of being an unhealthy city, and I have no reason to suppose it is not merited. This is owing largely to its unhealthy location, being situated on the edge of an immense plain, where lagoons and other malaria-producing influences exist.



In the city certainly every attempt is made to keep clean. Through each street runs a tiny stream of fresh water, and not an atom of garbage or refuse is allowed to accumulate. This latter necessity to cleanliness is not, as with us, secured by statutory enactment and the work of the scavenger cart. In Vera Cruz the work is much more thoroughly and cheaply done by buzzards. These birds, so despised in the States, are almost venerated in this city. The sky is sometimes darkened by the myriads of the sable-hued fowls, and they pounce down with eager readiness upon any garbage that may be cast into the street. They will eat any thing, from a potato peeling or a dead cat to a decayed wash-boiler, and can always be depended upon to do their work expeditiously and well. The only means of conveyance which I have seen, except a dilapidated street car line in the Calle Centrale, which no person seems to patronize, is the donkey, that patient and much-abused little animal, which meekly awaits the reward in the great hereafter, that it is certain never to receive on earth. Carriages there are none, the ladies of this city differ greatly in their habits from those of Havana. Here they universally walk, even attending balls and other places of amusement on foot. These donkeys always carry their burdens. Water is transported in kegs thrown one on each side of the animal; charcoal is carried in bags in the same manner, and grass for thatch or animal food is piled upon the little creature's back until nothing can be seen of him but his feet and ears.

Although the city of Vera Cruz is a port of no great commercial importance, there is an amount of business done greater than the first impression would indicate. It is the *entrepôt* of the supplies for the city of Mexico, distant by rail one hundred and eighty-five miles. These business houses are all in the hands of foreigners, as there is a certain peculiarity of the Mexican character incompatible with enterprise.

We went to mass at the old cathedral, built by Cortez, much more than three hundred years ago, and were duly wonder-stricken by the display of richness in jewels, treasure, and paintings. The outer walls have grown gray from the attrition of the elements during three centuries and a half. The interior has an appearance of ancient richness in color and ornamentation that feeds the eye and distracts the mind from the devout services of the solemn mass. I speak of the mass as "solemn," but that is more the result of habit than the exercise of a care which should lead me to designate things as they really are. To my mind there is nothing solemn about a mass. There is in the presence of the "host," the studied genuflections of the trained priest, the image of the Virgin, and the tawdry

ornamentation of the altar, a suspicion of idolatry scarcely consistent with my ideas of a worship of the God who said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." I did not attend the services for the purpose of participating in the worship. Curiosity alone actuated me, and when that was satisfied I could not arouse an interest in the religious rites.

From the cathedral we went to an ancient Aztec temple, now profanely used as a storehouse for bonded goods. The officer in charge courteously acted as our guide, and we rambled at will through its age-begrimed apartments. This temple was erected long before the coming of Cortez, and is thought to be not less than seven hundred years old. Near the ancient altar, we were shown slabs covered with inscriptions, which no one can decipher. They are supposed to cover the resting-places of leaders among that curious people, whose traditions have formed the basis of so many interesting chapters of profound speculation. We went into the cells and rooms in all parts of the building, and added our mite of theorizing regarding the strange people who constructed it.

From there we passed to a prison of this date and to a fort. Upon entering the latter we were taken charge of by an officer, who kindly showed us every object of interest. The armament did not strike my unmilitary mind as being very effective. The Mexican is very slow to grasp the improvements that lead other nations forward in the competitive march of progress. This is true of all we have seen in Vera Cruz, and is particularly noticeable in her enginery of war. The fort we visited is armed with ancient-appearing, smooth-bore artillery, which would be to a modern iron-clad vessel of war no more formidable than a child's pop-gun. The small-arms are not of the latest improved patterns, the infantry being armed with the old muzzle-loading muskets or rifles, and the cavalry with nothing more effective than single-shooting smooth-bore carbines and old-fashioned powder-and-ball revolvers. The Mexicans move slowly. They will reach the plane of muzzle-loading rifled cannon, Remington and Winchester rifles, etc., a score of years after more progressive nations have, through scientific investigation, been led to adopt something better. The casual visitor to Vera Cruz would conceive the idea that it is strongly fortified. The plenitude of grim, frowning forts would create that impression, but an examination would force him to the same conclusion I reached, that a fleet of half a dozen American or English war vessels could knock the whole town, forts and all, about the heedless ears of its people in two days.

The cemetery of Vera Cruz called here, as in Havana, *Campo*

*Santo*, or Sacred Ground, is located a short way without the walls, but within easy walking distance—perhaps half a mile. The road leading to it is called the Street of Christ, but for what reason I do not know. It is lined with the huts of the lowliest natives, where poverty and wretchedness abound. Here, as in Cuba, the dead are not buried, but deposited in “pigeon holes,” in the walls. Into these recesses the coffin is shoved, head first, and the orifice is closed by tablets, usually of marble, whereon are engraved sometimes the tenderest words of love and remembrance, exhibiting more affection and respect than I had thought it possible for a “Greaser” to feel. The area inclosed is devoted to the choicest of flowers, shrubs, and trees, and a considerable degree of both care and skill are devoted to it.

Some one has remarked that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, and I fully realized this as, after the mass at the cathedral in the morning and the visit to the cemetery in the afternoon, I wickedly and perversely concluded the sights of the day by attending a cock-fight. This will probably horrify some of my ultra-good readers; but if they enjoy their feeling of indignant horror half as much as I did that chicken fight, they do not need my sympathies. Besides, they will please remember that I am in Mexico as a sight-seer, and not as a missionary. If these benighted heathen perversely insist upon sinking their immortal souls down to eternal perdition, there certainly is no valid reason why I should not see how the thing is done. I will, however, be considerate enough not to describe it. I might tell you how the chickens were armed with razor-like gaffs of steel; how they cut and gashed each other until one fell down dead; how the worldly “Greasers” swore in good, round Spanish oaths when their favorite bird was defeated, etc., but I forbear.

To-night, at eleven o’clock, we take the train for the City of Mexico. This seems like a strange hour to enter upon a journey through a country where our sole object is to see, but unfortunately there is but one train a day. Rumor tells us that the road is not wholly safe, and that robbers abound on certain parts of the line. I have no particular fancy for a Mexican bandit, but as we are desperately determined to go to Mexico, we will trust to good fortune and the guard of twenty-five soldiers that accompany us, although I consider the dependence upon good luck perhaps the most reliable of the two.

## VI.

FROM VERA CRUZ TO THE CITY OF MEXICO—IN THE CAPITAL—ITS APPEARANCE—THE STREETS, THE GRAND PLAZA, THE PALACE, AND THE CATHEDRAL—THE AZTEC TEMPLE OF SACRIFICE—DANGERS OF THE CAPITAL—THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE—A FANATICAL LEGEND.

CITY OF MEXICO, *February 12, 1880.*

THE distance from Vera Cruz to this city is one hundred and eighty-five miles, which we traversed safely in twenty-one hours, arriving here at eight o'clock on the evening of the 7th, or at the rate of not quite nine miles per hour. This would be considered very slow traveling in the States, but let me assure you it is fully fast enough for a Mexican railroad. I am inclined to believe, however, that while one hundred and eighty-five miles is the geographical distance, the windings of the road, around and over the mountains, makes the absolute distance much greater.

As we will, upon our return to Vera Cruz, about two weeks hence, visit, more at our leisure, the cities of Cordova, Orizaba, and Puebla, and the country surrounding, I will defer any extended mention of them at present, and carry the reader much more hurriedly, and I trust, more comfortably, than we came over the road to the City of Mexico.

The first view of the valley of Mexico is one of most entrancing beauty, one upon which the eye would never weary of resting, discovering new delights at every view, and seeing in each shadow and burst of sunlight new beauties and fresh scenes of almost bewildering attractiveness. Looking out over the valley, dotted o'er with charming villages and beautiful lakes, with the city resting like a diamond in a cluster of sapphires and emeralds, one ceases to wonder at the enthusiasm of the mercurial Cortez, who stood near the same spot and looked upon the magnificence of the capital of the Montezumas, and its surroundings. His thoughts were mingled admiration and covetousness: ours were divided between regard for the beauty of the scene and regret for the three hundred years of Spanish rule that had added little or nothing to

the civilization and progress of the country it conquered in blood and ruled with an oppression that left little upon which to build prosperity.

The shades of evening were gathering over the city, and the last rays of declining day were gilding the top of the gigantic Popocateptl, which stands as a monster sentinel over the valley, when we alighted at the Buena Vista depot, just without the city. The entrance to the city from the station is through a shaded avenue, past the Alameda, an extended and beautiful park, and through numerous tasteful streets to the hotel selected for our brief sojourn.

Mexico is certainly the perfection of climate. At this time, when the people of the Northern States are wrapped in furs and other preservatives of animal heat, I am writing at an open window, enjoying the June-like breeze that plays about me, and looking out upon a garden fragrant with the perfume of tropical flowers, and inviting by its umbrageous shades, through which the rays of the tropical sun never penetrate. Flowers and fruits are everywhere, and the vendors of the fragrant or luscious tropical productions greet the visitor on every corner.

Early on the following morning, a morning which, like all others in this climate, broke bright and beautiful, we began a somewhat unsystematic tour of the city. In Mexico the tourist finds no guides, those necessary evils which the traveler in other countries both enjoys and suffers from. Here the stranger must depend almost wholly upon his natural aptitude for finding novelties, aided to a limited extent by the not always satisfactory directions given by the hotel keepers, and the few English-speaking residents.

There is a peculiarity about the surroundings of the City of Mexico that can not escape the observation. The valley, miles in extent, is surrounded on every side by mountains of greater or less altitude. The impression is novel as one stands at the intersection of two streets in the city, and, looking to the north, south, east, and west, the eye meets in each direction a perspective of mountains, among them the towering Iztaccihuatl, with its cap of perennial snow. The site of the city itself is as level as if so formed by art. The ground upon which the city stands was, hundreds of years ago, a salt marsh, and even yet an excavation but a few inches in depth will develop a dampness that occupies the midway between water and solid earth. Drainage is impossible, as there is no lower point in the valley than the city. This would naturally lead to the supposition that Mexico is an unhealthy city. The reverse is the case. At times the exhalations from the undrained streets are offensive, and very suggestive of malaria, but the altitude above the level of



the sea (seven thousand five hundred feet) is so great that these effluvia are harmless. When Cortez captured the city, some of the streets were canals, communicating with the contiguous lake. They were used as thoroughfares, much as are the estuaries in Venice, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam. These were filled in and the water of the lake dried up sufficiently to give the city a solid foundation. Now the lake, instead of laving the walls of the houses and flowing through the streets of the city, is distant nearly three miles.

The streets of Mexico are straight, and usually cross each other at right angles; but, with a very few exceptions, are devoid of attractiveness. They are usually named for some saintly old fellow, and in nearly every instance the names have a religious significance. The principal street, or at least the one of the greatest historical interest, is the Avenue San Cosme. It leads from the railroad station directly into the city, terminating at the Grand Plaza, and is spacious and lined with stately buildings. Along this highway, then but a dike, intersected with numerous ditches, the conqueror Cortez fled when pursued by the infuriated populace, aroused to frenzy by the oppressions of the blood-thirsty Spaniards. But a fortnight afterward he returned and fought through the length of this street, strewing the earth with the reeking corpses of thousands of the defenders of the city in his mad thirst for glory, and what he termed the "glory of God." Along this street also marched the victorious Americans after the sanguinary struggles culminating in the surrender of the city. The most attractive thoroughfare of the place, aside from historical interest, runs from the Alameda to the Plaza. It is the mercantile and fashionable thoroughfare, though but about half a mile in length. It is, perhaps, fifty feet wide, and lined with shapely, flat-roofed buildings, scarcely ever more than three stories in height. It bears several names, varying, I believe, with the section of the city through which it passes, being known variously as Calle de Francisco, Calle del Plateros, and Calle de Profesa; and, perhaps, numerous other appellations which it was not my misfortune to encounter. This street is crowded at all hours of the day, with hacks and private carriages, men, women, donkeys, and other Mexican beasts of burden, as well as the representatives of Mexican gentility and fashion. The fashionable Mexican ladies follow the same system in vogue in Havana. They are seldom seen in the streets on foot, and do not alight from their carriages while shopping, the merchandize being brought out for their inspection.

The feature of the City of Mexico, however, is the Grand Plaza. It is about a thousand feet square, and in the center is a tasteful

garden filled with trees and flowers, planted by Carlotta, of unhappy memory. The government palace occupies the entire eastern side. This building has little the appearance of a palace, either externally or internally. It is but two stories in height, with flat roof, and but little attempt at outward ornamentation. The height of the structure does not correspond with its superficial extent, and gives it an appearance of "squattness," to use a homely but expressive Yankeeism. It is built after the prevailing style in Spanish countries, the building surrounding an inner court. The lower floor is devoted to storage of military supplies, and communicates with the street through a limited number of heavily barred windows. The entrance is through a covered passage-way, leading to the inner court. The "Hall of the Ambassadors" is the only attractive feature of the internal arrangement of the building. It is stately and grand in its immense extent, and contains the portraits of most of the celebrities who have added glory or infamy to the Mexican name.

The north side of the Plaza is occupied with the cathedral. This is, without doubt, the stateliest structure on the Western Continent, not even excepting the capitol at Washington. Its grand proportions rise up from a plateau elevated several feet above the level of the square, and can not fail to impress the visitor. It may be that my enthusiasm was aroused by the appearance of the majestic pile more by reason of comparison with the other edifices in Mexico than for any substantial merit that the view may possess, but both the external and internal appearance of the building had for me a fascination that was almost irresistible. We devoted hours to wandering through its spacious interior, admiring its beauty of finish, its paintings and statuary, and feeling, if not expressing, a contempt for the modified idolatry exhibited on every hand. The choir and high altar are bewildering in their magnificence. The former is a mass of stately carving and gilding, and the latter is a blaze of gold, relieved at intervals by statues in green and pink marble, or amalgam. Between the choir and the altar is an aisle, along which run two balustrades, composed of an alloy of gold, silver, and brass, of great beauty and immense value. At intervals are life-size figures of the same metal, holding aloft candelabra. We were sorry that the inopportune occasion of our visit denied us the pleasure of witnessing the celebration of high mass in the cathedral. Mass in the Roman Catholic Church is to me always attractive, not perhaps in the sense it should be, but enjoyable none the less. Here the ceremony is said to be peculiarly interesting, surrounded as the participants are by every adjunct to bewildering display, and before a people who are firm believers in the most

ultra teachings of the Church. The railing surrounding the altar is nearly always crowded with devotees, who humbly kneel, the rich with the poor, before the image of the "Blessed Virgin," and silently appeal to her for aid. It is not, I regret to say, always prayer for forgiveness of past offenses and supplications for divine guidance in the future that go up from this gilded altar. Oftener it is an appeal to the Virgin for guidance in selecting a lucky number in a lottery, or success in other ventures of questionable morality.

The average Mexican is a creature utterly devoid of every moral feeling. He is as ignorant as a donkey, as vicious and vindictive as a hyena, and possesses not the slightest evidence of an ability to distinguish between right and wrong, except as an incentive to pursue the wrong. Here the Roman Catholic Church flourishes in all its bigotry and intolerance. The people are priest-ridden to an extent that would arouse the sympathy of an intelligent visitor, were it not that he feels that the Mexicans, as a people, are sunk far below the reach of commiseration. They despise a Protestant, with a most unholy hatred, and when to his heresy is added the fortune of being an American, there is no limit to the bitterness of the treacherous "Greaser." There is something about the composition of a Mexican inconsistent with honesty. They are natural thieves, and usually add to this *penchant* for thievery a reckless disregard for human life that is discouraging to the traveler. The sun does not shine upon a more lovely country than Mexico, but it is cursed by the presence of a people whose touch is contagion and whose every thought is a menace to civilization, progress, and prosperity. The Mexican occupies a position in the scale of humanity very similar to that held by the snarling, mangy cur in the canine race.

But I have wandered far away from my text. The cathedral occupies the site of an Aztec temple, or *teocallis*. This was the sacrificial temple, and was composed of five terraces, reaching a height of about two hundred feet. The summit was reached by a staircase which wound five times around the mound. Up this stairway victims by the thousand were led. At the summit was the sacrificial stone, a huge block of red granite, of circular shape, about twelve feet in diameter, and four feet high. The victims were placed before this stone, with their breasts resting against it. Then the priests cut into the chest, plucked forth the heart, and after laying it before the god, hurled the body down the sides of the *teocallis* to the crowds below. These accepted the bodies as a blessed manna from the gods, and reverently cooked and ate them, a happy combination of worldly pleasure and religious duty. This sacrificial stone is still preserved, in a museum of antiquities, and is visited

by thousands who delight in studying the peculiarities of the almost forgotten race, and speculating upon the condition of a people who combined with the most debased barbarism many features of qualified civilization. Some antiquarians fancy they see blood stains in the peculiar red color of the stone, but to my mind the color is that of the original rock.

The principal park of Mexico is the Alameda, a beautiful shaded inclosure, perhaps half a mile square. The trees are abundant and of perennial greenness. These are interspersed with beautiful grassy plats, bordered with rare flowers, and the labyrinthian walks are lined with stone benches, inviting the weary pedestrian sight-seer to comforting rest beneath the spreading trees. Scattered throughout the grounds are sparkling fountains, whose cooling waters temper the air, and add to the comfort as well as the beauty of the surroundings. The picture is one of absorbing beauty, yet it has its dark side. The lawlessness which has for years been a distinguishing feature of Mexico, penetrates even this bright spot in her capital. One can not walk in the Alameda, even in daylight, without personal peril. Robberies are of daily occurrence, and even so common as to be scarcely worthy of note. At night, no one dares to venture alone within its precincts. Nor is it alone in the Alameda that sojourners and residents of this lovely city find basis for fears concerning their safety. We hear that a train on the road from Vera Cruz was attacked by robbers and the conductor and four passengers killed. To-day we took the street cars for a ride of three miles into the suburbs. What was our surprise to see a guard of soldiers on the car, and to be told that the authorities thought such a precaution necessary to insure the safety of the passengers. If the traveler can not find safety beneath the shadow of the president's palace, where within the bounds of the nation can he look for it?

Yesterday we went out to the Heights of Chapultepec. It is possible that among my readers may be found some who visited the spot under less pleasing circumstances, and who clambered up its steep and rocky sides when the summit glistened with the bayonets of the swarthy followers of the luckless Santa Anna. The wonder to me is how an American soldier lived to reach the summit. This has been the favorite resort of all the Mexican rulers. On the apex is a fortress and a palace, a beautiful place, romantically situated, from whence can be obtained a view of the entire valley of Mexico. At one sweep of the eyes the complete panorama passes before the vision, the city, the lakes, the causeways, the mountains stretching away in the dim distance until their outlines become lost



in a hazy cloud, that glamour of nothingness that gradually envelops and finally hides distant objects within its folds. Away in the dim distance rises the peak of Popocatepetl, which even the intervening fifty miles do not render indistinct.

Among other points of interest to the student of history which we visited was the Tree of Cortez, a few miles from the city. This tree is noted as having been the hiding place of the Spanish adventurer when driven from the city by the followers of Montezuma. It is about twenty feet in diameter, and is hollow.

On Thursday we went out south-east from the city many miles, in a gondola, through the canals to the floating islands. These are one of the wonders of Mexico. The original formation was weeds, upon which accumulated dust, and, finally, earth, until now the soil is heavy and firm, producing all kinds of vegetation. These islands are moved about by the shifting breeze, and are a curious sight, well repaying a visit. All along the banks of the canals are Indian villages, built for the most part of bamboo cane. We saw an Indian and his wife step from their bath in the canal to the bank. The husband held the baby while the wife arranged her not very elaborate toilet. Her clothes consisted of a single garment of an appearance so dilapidated that it was evident she must experience some difficulty in finding the vents that were originally intended for arm-holes. But it was done at last, when the man placed the babe on her back, and she threw around her a secondary rag that held the youngster firmly in its place. This completed her toilet, and the amiable couple started towards the city, happy, doubtless, in the knowledge that the needs of their present were supplied. These women are frequently mothers at twelve, and are old women at thirty. Marriage among them is very simple, and the ties are readily dissolved by either party. When they weary of cohabitation they seek more congenial companionship, without any special formality. The division of property is not often a source of difficulty, because, as a rule, there is none to divide.

The domestic animals of the city are various. The horses are quite small, but apparently of a hardy race, equal to any ordinary emergency of labor. There are some fine American horses in the city, but they are so costly as to be beyond the reach of all but the very wealthy. A really desirable pair, such as a fancier of superior horse-flesh would admire, cost about three thousand dollars in gold. An American carriage to correspond can not be procured for much less than an equal amount. The cattle are very fine, and I expect the beef supplied by the better class of hotels and restaurants in Mexico can not be surpassed elsewhere. Donkeys are the beasts of



burden, being used almost exclusively in bearing loads, while the horses are attached to vehicles. The demure little donkeys can carry an astonishing load. Usually paniers are used, one swung on each side of the beast, much, I suppose, as has been the mode since the utility of beasts of burden was first discovered. These little animals are proverbially sure-footed, and will carry building material up a flight of stairs. Sheep are not of a superior quality in this region, but are shorn twice a year. The wool finds a slow market at about fifteen cents per pound.

I might devote a page or more to a description of the Mexican homes. It would, however, be but a repetition of what I have written of Cuban residences. They are essentially the same. So, also, are some of the habits of the people. Smoking is as much a national habit of the Mexicans as of the Cubans. In the tobacco stores of Mexico are found only smoking tobacco, the chewing variety being here unknown. Here, as in Havana, every body smokes, the men and boys cigars or pipes, as their financial condition may permit, and the women cigarettes.

North-east of the city, at a distance of perhaps six miles, is located one of the features, not only of the valley of Mexico, but of the nation. The visitor first notes a group of domes and towers, massed together, and looking, at a distance, not unlike the first glimpse of a Hindoo tomb. These are the temples dedicated to the worship of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the patron saint, or to use a perhaps nearer correct, if not so agreeable, term, the special goddess of Mexico. The story of the Virgin of Guadalupe reads much like some of the Hindoo traditions, and is not a whit less absurd to the mind of an intelligent, reasoning person. It is to the effect that an Indian, coming over the mountains, seeking for a priest at a church built by Cortez, a mile or so from its base, is met by the Virgin, who tells him to build a church for her on that spot. He flees affrighted to the priest, and tells his tale. He is repulsed by the parson, who assumes a feeling of distaste for what he terms the idle fancy of the Indian. The latter meets the Virgin twice again, asks a sign, has his soiled blanket filled by her hand with flowers from the barren rocks, which when placed before the doubting archbishop are no longer flowers, but the tangible person of the Virgin herself, with the God-child in her arms. In the language of the boys, "that settled it." Upon the spot has been erected a magnificent church, or series of churches, dedicated to the worship of the "Holy Virgin of Guadalupe," and over the high altar is what is represented to be the identical blanket, with her form upon it, which has become the "coat of arms" of the church. This is the

story as it is told to any visitor, with an assumption of sincerity that, while it imposes upon the ignorant and debased Indians and Mexicans, serves but to add to the feeling of disgust that every intelligent man must experience. I asked myself, when I stood beneath this altar bedecked with tawdry ornamentation and gilded paraphernalia of the Catholic worship, whether such semi-idolatry is acceptable to our Heavenly Father. My conception of the religious duties of humanity causes me to turn with loathing from it, and to hope for that brighter day when the worship of God will be stripped of its bigotry, and religion be made to partake of the simplicity of thought and action taught by the meek and lowly Nazarene.

The cathedral of Guadalupe, though presenting no specially attractive features outwardly, contains within perhaps the richest ornamentation of any Christian Church in the world. There is a balustrade about two hundred feet long and three feet high, with each post nearly six inches in diameter, composed throughout of pure silver. The hand-railing is from two to three inches wide and two inches thick. The candelabra, eight feet high, are of gold, and the immense chandeliers of the same precious metal. The robes of the officiating priests are of the finest lace, and every part of the ornamentation is of corresponding richness. The churches are three in number, the lower one of which covers a fountain, which the devout are taught to believe burst forth from the solid rock at the touch of the Virgin's foot. Here, in the rear of the church, is the grave of Santa Anna, surmounted by an elegant and tasteful monument.

To-morrow we bid farewell to the City of Mexico, pleased with the manifold scenes of novelty and beauty that have been unfolded to us, but thoroughly disgusted with the masses of the ignorant, debased, and semi-idolatrous people. We go hence to Puebla, Orizaba, Cordova, Vera Cruz, and thence, if Providence kindly carries us safely through, to the land of peace and quietude—our home.

## VII.

PUEBLA, ORIZABA, AND CORDOVA TO VERA CRUZ—A BULL FIGHT—  
THE OLD INQUISITION AT PUEBLA—THE AMERICAN MISSION—  
VALLEY OF ORIZABA—PERPETUAL SNOW IN THE TROPICS—A  
MEXICAN CIRCUS—AN AMERICAN PLANTER—ARRIVAL AT VERA  
CRUZ—SAIL FOR HOME.

VERA CRUZ, MEXICO, *February 26, 1881.*

DURING the past two weeks we have seen much of Mexico—not every thing that was to be seen, perhaps—but an amount that we are pleased to consider amply sufficient. Much of the pleasure that would otherwise be secured from travel in Mexico is lost in the knowledge that in only a few places is traveling safe. Even the streets of the capital are infested by footpads, highway robbers, and a miscellaneous collection of bandits that can not be considered pleasant companions. At Orizaba and Puebla the same undesirable state of affairs exists, and the lines of travel are beset with banditti, who hesitate at no crime to satisfy their demands for plunder.

Our first point after leaving the City of Mexico, was Puebla. On Sunday, being unable to find a Protestant Church, and not desiring to attend a Mexican Catholic service, we chose the lesser evil, and went to witness a bull fight. As a matter of unadorned fact, that bull fight was the leading object of our visit to Puebla, though we found many other additional points of attraction during our brief stay. Just as we were starting for the scene of the fight, an accident befell our guide, which some persons would have accepted as an ill omen, and turned back. As he was about to cross the street in front of us, he was struck by a passing carriage and thrown down, suffering a broken leg. This incident delayed us only so long as was necessary to see him cared for, and we were again on our way. The price of admission was but little more than the cost of an entrance to a circus-tent in the United States. If the reader expects me to enter upon a florid description of the manner of conducting a bull fight, he will be disappointed. Every school-boy has read the stories, told much better than I can hope to tell them, and they crowd his earliest recollection of entertaining reading. There is

no excitement unless one or more men and twice as many horses are killed. Consequently, the exhibition we saw was voted tame, as there was no one killed. The entertainment the previous Sunday was much superior, when a particularly vicious bull killed one man and four horses. One exciting episode occurred at the fight we attended that was sufficient for me. The bull gored a horse wickedly, and the rider was thrown to the ground. The enraged animal started for him, and just at the moment when it seemed the man must be pinned to the earth by the bloody horns, his companions distracted the beast's attention, and the fellow leaped nimbly to his feet, and in a moment was again participating in the sport. The crowd in attendance was immense, perhaps not less than ten thousand, and all enjoyed the cruel sport keenly. I must confess that after my curiosity was satisfied it palled upon me and I ceased to enjoy it. The sport is cruel and cowardly, and fit only for Spaniards and Mexicans.

In the evening of the same day we attended the grand concert given in honor of the presence of President Diaz in the city, and had the honor of being escorted to seats by the Mexican president in person. He does not speak a word of English, and, consequently, I was debarred the pleasure of suggesting to him some improvements in the manner of managing the affairs of the country. I regretted this very much, and the president will probably never know what a golden opportunity he missed.

On Monday we visited the ruins of the old Inquisition, but there is little to see, as the ruin is complete, and the only habitable part is occupied by the American Protestant Mission, the single foothold which Protestantism has been able to secure in the city, and this is endured rather than enjoyed by the fanatical Catholic bigots. This "nest of heretics" is constantly menaced with violence, and is liable at any time to be destroyed by a mob, and the self-sacrificing missionaries be put to death. I was told by a gentleman, who claimed to know whereof he spoke, that when this Inquisition was destroyed, after the French conquest, a few years ago, there were taken from the cells four large cart-loads of bones. We entered such of these cells as remain intact. The walls are of solid stone, four feet thick, and the space within is barely sufficient to permit the inmate to lie down. We entered the mission school, and saw the few children in attendance. I earnestly hope that they may progress in the good work, and go forth finally as earnest workers in the cause of regeneration, that can only be successful in Mexico when the cloud of religious bigotry and intolerance that now envelops the country is dispelled.

The story of how the mission came to be located in the old Inquisition is brief. During the revolution which seated Maximilian on an ephemeral throne, an American resident here suffered indignities for which our government demanded reparation. In the mean time the new government had confiscated a large amount of church property, and the Inquisition of Puebla, ruined by the French bombardment of the city, was accepted by the American as compensation for his wrongs. He sold it to the mission, and consequently we see "the eternal fitness of things" illustrated by a Protestant mission occupying the ruins of a Catholic Inquisition.

Many of the old churches of the city are now in ruins. The French, after taking the fort, were sixty days fighting through one street, a distance of half a mile, and the churches suffered greatly in the conflict.

At the hotel we were witnesses to the evidence of the perils encountered by travelers in Mexico. An American, a Mr. Green, of Connecticut, came in and exhibited a bullet hole in his shoulder, received in an encounter which he and a single companion had with a band of robbers, almost within sight of the city. They claimed to have killed seven, and mortally wounded four of their assailants, before making their escape. This part of the story may or may not be true, but we have ocular evidence of the fact that they had been attacked. This is a good country—to leave as soon as possible.

On the 20th we started for Orizaba, distant from Puebla one hundred and fifty miles. As companions we had two Frenchmen, one of whom spoke English, and the other Spanish. Thus provided, we felt ourselves prepared to talk to death any wandering bands of robbers we might meet. We left the hotel at 11 P. M., and found the stage to convey us to the depot, distant three miles, accompanied by a guard of soldiers. This was not calculated to favorably impress a visitor with the country, and we were not favorably impressed. We felt relieved to know that there were but a few short days between us and the hour when we would shake from our feet the last particle of Mexican dust, and depart forever. Much of the way from Puebla to Orizaba, the landscape was dotted with the ruins of convents, monasteries, and other relics of the halcyon days of the priesthood, when the Roman Catholic was the only religion tolerated by the laws of the country, and the Church ruled the nation and its people with an iron hand. I can not conceive how it was possible for the country to be more fully under the control of religious intolerance and bigotry than it is at present, but I am told that previous to the conquest by the French, and the



brief reign of Maximilian, it was as much worse than it is now as the present is less liberal than the United States.

The scenery in the vicinity of Orizaba is very fine, reminding me much of the Sierra Nevadas of California. At no time during the trip were we out of sight of the peak of Orizaba, which lifts its snow-capped summit above the surrounding mountains like a gigantic monument. We observed three columns of smoke arising from the sides, but none from the top.

We found Orizaba a pretty little town, for Mexico, nestled in a valley between towering mountains, and containing a population of perhaps twenty-eight thousand. The scenery is not unlike that surrounding Altoona, on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, though even more picturesque and mountainous. The streets of the city intersect at right angles. The buildings are not pretentious in architectural display, being usually but one story in height, and resembling, from the streets, nothing so much as prisons. Houses of greater altitude and less solidity would be unsafe, as the valley of Orizaba is the home of the earthquake, where the terrestrial upheavals, often of considerable violence, are of almost daily occurrence. When the visitor has penetrated to the inner court, around which every dwelling is built, the prison-like appearance disappears, and he finds himself in a miniature paradise, where tropical flowers, tasteful walks, and cooling fountains abound.

There is probably not to be found elsewhere a valley of more superb beauty than that of Orizaba, a valley where nature is more bountiful, and where the ornamental and the useful are more happily combined in the production of a picture of absorbing attractiveness, upon which the eye never wearies of resting. All the plants and fruits of the tropics abound, and the eye has but to follow the clearly cut outlines of the towering peak of Orizaba to trace the evidences of the gradual change in temperature from tropical heat to the everlasting snow of the summit. As the eye ascends the mountain, it notes the temperate climate, such as we have in the Northern States, with its hardy varieties of vegetation. Above this is the pine belt, covered by a dense mass of these dismal evergreens. The upper border of the tree belt is as clearly cut as if controlled by the will of man, and is succeeded by the barren region below the line of perpetual snow, where grows nothing but moss lichens. The snow line varies, of course, at different seasons, and, as it is now midwinter, it extends much below the limit of six months ago. That term "midwinter" sounds like a grim satire when one is sweltering with heat, and the mercury in the thermometer dances recklessly about among the nineties. We found com-

fort, however, in turning our eyes upon the snow-cap of Orizaba, and permitting our fancy, at least, to be cooled while gazing upon the spot of eternal ice.

It may be that I will be thought prone to exaggeration when I say that this valley is the most exquisitely beautiful I have ever seen. There are, of course, many attractive scenes that I have never viewed, but certainly there is nothing in either Europe or America to compare with it. There is an absence of that awe-inspiring grandeur that distinguishes the Alps of Switzerland and the Sierras of California, but for the happy combinations that tend to form a visitor's conception of an earthly paradise, the valley of Orizaba is unsurpassed, and to my mind, unequaled. Nature has done every thing; man, nothing. It is a land where

"Every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile."

Turn from the picture of bountiful nature to the people, and the mind loses at once its pleasing impress. The intolerant political and religious bigotry, the indolent wretchedness, of a God-cursed populace is made more conspicuous and more distasteful by contrast, and the tourist turns aside to welcome the first means of conveyance to carry him safely from their midst.

We visited the falls of Orizaba, some three miles from the city, in company with the jolly and thrifty German landlord of the hotel. The picturesque surroundings invite one to linger for hours. Of themselves the falls are not very extensive, but the stream has the peculiarity of bursting spontaneously from the side of the mountain, and falling in a succession of cascades, from terrace to terrace, until it reaches the valley beneath. It is simply a gigantic spring, and the water is icy cold. The drive through the tropical woods is a feature of the trip of superior attractiveness.

While at Orizaba, we attended (on Sunday, of course, that being the universal holiday in Mexico) a Mexican circus. The building was an old, ruined cathedral, roofless, and provided with seats arranged in amphitheatrical form. The scene brought forcibly to my mind the ancient Coliseum at Rome. The audience numbered several thousand, of whom we were the only foreigners. The performance was not materially unlike similar entertainments in the States. There was the same reckless, bareback riding, the same wonderful displays of athletic and gymnastic skill, and even the ubiquitous clown, with his ribald songs and time-worn jokes, was not absent. We were provided with seats on the upper tier, where we could look out over the ruined wall, and feast our eyes

upon the tropical scenes of the valley, and permit them to wander away to the snow-capped summit of Orizaba's peak.

We left Orizaba the next day after visiting the circus, and carried with us impressions which will continue through life. During our stay we experienced a severe shock of earthquake, which opened the doors and overturned the furniture in our room at the hotel. During our brief sojourn in the tropics we have learned to look upon these terrestrial agitations with a degree of equanimity, but certainly not of pleasure. Earthquakes in Mexico are not so much to be dreaded, however, as the robbers. I had almost used the more comprehensive word "people," and I am not certain that I would have wandered far from the truth. A Mexican, to my mind, is a natural bandit, and the exceptions to the rule are scarcely sufficiently numerous to constitute a distinct class of the population. During our stay, a party of ladies and gentlemen procured horses, and endeavored to reach an interesting ruin less than ten miles from the city. They encountered a band of robbers, and were stripped of every particle of clothing. They remained in the suburbs until night, and returned to the hotel in this condition of primitiveness. We were so fortunate as not to be of the party, but escaped only by reason of a prior engagement.

We reached Cordova safely, and found it a pretty little place of eight thousand people. We were so fortunate as to be provided with a letter of introduction from the American consul to a Dr. Harris, an American resident for sixteen years. We visited the doctor, and spent many pleasant hours in the company of himself and family, an amiable wife and four beautiful daughters. We went to their coffee plantation, where are forty thousand prolific trees. They grow about five feet high, and perhaps two inches in diameter, and bloom and fruit six months in the year. The coffee is all picked by hand, and placed in out-door bins, where it is allowed to remain until the outer covering of the grain becomes loose. It is then hulled by hand, and next all picked over, grain by grain. Mr. Harris has a plantation of mangoes, now in bloom, besides bananas, oranges, and many other fruits.

After a short stay, we bid farewell to Mr. Harris and his interesting family, with much regret, as there we had found and enjoyed the first home-like experience since leaving the States. Even the large pecuniary profit which they derive from a residence in Mexico would be no inducement to me. Constant contact with danger has lessened its terrors to them, and they relate the details of thrilling experiences with the semi-civilized natives with a *nonchalance* that almost froze my blood. Mr. Harris told me that dur-

ing one revolution they remained in their walled house for several months. There is no coal in this part of Mexico, and during the period of their enforced seclusion they were at times compelled to pay five hundred dollars in gold for a bushel of charcoal.

The descent from Cordova to the "bad lands," which begin at the base of the mountains, forty miles from Vera Cruz, is several thousand feet. We arrived in safety, with a guard of twenty-five soldiers, and to-day are making preparations to sail to-morrow for New Orleans, the nearest port in "God's country."

THE END.

## TO TRAVELERS.

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**T**HERE are but few of the many annoyances with which the tourist has to contend that equal the perplexity of selecting hotels and routes of travel. For this reason the writer of the foregoing pages has consented to incorporate as an appendix to the work a list of the steamship companies, hotels, etc., which can safely and profitably be patronized. Although these advertisements are of course paid for, the author takes pleasure in commending to travelers their many excellences. He speaks from experience, having been a patron of the hotels and steamers either during his recent tour around the world, or upon occasions of previous excursions.



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
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